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500 Selected Sermons

T. DE WITT TALMAGE

In Twenty Volumes

Vol. 7

The Christian Herald
Louis Klopsch, Proprietor
Bible House—A. D. 1900—New York

PREFACE*

In opening the front door of these twenty volumes—containing over five hundred sermons which were selected from thousands of sermons, first with reference to usefulness, and next with reference to variety—an explanatory statement is appropriate.

Many of these sermons were preached during my pastorates in Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Washington, and others in Europe and Asia and the Islands of the Sea. Chronological order has not been observed. Some of them were delivered thirty years apart, a fact that will account for certain dates and allusions. Some reference in almost every discourse will indicate the approximate time of its delivery. The publication of these volumes is partly induced by the kindness with which my previous books have been received by the press here and abroad. I am more indebted than any other man to the newspaper fraternity for the facilities they have given me for preaching the Gospel for over thirty years, without the exception of a single week, in almost every neighborhood of Christendom and in "the regions beyond"; and I gladly avail myself of every opportunity for thanking them and I thank them now.

Of the more than fifty different books published under my name in this country and in other lands, the large majority were not authorized by me for publication, and were pirated. I knew nothing of them until I saw them advertised. I have personally corrected the proofs for these twenty volumes, and their publication is hereby sanctioned. If they shall alleviate the fatigue of some travelers on the rough road of this life, and help some to find the way to the sinless and tearless Capital, whose twelve gates stand wide open, my prayer will be answered.

T. De Witt Talmage

(*Reprinted from Volume I.)

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THE CHRIST-LAND

Deut., 8: 7: "The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land."

Out of the sixty-four millions of our present American population and the millions of our past, only about five thousand have ever visited the Holy Land. Of all those who cross to Europe, less than five per cent. ever get as far as Rome, and less than two per cent. ever get to Athens, and less than a quarter of one per cent. ever get to Palestine. Of the less than a quarter of one per cent. who do go to the Holy Land, some see nothing but the venomous insects and the filth of the Oriental cities and come back wishing they had never gone. Of those who see much of interest and come home, only a small portion can tell what they have seen, the tongue unable to report the eye. The rarity of a successful, intelligent and happy journey through the Holy Land is very marked. But the time approaches when a journey to Palestine will be much more common. Thousands will go where now there are scores. Two locomotives were recently sent up from Joppa to Jerusalem, and railroads are about to be laid in Palestine, and the day will come when the cry will be: "All out for Jerusalem!" "Twenty minutes for breakfast at Tiberias!" "Change cars for Tyre!" "Grand Trunk Junction for Nineveh!" "All out for Damascus!" Meanwhile the wet locks of the Atlantic Ocean and Adriatic and Mediterranean seas are being shorn, and not only is the voyage shortened, but, after a while, without crossing the

ocean, you or your children will visit the Holy Land. A company of capitalists have gone up to Behring Straits, where the American and Asiatic continents come within thirty-six miles of meeting. These capitalists or others will build a bridge across those straits, for midway are three islands called "The Diomedes," and the water is not deep and is never disturbed with icebergs. Trains of cars will run from America across that bridge and on down through Siberia, bringing under more immediate observation that country hitherto traduced and misrepresented, and there are persons here to-day who, without one qualm of sea-sickness, will visit that wonderful land where the Christic, Abrahamic, Mosaic, Davidic, Solomonic and Herodic histories overlap each other with such power that by the time I took my feet out of the stirrups at the close of the journey I felt so thrilled with emotion that it seemed nothing else could ever stir my feelings again.

The chief hindrance to going to Palestine with many is the dreadful sea; and, though I have crossed it ten times, it is more dreadful every time, and I fully sympathize with what was said one night when Mr. Beecher and I went over to speak in New York at the anniversary of the Seamen's Friend Society, and the clergyman making the opening prayer quoted from St. John: "There shall be no more sea," and Mr. Beecher, seated beside me, in memory of a recent ocean voyage, said: "Amen! I am glad of that." By the partial abolition of the Atlantic Ocean and the putting down of rail-tracks across every country in all the world, the most sacred land on earth will come under the observation of so many people, who will be ready to tell what they saw, that infidelity will be pronounced only another form of insanity; for no honest man can visit the Holy Land and remain an infidel.

This Bible from which I preach has almost fallen

apart, for I read from it the most of the events in it recorded on the very places where they occurred. Some of the leaves got wet as the waves dashed over our boat on Lake Galilee, and the book was jostled in the saddlebags for many weeks; but it is a new book to me, newer than any book that yesterday came out of any of our great printing-houses. All my life I had heard of Palestine, and I had read about it and talked about it and preached about it and sung about it and prayed about it and dreamed about it, until my anticipations were piled up into something like Himalayan proportions, and yet I have to cry out, as did the Queen of Sheba when she first visited the Holy Land, "The half was not told me."

In order to make more accurate and vivid a book I have been writing—a life of Christ, entitled, "From Manger to Throne"—I left home last October, and on the last night of November we were walking the decks of the *Senegal*, a Mediterranean steamer. It was a ship of immense proportions. There were but few passengers, for it is generally rough at that time of year, and pleasure-seekers are not apt to be voyaging there and then. The stars were all shining that night. Those armies of light seemed to have had their shields newly burnished. We walked the polished deck. Not much was said, for in all our hearts was the dominant word, "to-morrow." Somehow the Acropolis, which a few days before had thrilled us at Athens, now in our minds lessened in the height of its columns and the glory of its temples. And the Egyptian pyramids in our memory lessened their wonders of obsolete masonry, and the Coliseum of Rome was not so vast a ruin as it a few weeks before had seemed to be. And all that we had seen and heard dwindled in importance, for to-morrow, to-morrow we shall see the Holy Land. "Captain, what time will we come in sight of Pales-

tine?" "Well," he said, courteously, "if the wind and sea remain as they are, about daybreak." Never was I so impatient for a night to pass. I could not see much use for that night, anyhow. I pulled aside the curtain from the port-hole of my stateroom, so that the first hint of dawn would waken me. But it was a useless precaution. Sleep was among the impossibilities. Who could be so stupid as to slumber when any moment there might start out within sight of the ship the land where the most stupendous scenes of all time and all eternity were enacted, land of ruin and redemption, land where was fought the battle that made our heaven possible, land of Godfrey and Saladin, of Joshua and Jesus?

Will the night ever be gone? Yes, it is growing lighter, and along the horizon there is something like a bank of clouds, and as a watchman paces the deck I say to him, "What is that out yonder?" "That is land, sir," said the sailor. "The land!" I cried. Soon all our friends were aroused from sleep and the shore began more clearly to reveal itself. With roar and rattle and bang the anchor dropped in the roadstead a half-mile from land, for though Joppa is the only harbor of Palestine, it is the worst harbor on all the coasts. Sometimes for weeks no ship stops there. Between rocks about seventy-five feet apart a small boat must take the passengers ashore. The depths are strewn with the skeletons of those who have attempted to land or attempted to embark. Twenty-seven pilgrims perished with one crash of a boat against the rocks. Whole fleets of crusaders, of Romans, of Syrians, of Egyptians, have gone to splinters there. A writer eight hundred years ago said he stood on the beach in a storm at Joppa, and out of thirty ships, all but seven went to pieces on the rocks and a thousand of the dead were washed ashore.

Strange that with a few blasts of powder like that which shattered our American Hell Gate, those rocks have not been uprooted and the way cleared, so that great ships, instead of anchoring far out from land, might sweep up to the wharf for passengers and freight. But you must remember that that land is under the Turk, and what the Turk touches he never improves. Mohammedanism is against easy wharves, against steamers, against rail-trains, against printing-presses, against civilization. Darkness is always opposed to light. The owl hates the morn. "Leave those rocks where they are," practically cries the Turkish Government; "we want no people of other religions and other habits to land there; if the salt seas wash over them, let it be a warning to other intruders; away with your nineteenth century, with its free thought and its modern inventions." That Turkish Government ought to be blotted from the face of the earth, and it will be. Of many of the inhabitants of Palestine I asked the question, "Has the Sultan of Turkey ever been here?" "No." "Why don't he come, when it belongs to his dominion?" And, after the man interrogated looked this way and that, so as to know he would not be reported, the answer would invariably be, "He dare not come." I believed it. If the Sultan of Turkey attempted to visit Jerusalem, he would never get back again. All Palestine hates him. I saw him go to the mosque for prayers in his own city of Constantinople, and saw seven thousand armed men riding out to protect him. Expensive prayers! Of course that government wants no better harbor at Joppa. May God remove that curse of nations, that old hag of the centuries, the Turkish Government! For its everlasting insult to God and woman, let it perish! And so, until it does perish those rocks at

the harbor will remain the jaws of repeated destruction.

As we descended the narrow steps at the side of the ship, we heard the clamor and quarrel and swearing of fifteen or sixteen different races of men of all features and all colors and all vernaculars; all different in appearance, but all alike in desire to get our baggage and ourselves at exorbitant prices. Twenty boats and only ten passengers to go ashore! The man having charge of us pushes aside some, and strikes with a heavy stick others, and by violences that would not be tolerated in our country, but which seem to be the only manner of making any impression there, clears our way into one of the boats, which heads for the shore. We are within fifteen minutes of the Christ-land. Now we hear shouting from the beach and in five minutes we will be landed. The prow of the boat is caught by men who wade out to help us in. We are tremulous with suppressed excitement, our breath is quick, and from the side of the boat we spring to the shore, and Sunday morning, December 1, 1889, about eight o'clock, our feet touch Palestine.

Forever to me and all our party will that day and hour be commemorated for that pre-eminent mercy. Let it be mentioned in prayer by my children and children's children after we are gone that that morning we were permitted to enter that land, and gaze upon those holy hills, and feel the emotions that rise and fall, and weep and laugh and sing and triumph at such a disembarkation.

On the back of hills one hundred and fifty feet high Joppa is lifted toward the skies. It is as picturesque as it is quaint, and as much unlike any city we have ever seen, as though it were built in that star Mars, where a few nights ago this very September astronomers, through unparalleled telescopes, saw a snow-

storm raging. How glad we were to be in Joppa! Why, this is the city where Dorcas, that queen of the needle, lived and died and was resurrected. You remember that the poor people came around the dead body of this benefactress and brought specimens of her kind of needlework, and said: "Dorcas made this," "Dorcas sewed that," "Dorcas cut and fitted this," "Dorcas hemmed that." According to Lightfoot, the commentator, they laid her out in state in a public room, and the poor wrung their hands and cried, and sent for Peter, who performed a miracle by which the good woman came back to life and resumed her benefactions. An especial resurrection day for one woman! She was the model by which many women of our day have fashioned their lives, and at the first blast of the horn of the wintry tempest there appear ten thousand Dorcases—Dorcases of Brooklyn, Dorcases of New York, Dorcases of London, Dorcases of all the neighborhoods and towns and cities of Christendom, just as good as the Dorcas of the Joppa which I visited. Thank God for the ever-increasing skill and sharpness and speed and generosity of Dorcas's needle!

"What is this man doing?" I said to the dragoman in the streets of Joppa. "Oh, he is carrying his bed." Multitudes of the Eastern people sleep out-of-doors, and that is the way so many in those lands become blind. It is from the dew of the night falling on the eyelids. As a result of this, in Egypt every twentieth person is totally blind. In Oriental lands the bed is made of a thin small mattress, a blanket and a pillow, and when the man rises in the morning he just ties up the three into a bundle and shoulders it and takes it away. It was to that the Saviour referred when he said to the sick man, "Take up thy bed and walk." An American couch or an English couch would re-

quire at least four men to carry it, but one Oriental can easily manage his slumber equipment.

But I inhale some of the odors of the large tanneries around Joppa. It is there, to this day, a prosperous business, this tanning of hides. And that reminds me of Simon, the tanner, who lived at Joppa, and was the host of Peter the Apostle. I suppose the olfactories of Peter were as easily insulted by the odors of a tannery as others. But the Bible says, "He lodged with one Simon, the tanner." People who go out to do reformatory and missionary and Christian work must not be too sensitive. Simon, no doubt, brought to his homestead every night the malodors of the calf-skins and ox-hides in his tannery, but Peter lodged in that home, not only because he may not have been invited to the houses of merchant princes, surrounded by redolent gardens, but to teach all men and women engaged in trying to make the world better they must not be squeamish and fastidious and finical and over-particular in doing the work of the world. The Church of God is dying of fastidiousness. We cry over the sufferings of the world in hundred-dollar pocket handkerchiefs, and then put a cent in the poor-box. There are many willing to do Christian work among the cleanly and the refined and the elegant and the educated; but excuse them from taking a loaf of bread down a dirty alley, excuse them from teaching a mission-school among the uncombed and the unwashed, excuse them from touching the hand of one whose finger-nails are in mourning for departed soap. Such religious precisionists can toil in atmospheres laden with honeysuckle and rosemary, but not in air floating up from the malodorous vats. No, no! excuse them from lodging with Simon, the tanner.

During the last war, there were in Virginia some sixty or seventy wounded soldiers in a barn on the

second floor, so near the roof that the heat of the August sun was almost insupportable. The men were dying from sheer exhaustion and suffocation. A distinguished member of the Christian Commission said to the nurse who stood there, "Wash the faces and feet of these men, and it will revive them." "No," said the nurse, "I didn't come into the army to wash anybody's feet." "Well," said the distinguished member of the Commission, "bring me water and a towel; I will be very glad to wash their feet." One had the spirit of the devil, the other the spirit of Christ.

But reference to Peter reminds me that we must go to the house-top in Joppa where he was taught the democracy of religion. That was the queerest thing that ever happened. On our way up to that house-top we passed an old well where the great stones were worn deep with the ropes of the buckets, and it must be a well many centuries old, and, I think, Peter drank out of it. Four or five goat or calf skins filled with water lay about the yard. We soon got up the steps and on the house-top. It was in such a place in Joppa that Peter, one noon while he was waiting for dinner, had a hungry fit and fainted away and had a vision or dream or trance. I said to my family and friends on that house-top, "Listen while I read about what happened here." And, opening the Bible, we had the whole story. It seems that Peter on the house-top dreamed that a great blanket was let down out of heaven, and in it were sheep and goats and cattle and mules and pigeons and buzzards and snakes and all manner of creatures that fly the air or walk the fields or crawl the earth; and in the dream a voice told him, as he was hungry, to eat, and he said, "I cannot eat things unclean." Three times he dreamed it. There was then heard a knocking at the gate of the house on the top of which Peter lay in a trance,

and three men asked, "Is Peter here?" Peter, while yet wondering what his dream meant, descends the stairs and meets these strangers at the gate. They tell him that a good man by the name of Cornelius, in the city of Cæsarea, has also had a dream and has sent them for Peter and to ask him to come and preach. At that call Peter left Joppa for Cæsarea. The dream he had just had prepared him to preach, for Peter learned by it to reject no people as unclean; and whereas he previously thought he must preach only to the Jews, now he goes to preach to the Gentiles, who were considered unclean.

Notice how the two dreams meet—Peter's dream on the house-top, Cornelius' dream at Cæsarea. So I have noticed providences meet, distant events meet, dreams meet. Every dream is hunting up some other dream, and every event in searching for some other event. In the fifteenth century (1492) the great event was the discovery of America. The art of printing, born in the same century, goes out to meet that discovery and make the new world an intelligent world. The Declaration of Independence announcing equal rights meets Robert Burns's

A man's a man for a' that.

The United States was getting too large to be managed by one government, and telegraphy was invented to compress within an hour the whole continent. Armies in the Civil War were to be fitted out with clothing, and the sewing-machine invention came out to make it possible. Immense farming acreage is presented in this country, enough to support millions of our native-born and millions of foreigners; but the old style of plow and scythe and reaper and thresher cannot do the work, and there came steam plows,

steam harrows, steam reapers, steam rakes, steam threshers, and the work is accomplished. The forests of the earth fail to afford sufficient fuel, and so the coal mines surrender a sufficiency. The cotton crops were luxuriant, but of comparatively little value; for they could not be managed, and so at just the right time Hargreaves came along with his invention of the spinning-jenny, and Arkwright with his roller, and Whitney with his cotton-gin. The world, after pottering along with tallow candles and whale oil, was crying for better light and more of it; and the hills of Pennsylvania poured out rivers of oil, and kerosene illumined the nations. But the oil-wells began to fail, and then the electric light comes forth to turn night into day. So all events are woven together, and the world is magnificently governed, because it is divinely governed. We criticise things and think the divine machinery is going wrong, and put our fingers amid the wheels only to get them crushed. But, I say, hands off! Things are coming out gloriously. Cornelius may be in Cæsarea, and Peter in Joppa, but their dreams meet. It is one hand that is managing the world, and that is God's hand; and one mind that is planning all things for good, and that is God's mind; and one heart that is filled with love and pardon, and sympathy, and that is God's heart. Have faith in him. Fret about nothing. Things are not at loose ends. There are no accidents. All will come out right in your history and in the world. As you are waking from one dream upstairs, an explanatory dream will be knocking at the gate downstairs.

Standing here in Joppa, I remember that where we this morning disembarked the prophet Jonah embarked. For the first time in my life I fully understand that story. God told Jonah to go to Nineveh, but the prophet declined that call and came here to Joppa. I

was for weeks, while in the Holy Land, consulting with tourist companies as to how I could take Nineveh in my journey. They did not encourage the undertaking. It is a most tedious ride to Nineveh across a desert. Now I see an additional reason why Jonah did not want to go to Nineveh. He not only revolted because of the disagreeable message he was called to deliver at Nineveh, but because it was a long way and rough and bandit-infested, so he came here to Joppa and took ship to go in another direction. But, alas, for the disastrous voyage! He paid his full fare for the whole voyage, but the ship company did not fill their part of the contract. To this day they have not paid back that passage money. Why people should doubt the story of Jonah and the whale is more of a mystery than the Bible event itself. I do not need the fact that Pliny, the historian, records that the skeleton of a whale forty feet long, and with hide a foot and a half thick, was brought from Joppa to Rome. The event recorded in the book of Jonah has occurred a thousand times. The Lord always has a whale outside the harbor for a man who starts in the wrong direction. Recreant Jonah! I do not wonder that even the whale was sick of him. This prophet was put in the Bible not as an example, but as a warning, because the world not only needs lighthouses, but buoys, to show where the rocks are. The Bible story of him ends by showing the prophet in a fit of the sulks. He was chagrined because Nineveh was not destroyed, and then he went out to pout, and sat under a big leaf, using it for a shade from the tropical sun; and when a worm disturbed that leaf and withered it, and the sun smote Jonah, he flew into a great rage and said: "It is better for me to die than to live." A prophet in a rage because he had lost his umbrella! Beware of petulance!

But standing here on the house-top at Joppa, I look off upon the sands near the beach, and I almost expected to find them crimsoned and incarnadined. But no; the rains long ago washed away the last sign of the Napoleonic massacre. Napoleon was marching his army through the coasts. He had here at Joppa four thousand Arabians, who had been surrendered as prisoners of war and under a promise of protection. What shall he do with them? It will be impossible for him to take them along, and he cannot afford to leave soldiers enough to guard them from escape. It will not be difficult for the man who broke the heart of lovely Josephine and who, when asked if the great losses of life in his battles were not too dear a price to pay for his victories, shrugged his shoulders mirthfully and said: "You must break the eggs if you want to make an omelet"—I say, it will not be difficult for him to decide. The prisoners of war are, by his order, taken out on the sands and put to death—one thousand of them, two thousand of them, three thousand of them, four thousand of them, massacred. And the blood pours down into the sea, the red of one mingling with the blue of the other, and making an awful maroon, which neither God nor nations can ever forget. Ye who are fond of vivid contrasts put the two scenes of Joppa side by side—Dorcas with her needle, and the imperial butcher with his knife.

But standing on this Joppa house-top, I look off on the Mediterranean, and what is that strange sight I see? The waters are black, seemingly for miles. There seems to be a great multitude of logs fastened together. Oh, yes, it is a great raft of timbers. They are cedars of Lebanon which King Hiram is furnishing King Solomon in exchange for twenty thousand measures of wheat, twenty thousand baths of oil, and

twenty thousand baths of wine. These cedars have been cut down and trimmed in the mountains of Lebanon by the seventy thousand axmen engaged there, and with great withes and iron bolts are fastened together, and they are floating down to Joppa to be taken across the land for Solomon's temple now building at Jerusalem; for we have lost our hold of the nineteenth century and are clear back in the ages. The rafts of cedar are guided into what is called the Moon Pool; an old harbor south of Joppa, now filled with sand, and useless. With long pikes the timber is pushed this way and that in the water; then with levers and many a loud, long "Yo, heave," as the carters get their shoulders under the great weight, the timber is fastened to the wagons, and the lowing oxen are yoked to the load, and the procession of teams moves on with crack of whip and drawled-out words, which, translated, I suppose, would correspond with the "whoa, haw, gee" of modern teamsters, toward Jerusalem, which is forty-one miles away, over mountainous distances, which for hundreds of years defied all engineering. And these rough cedars shall become carved pillars and beautiful altars and rounded banisters and traceried panels and sublime ceilings and exquisite harps and kingly chariots.

As the wagon train moves out from Joppa over the plain of Sharon toward Jerusalem, I say to myself, what vast numbers of people helped build that temple of Solomon, and what vast numbers of people are now engaged in building the wider, higher, grander temple of righteousness rising in the earth. Our Christian ancestry toiled at it, amid sweat and tears, and hundreds of the generations of the good, and the long train of Christian workers, still moves on; and, as in the construction of Solomon's temple, some hewed with the ax in the far-away Lebanon, and some drove

a wedge and some twisted a withe and some trod the wet and slippery rafts on the sea and some yoked the ox and some pulled at the load and some shoved the plane and some fitted the joints and some heaved up the rafters, but all helped build the temple, though some of these never saw it; so now let us all put our hands and our shoulders and our hearts to the work of building the temple of righteousness, which is to fill the earth; and one will bind a wound and another will wipe away a tear and another will teach a class and another will speak the encouraging word, and all of us will be ready to pull and lift, and in some way help on the work until the millennial morn shall gild the pinnacles of that finished temple, and at its shining gates the world shall put down its last burden, and in its lavers wash off its last stain, and at its altars the last wanderer shall kneel. At the dedication of that temple all the armies of earth and heaven will "shoulder arms," and "present arms," and "ground arms;" for "behold! a greater than Solomon is here."

But my first day in the Holy Land is ended. The sun is already closing his eye for the night. I stand on the balcony of a hotel which was brought to Joppa in pieces from America by some fanatics who came here expecting to see Christ reappear in Palestine. My room here was once occupied by that Christian hero of the centuries—English, Chinese, Egyptian, world-wide General Gordon, a mighty man of God, as well as for the world's pacification. Although the first of December and winter, the air is full of fragrance from gardens all a-bloom, and under my window are acacia and tamarisk and mulberry and century plants and orange groves and oleander. From the drowsiness of the air and the fatigues of the day I feel sleepy. Good-night. To-morrow we start for Jerusalem.

SECOND DAY IN PALESTINE

Galatians, 1: 18: "I went up to Jerusalem."

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My second day in the Holy Land. We are in Joppa. It is six o'clock in the morning, but we must start early, for by night we are to be in Jerusalem, and that city is forty-one miles away. We may take camel or horse or carriage. As to-day will be our last opportunity in Palestine for taking the wheel, we choose that. The horses, with harness tasseled and jingling, are hitched; and, with a dragoman in coat of many colors seated in front, we start on a road which unveils within twelve hours enough to think of for all time and all eternity. Farewell Mediterranean with such a blue as no one but the divine Chemist could mix, and such a fire of morning glow, as only the divine Illuminator could kindle! Hail! mountains of Ephraim and Juda whose ramparts of rock we shall mount in a few hours; for modern engineers can make a road anywhere, and without piling Ossa upon Pelion, those giants can scale the heavens.

We start out of the city amid barricades of cacti on each side. Not cacti in boxes two or three feet high, but cacti higher than the top of the carriages—a plant that has more swords for defense, considering the amount of beauty it can exhibit, than anything created. We passed out amid about four hundred gardens, seven or eight acres to the garden, from which, at the right seasons, are plucked oranges, lemons, figs, olives, citron, and pomegranates, and which hold up their censers of perfume before the Lord in perpetual praise. We meet great processions of camels loaded with kegs

of oil and with fruits, and some wealthy Mohammedan with four wives—three too many. The camel is a proud, mysterious, solemn, ancient, ungainly, majestic, and ridiculous shape, stalking out of the past. The driver, with his whip, taps the camel on the foreleg, and he kneels to take you as a rider. But when he rises, hold fast or you will fall off backward as he puts his forefeet in standing posture, and then you will fall off in front as his back legs straighten out. But the inhabitants are used to his ways; although I find the riders often dismount and walk as though to rest themselves. Better stand out of the path of the camel; he stops for nothing and seems not to look down; and in the street I saw a child by the stroke of a camel's front foot, hurled seven or eight feet along the ground.

Here we meet people with faces and arms and hands tattooed, as in all lands sailors tattoo their arms with some favorite ship or admired face. It was to this habit of tattooing among the Orientals that God refers in a figure, when he says of his Church: "I have graven thee on the palms of my hands."

Many of these regions are naturally sandy, but by irrigation they are made fruitful; and, as in this irrigation, the brooks and rivers are turned this way, and that, to water the gardens or farms, so the Bible says, "The king's heart is in the hands of the Lord, and he turneth it as the rivers of water are turned whithersoever he will."

As we pass out and on we find about eight hundred acres belonging to the Universal Israelitish Alliance. Montefiore, the Israelitish centenarian and philanthropist, and Rothschild, the banker, and others of the large-hearted have paid the passage to Palestine for many Israelites, and they have also set apart lands for their culture; and it is only a beginning of the fulfilment of divine prophecy, when these people shall take

possession of the Holy Land. The road from Joppa to Jerusalem, and all the roads leading from Nazareth and Galilee, we saw lined with processions of Jews, going to the sacred places, either on holy pilgrimage, or as settlers. All the fingers of Providence now-a-days are pointing toward that resumption of Palestine by the Israelites. I do not take it that the prospered Israelites of other lands are to go there. They would be foolish to leave their prosperities in our American cities, where they are among our best citizens, and cross two seas to begin life over again in a strange land. But the outrages heaped upon them in various parts of the world will quadruple and centuple the procession of Israelites to Palestine. Facilities for getting there will be multiplied, not only in the railroad from Joppa to Jerusalem, to which I referred last Sabbath as being built; but permission for a road from Damascus to the Bay of Acre has been obtained, and that will connect with Joppa, and make one great ocean-shore railroad. So the railroad from Jerusalem to Joppa, and from Joppa to Damascus, will soon bring all the Holy Land within a few hours of connection. Jewish colonization societies in England and Russia are gathering money for the transportation of the Israelites to Palestine, and for the purchase for them of lands and farming implements; and so many desire to go that it is decided by lot as to which families shall go first. They were God's chosen people at the first, and he has promised to bring them back to their home, and there is no power in one thousand or five thousand years to make God forget his promises. Those who are prospered in other lands will do well to stay where they are. But let the Israelites who are ostracized and attacked and persecuted turn their faces towards the rising sun of their deliverance. God will gather in that distant land those of that race who have been maltreated, and

he will blast with the lightnings of his omnipotence those lands on either side of the Atlantic, which have been the instrument of annoyance and harm to that Jewish race to which belonged Abraham and David and Joshua and Baron Hirsch and Montefiore and Paul the Apostle and Mary the Virgin and Jesus Christ the Lord.

On the way across the plain of Sharon we meet many veiled women. It is not respectable for them to go unveiled, and it is a veil that is so hung as to make them hideous. A man may not even see the face of his wife until after betrothal, or engagement of marriage. Hence the awful mistakes and the unhappy homes to be found there. God has made the face an index of character, and honesty or dishonesty usually is demonstrated in the features. I do not see what God made a fair face for, if it were not to be looked at. But here come the crowds of disfigured women down the road on their way to Joppa, bundles of sticks for firewood on their heads. They started at three o'clock in the morning to get the fuel. They stagger under the burdens. Whipped and beaten will some of them be if their bundle of sticks is too small. All that is required for divorcement is for a man to say to his wife: "Be off, I don't want you any more." Woman a slave in all lands, except those in which the Gospel of Christ makes her a queen. And yet in Christian countries there are women posing as skeptics, and men with families deriding the only religion that makes sacred and honorable the names of wife, mother, daughter and sister.

What is that? Town of Ramleh, birthplace, residence and tomb of Samuel, the glorious prophet. Near-by, Tower of Forty Martyrs, called because that number of disciples perished there for Christ's sake;

but if towers had been built for all those, who in the time of war as in time of peace have fallen on this road during the ages past, you might almost walk on turrets from Joppa to Jerusalem.

Now we pass guard-houses, which are castles of chopped straw and mud where at night and partly through the day armed men dwell and keep the bandits off travelers. In the caves of these mountains dwell men to whom massacre would be high play and a purse with a few pennies would be compensation enough for the struggle that the savage might have with the wayfarer. There is only one other defense that amounts to much in these lands and that is the law of hospitality. If you can get an Arab to eat with you, if only one mouthful, you are sure of his protection, and that has been so from age to age. The Lord's Supper was founded on that custom, a special friendship after partaking food together. To that custom Walter Scott refers in his immortal "Talisman," where Saladin, with one stroke of the sword strikes the head from an enemy who stands in Saladin's tent with a cup in his hand and before he has time to put it to his lip, and does it so suddenly that the body of his enemy, beheaded, stands for a moment after the beheading, with the cup still in his right hand. After the cup had been sipped it would have been impossible, according to the laws of Oriental hospitality, to give the fatal blow.

The only lands where it is safe to travel unarmed are Christian lands. Human life is more highly valued and personal rights are better respected, and I am glad to believe that in our country, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean, there is not a place to-day where a man is not safer without a pistol than with one. But all through our journeys in Palestine we required firearms. While the only weapon I had on my person was a New Testament, we went through the region

where I said to the dragoman: "David, are you armed?" and he said, "Yes;" and I said, "Are those fifteen or twenty muleteers and baggagemen and attendants armed?" and he said, "Yes," and I felt safer.

On we roll through the Plain of Sharon. Here grew the rose after which Christ was named, Rose of Sharon, celebrated in all Christendom and throughout all ages. There has been controversy as to what flower it was. Some say it was a marsh-mallow that thrives here, and some claim this honor for the narcissus, and some for the blue iris, and some for the scarlet anemone, for you must know that this Plain of Sharon is a rolling ocean of color when the Spring breezes move across it. But leaving the botanists in controversy as to what it is, I would take the most aromatic and beautiful of them all and twist them into a garland for the "Name which is above every name."

Yonder, a little to the north, as we move on is the Plain of Ono. The Bible mentions it again and again. The village standing on this Plain of Ono is a mud village. Two great basins of rock catch the rains for the people. Of more importance in olden time than in modern time was this Plain of Ono. But as the dragoman announced it, and in the Bible I read of it, I was reminded of the vast multitude of people who now dwell in the Plain of Ono. They are, by their nervous constitution or by their lack of faith in God, always in the negative. Will you help to build a church? Oh, no! Will you start out in some new Christian enterprise? Oh, no! Do you think the world is getting any better? Oh, no! They lie down in the path of all good movements, sanitary, social, political and religious. They harness their horses with no traces to pull ahead, but only breeching straps to hold back. For all Christian work I would not give for a thousand of them a single clipped ten-cent piece. They are

in the Plain of Oh, no! May the Lord multiply the numbers of those who, when anything good is undertaken, are found to live in the Plain of Oh, yes! Will you support this new charity? Oh, yes! Do you think that this victim of evil habit can be reformed? Oh, yes! Are you willing to do anything, whether obscure or resounding, for the welfare of the Church and the salvation of a ruined world? Oh, yes! But I am sorry to say that the most populous plain in all the earth to-day is the Plain of Ono.

Here now we come where stood the fields in which Samson fired the foxes. The foxes are no rarity in this land. I counted at one time twenty or thirty of them in one group and the cry all along the line was "Foxes! Look at the foxes!" and at night they sometimes bark until all attempts to sleep are an absurdity. Those I saw and heard in Palestine might have been descendants of the very foxes that Samson employed for an appalling incendiarism. The wealth of that land was in the harvests, and it was harvest-time and the straw was dry. Three hundred foxes are caught and tied in couples by some wire or incombustible cord which the flames cannot divide, and fire-brands are fastened to those couples of foxes, and the affrighted creatures are let loose and run everywhither among the harvests, and in the awful blaze down go the corn shocks, and the vineyards, and the olives, and all through the valleys and over the hills, and among the villages is heard the cry of "Fire!" And in the burnt pathway walk Hunger and Want and Desolation.

All this for spite. And some theologians learn one thing, and some another. But I learn from it that a great man may sometimes stoop to a very mean piece of business, and that if men would use as much ingenuity in trying to bless as they do in trying to destroy, the world all the way down would have been

in better condition. Yet the fire of the foxes kindled that night in Palestine has not gone out, but has leaped the seas, and the sly foxes, the human foxes, are now still running everywhither, kindling political fires, fires of religious controversy, fires of hate, world-wide fires, and whole harvests of righteousness perish. It took the hard work of multitudes on all these plains of Palestine for months and months to rear the vine and raise the corn, but it took only three hundred worthless foxes one night to blaze all into ashes.

Brace up your nerves now, that you may look while I point them out. Yonder is Kirjath-Jearim, where the ark of God stayed until David took it to Jerusalem. Yonder John the Baptist was born. Yonder is Emmaus, where Christ walked with the disciples at eventide. Here are men ploughing, only one handle to the plough, showing the accuracy of Christ's allusion. When we plough in America or England there are two hands on two handles, but in Palestine only one handle. And so Christ uses the singular saying: "No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the kingdom." The ox is urged on by a wooden stick pointed with sharp iron, and the ox knows enough not to kick, for he would only hurt himself instead of breaking the goad. And the Bible refers to that when it says to Saul: "It is hard for thee to kick against the goads."

Here is the Valley of Ajalon, famous for Joshua's pursuit of the five kings and the lunar arrest. And in imagination I see the moon in daytime halt. Who has not sometimes seen the moon dispute the throne with the sun? But when the king of day and the queen of night, who never before Joshua's time nor since then stopped a moment in their march, halted at Joshua's command, it was a scene enough to make the universe shiver: "Moon! stand thou still in the

Valley of Ajalon!" At another time we will see the sun stop above Gibeon, but now we have only to do with the moon, and you must remember that it was more of an orb then than it is now. It is a burnt-out world now, a dead world now, an extinct world now, a corpse laid out in state in the heavens, waiting for the Judgment Day to bury it. But on the day of which I speak, the moon was probably a living world, yet it halted at the wave of Joshua's finger, "Stand thou still!" Do not budge an inch until Joshua finishes those five kings, who are there tumbling over the rocks, sword of man slashing them, hailstones out of the sky pelting them.

And there is the Cavern of Makkedah, where they fled for safety, and where they were afterward locked in, and from which they were taken out to be slain, and in which they were afterward buried; and you do well to examine that cavern, for within a few hours it became three things which no other cave ever was—fortress, prison, sepulchre.

Now we pass the place where once lived one of the greatest robbers of the century, Abou Gosh by name. From this point you see he could look over all the surrounding country, and long before the travelers came up to him the plan for the taking of their money or their life, or both, was consummated. He one day found a company of monks who would not pay, and he smothered them to death in a hot oven. In his last days, he lived here like an Oriental prince, and had his attendants and admirers to whom he told the stories of brigandage and assassination. So late as when our eminent and beloved American, William C. Prime, passed through, Abou Gosh, the scoundrelly Bedouin, sat at his doorway, smoking his pipe. His descendants live in this village, and probably are no more honest than their distinguished ancestor; but maraud-

ing and murder are not as safe a business now as when all this route to Jerusalem was subject to outrages pandemoniac.

Here we pass the village of Latrun, home of the penitent thief, the village, a few straggling houses on steep hills rising from the Valley of Ajalon. Up these steep hills, in his earlier days, the thief had carried the spoils of arson and burglary, and down them he had borne the heavier burden of a guilty heart. But higher than these hills he mounted, after he had repented, from the transfixed posture on the cross to the bosom of a forgiving God.

Now we come to the brook Elah, from which little David took the smooth stones with which he prostrated Goliath. There is a bridge spanning the ravine, but at the season we crossed there was not a drop of water in the brook. We went down into the ravine and walked amid the pebbles that had been washed smooth, very smooth, by the rush of waters through all the ages. There is where David armed himself. He walked around and picked up five of these polished pebbles. He got them of just the right size. He prepared himself for five volleys, so that if the giant escapes the first, he will not escape the whole five. The topography of the place so corresponds with the Bible story that I could see the memorable fight go on. It is the only fight I ever did watch. Here were two champions, the one God-appointed, the other Satan-appointed; and deciding the destiny of a nation, the destiny of a world. It was a Marathon, an Arbela, a Blenheim, a Sedan, concentered into two right arms. Here are two ridges of mountains five hundred feet high, the Philistines on one ridge, the Israelites on the other ridge. The fight is in the valley between, at that season shaded, and sweet with terebinth and acacia. David the champion for the Israelites, Goliath the

champion for the Philistines. David undersized and almost effeminate, only a mouthful for Goliath, who was nearly ten feet high.

They advance to meet each other, but the Bible says that David made the first step forward. Nearer and nearer they come, but I do not think David will wait until he comes within reach of Goliath's sword, for that would be fatal, and David has a weapon with which he can fight at long range. Closer and closer they come, but David advances the more rapidly. "Come to me," said the giant, "and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field." You see Goliath going to give David for a banquet to the vulture and jackal. He, the mountain of flesh, will fall over on that little hillock of humanity. I hear him laugh through the mouth-piece of his helmet. He will toast the little whiffet on the top of his long sword. He will call all the crows for a breakfast. "Come to me, you contemptible little fellow, and I will make quick work with you. The idea that a five-footer should dare to come out against a ten-footer! Let the two armies looking down from the ridges watch me!" David responded: "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts." Aha, that is the right kind of battle-shout. "In the name of the Lord of Hosts!" How that cry rings through the Wady-es-Sumpt! He who fights in that spirit wins the day. The insignificant Israelitish lad enlarges into omnipotent proportions. The moment to strike has come. David takes his sling with a stone in it and whirls it 'round and 'round his head, until he has put the weapon into sufficient momentum, and then, taking sure aim, hurls it. The giant throws up his hands and reels back and falls. The stone sank into his forehead. That was the only available point of attack. But how about the helmet on his head? Did the stone that David flung crush

through the helmet? No; an old rabbi says he thinks that when Goliath scoffed at David, the giant so suddenly and contemptuously jerked up his head that the helmet fell off. That is like enough. David saw the bare forehead, a foot high, and aimed at the centre of it, and the skull cracked and broke in like an eggshell, and the ground shook as this great oak of a military chieftain struck it. Huzzah for David!

But we must hasten on, for the danger now is that night will be upon us before we reach Jerusalem. Oh! we must see it before sundown. We are climbing the hills which are terraced with olive groves, uplands rising above uplands, until we come to an immensity of barrenness, gray rocks above gray rocks, where neither tree nor leaf nor bush nor grass-blade can grow. The horses stumble and slip and pull till it seems the harness must break. Solemnity and awe take possession of us. Though during part of the day jocularity had reigned, now no one spoke a word except to say to the dragoman, "Tell us when you get the first glimpse of the city." I never had such high expectations of seeing any place as of seeing Jerusalem. I think my feelings may have been slightly akin to that of the Christian just about to enter the heavenly Jerusalem. My ideas of the earthly Jerusalem were bewildering. Had I not seen pictures of it? Oh, yes; but they only increased the bewilderment. They were taken from a variety of standpoints. If twenty artists attempt to sketch Brooklyn or New York or London or Jerusalem, they will plant their cameras at different places, and take as many different pictures. But in a few minutes I shall see the sacred city. Over another shoulder of the hill we go, and nothing in sight but rocks and mountains, and awful gulches between them, which make the head swim if you look down.

On and up, on and up, until the lathered and smok-

ing horses are reined in, and the dragoman rises in front, and points eastward, crying, "Jerusalem!" It was mightier than an electric shock. We all rose. There it lay, the prize of nations, the terminus of famous pilgrimages, the object of Roman and crusading wars, and for it Assyrians had fought, and the Egyptians had fought, and the world had fought; the place which the Queen of Sheba visited, and Richard, *Coeur de Lion* had conquered. Home of Solomon, home of Ezekiel, home of Jeremiah, home of Isaiah, home of Saladin. Mount Zion of David's heart-break, and Mount Moriah, where the sacrifices smoked; Mount of Olives, where Jesus preached, and Gethsemane, where he agonized, and Golgotha, where he died, and the Holy Sepulchre, where he was buried. Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Greatest city on earth, and type of the city celestial!

After I have been ten thousand years in heaven, the memory of that first view from the rocks, on the afternoon of December 2d, will be as vivid as now. An Arab on a horse that was like a whirlwind, bitted and saddled and spurred, its mane and flanks jet as the night—and there are no such horsemen as Arab horsemen—had come far out to meet us, and invite us to his hotel inside the gates. But arrangements had been made for us to stay at a hotel outside the gates. In the dusk of evening we halted in front of the place and entered, but I said, "No, thank you for your courteous reception, but I must sleep to-night inside the gates of Jerusalem. I would rather have the poorest place inside the gates than the best place outside."

So we remounted our coach and moved on amid a clamor of voices, and between camels grunting with great beams and timbers on their backs, brought in for building purposes—for it is amazing how much a camel can carry—until we came to what is called the

Joppa Gate of Jerusalem. It is about forty feet wide, twenty feet deep, and sixty feet high. There is a sharp turn just after you have entered, so planned as to make the entrance of armed enemies the more difficult. On the structure of these gates the safety of Jerusalem depended, and all the Bible writers used them for illustrations. Within a five-minute walk of the gate we entered, David wrote: "Enter into thy gates with thanksgiving," "Lift up your heads, O ye gates!" "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion," "Open to me the gates of righteousness." And Isaiah wrote, "Go through, go through the gates." And the captive of Patmos wrote, "The city had twelve gates." Having passed the gate, we went on through the narrow streets, dimly lighted, and passed to our halting-place, and sat down by the window, from which we could see Mount Zion, and said, "Here we are at last, in the capital of the whole earth." And thoughts of the past and the future rushed through my soul in quick succession, and I thought of that old hymn, sung by so many ascending spirits:

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

And so, with our hearts full of gratitude to God for journeying mercies all the way from Joppa to Jerusalem, and with bright anticipation of our entrance into the shining gate of the heavenly city when earthly journeys are over, my second day in Palestine is ended.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

Psalm, 137: 5: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

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Paralysis of his best hand, the withering of its muscles and nerves, is here invoked, if the author allows to pass out of mind the grandeurs of the Holy City where once he dwelt. Some captive, seated by the river Euphrates, wrote this psalm, and not David. Afraid I am of anything that approaches imprecation, and yet I can understand how any one who has ever been at Jerusalem should, in enthusiasm of soul, cry out, whether he be sitting by the Euphrates or the Hudson or the Thames, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning!" You see, it is a city unlike all others for topography, for history, for significance, for style of population, for waterworks, for ruins, for towers, for domes, for ramparts, for literature, for tragedies, for memorable birthplaces, for sepulchres, for conflagrations and famines, for victories and defeats.

I am here at last in this very Jerusalem and on a housetop, just after the dawn of a morning in December, with an old inhabitant to point out the salient features of the scenery. "Now," I said, "Where is Mount Zion?" "Here at your right." "Where is Mount Olivet?" "In front of where you stand." "Where is the Garden of Gethsemane?" "In yonder valley." "Where is Mount Calvary?" Before he answered, I saw it. No unprejudiced mind can have a moment's doubt as to where it is. Yonder I see a hill in the shape of a human skull, and the Bible says

that Calvary was the "place of a skull." Not only is it skull-shaped, but just beneath the forehead of the hill is a cavern that looks like eyeless sockets. Within the grotto under it is the shape of the inside of a skull. Then the Bible says that Christ was crucified outside the gate, and this is outside the gate; while the site formerly identified as Calvary was inside the gate. Besides that, this skull hill was for ages the place where malefactors were put to death, and Christ was slain as a malefactor. The Saviour's assassination took place beside a thoroughfare along which people went "wagging their heads," and there is the ancient thoroughfare. I saw at Cairo, Egypt, a clay mould of that skull hill, made by the late General Gordon. While Empress Helena—eighty years of age and imposed upon by having three crosses exhumed before her dim eyes, as though they were the three crosses of Bible story—selected another site as Calvary, all recent travelers agree that the one I point out to you was, without doubt, the scene of the most terrific and overwhelming tragedy this planet ever witnessed. There were a thousand things we wanted to see that December day, and our dragoman proposed this and that and the other journey, but I said: "First of all, show us Calvary. Something might happen if we went elsewhere, and sickness or accident might hinder our seeing the sacred mount. If we see nothing else, we must see that, and see it this morning." Some of us in carriage and some on mule-back, we were soon on the way to the most sacred spot that the world has ever seen or ever will see. Coming to the base of the hill, we first went inside the skull of rocks. It is called Jeremiah's Grotto, for there the prophet wrote his book of Lamentations. The grotto is thirty-five feet high, and its top and side are malachite, green, brown, black, white, red and gray.

Coming forth from those pictured subterraneous passages, we begin to climb the steep sides of Calvary. As we go up, we see cracks and crevices in the rocks, which I think were made by the convulsions of nature when Jesus died. On the hill lay a limestone rock, white but tinged with crimson, the white so suggestive of purity and the crimson of sacrifice that I rolled it down and brought it to America.

It is impossible for you to realize what our emotions were as we gathered, a group of men and women, all saved by the blood of the Lamb, on a bluff of Calvary, just wide enough to contain three crosses. I said to my family and friends: "I think here is where stood the cross of the impenitent burglar, and there the cross of the penitent miscreant, and here, between, stood the cross on which all our hopes depend."

As I opened to the nineteenth chapter of John to read, a chill blast struck the hill and a cloud hovered, and a natural solemnity deepened the spiritual solemnity. I read a little but broke down. I defy any emotional Christian man sitting upon Golgotha to read aloud and with unbroken voice, or with any voice at all, the whole of that account in Luke and John, of which these sentences are a fragment: "They took Jesus and led him away, and he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, where they crucified him and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst;" "Behold thy mother!" "I thirst;" "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;" "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." What sighs, what sobs, what tears, what tempests of sorrow, what surging oceans of agony in those utterances! While we sat there the whole scene came before us. All around the top and the sides, and the foot of the hill, a mob raged. They gnash their teeth and shake

their clenched fists at him. Here the cavalry horses champ their bits and paw the earth and snort at the smell of the carnage. Yonder a group of gamblers are pitching up as to who shall have the coat of the dying Saviour. There are women almost dead with grief among the crowd, his mother and his aunt, and some whose sorrows he had comforted, and whose guilt he had pardoned. Here a man dips a sponge into sour wine, and by a stick lifts it to the hot and cracked lips. The hemorrhage of the five wounds has done its work.

The atmospheric conditions are such as the world saw never before or since. It was not a solar eclipse, such as astronomers record or we ourselves have seen. It was a bereavement of the heavens! Darker! until the towers of the temple were no longer visible. Darker! until the surrounding hills disappeared. Darker! until the inscription above the middle cross becomes illegible. Darker! until the chin of the dying Lord falls upon the breast, and he sighed with his last sigh, the words, "It is finished!"

As we sat there, a silence took possession of us and we thought: "This is the center from which continents have been touched, and all the world shall yet be moved. Toward this hill the prophets pointed forward. Toward this hill the apostles and martyrs pointed backward. To this all heaven pointed downward. To this, with foaming execrations, perdition pointed upward. 'Round it circles all history, all time, all eternity; and with this scene, painters have covered the mightiest canvas, and sculptors cut the richest marble and orchestras rolled their grandest oratorios, and churches lifted their greatest doxologies, and heaven built its highest thrones."

Unable longer to endure the pressure of this scene, we moved on, and into a garden of olives, a garden

which in the right season is full of flowers; and here is the reputed tomb of Christ. You know the Book says, "In the midst of the garden was a sepulchre." I think this was the garden, and this the sepulchre. It is shattered, of course. About four steps down we went into this, which seemed a family tomb. There is room in it for about five bodies. We measured it, and found it about eight feet high and nine feet wide and fourteen feet long. The crypt where I think our Lord slept was seven feet long. I think that there once lay the King wrapped in his last slumber. On some of these rocks, the Roman government set its seal. At the gate of this mausoleum on the first Easter morning, the angels rolled the stone, rumbling down the hill. Up these steps walked the lacerated feet of the Conqueror, and from these heights he looked off upon the city that had cast him out, and upon the world he had come to redeem, and at the heavens through which he would soon ascend. But we must hasten back to the city. There are stones in the wall which Solomon had lifted. Stop here and see a startling proof of the truth of prophecy. In Jeremiah, thirty-first chapter and fortieth verse, it is said that Jerusalem shall be built through the ashes. What ashes? people have been asking. Were those ashes just put into the prophecy to fill up? No! the meaning has been recently discovered. Jerusalem is now being built out in a certain direction where the ground has been submitted to chemical analysis, and it has been found to be the ashes cast out from the sacrifices of the ancient temple; ashes of the wood and ashes of bones of animals. There are great mounds of ashes, accumulation of centuries of sacrifices. It has taken all these thousands of years to discover what Jeremiah meant when he said, " 'Behold the days shall come,' saith the Lord, 'that the city shall be built to

the Lord from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner, and the whole valley of the dead bodies and of the ashes.'" The people of Jerusalem are at this very time fulfilling that prophecy. Pass by the place where the corner-stone of the ancient temple was laid three thousand years ago by Solomon. Explorers have been digging, and they have found that corner-stone seventy-five feet beneath the surface. It is fourteen feet long, and three feet eight inches high, and beautifully cut and shaped, and near it was an earthen jar that was supposed to have contained the oil of consecration used at the ceremony of laying the corner-stone. Yonder from a depth of forty feet a signet ring has been brought up inscribed with the words, "Haggai, the Son of Shebaniah," showing it belonged to the prophet Haggai, and to that seal ring he refers in his prophecy, saying, "I will make thee as a signet." I walk farther on, far under the ground, and I find myself in Solomon's stables, and see the places worn in the stone pillars by the halters of some of his twelve thousand horses. Farther on, look at the pillars on which Mount Moriah was built. You know that the mountain was too small for the temple, so they built the mountain out on pillars, and I saw eight of those pillars, each one apparently strong enough to hold a mountain.

Here we enter the Mosque of Omar, a throne of Mohammedanism, where we are met at the door by officials who bring slippers that we must put on before we take a step farther, lest our feet pollute the sacred places. A man attempting to go in without these slippers would be struck dead on the spot. These awkward sandals adjusted, we are led to where we see a rock with an opening in it, through which, no doubt, the blood of sacrifice in the ancient temple rolled down and away. At vast expense the mosque has been

built, but so somber is the place I am glad to get through it and take off the cumbrous slippers, and step into the clear air. Yonder is a curve of stone, which is part of a bridge which once reached from Mount Moriah to Mount Zion, and over it David walked or rode to prayers in the temple. Here is the wailing-place of the Jews, where for centuries almost perpetually during the day-time, representatives of every generation of the Jews have stood putting their heads or lips against the wall of what was once Solomon's temple. It was one of the saddest and most solemn and impressive scenes I ever witnessed to see scores of these descendants of Abraham with tears rolling down their cheeks, and lips trembling with emotion, a book of psalms open before them, bewailing the ruin of the ancient temple and the captivity of their race, and crying to God for the restoration of the temple in all its original splendor. Most affecting scene! And such a prayer as that, century after century, I am sure God will answer; and in some way the departed grandeur will return, or something better. I looked over the shoulders of some of them and saw that they were reading from the mournful Psalms of David, while I have been told that this is the litany which some chant:

For the temple that lies desolate,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For the palace that is destroyed,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For the walls that are overthrown,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For our majesty that is departed,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For our great men that lie dead,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For priests who have stumbled,
We sit in solitude and mourn.

I think by that prayer Jerusalem will come again to more than its ancient magnificence; it may not be with precious stones and architectural majesty, but in a moral splendor that shall eclipse forever all that David or Solomon saw.

But I must get back to the house-top where I stood early this morning, and before the sun sets, that I may catch a wider vision of what the city now is and once was. Standing here on the house-top, I see that the city was built for military safety. Some old warrior, I warrant, selected the spot. It stands on a hill twenty-six hundred feet above the level of the sea, and deep ravines on three sides do the work of military trenches. Compact as no other city was compact. Only three miles' journey round, and the three ancient towers, Hippicus, Phasaelus, Mariamne, frowning death upon the approach of all enemies. As I stood there on the house-top in the midst of the city, I said: "O Lord, reveal to me this metropolis of the world, that I may see it as it once appeared." No one was with me, for there are some things you can see more vividly with no one but God and yourself present. Immediately the Mosque of Omar, which has stood for ages on Mount Moriah, the site of the ancient temple, disappeared and the most honored structure of all the ages lifted itself in the light and I saw it—the temple, the ancient temple! Not Solomon's temple, but something grander than that. Not Zerubbabel's temple, but something more gorgeous than that. It was Herod's temple, built for the one purpose of eclipsing all its architectural predecessors. There it stood, covering nineteen acres, and ten thousand workmen had been forty-six years in building it. Blaze of magnificence! Bewildering range of porticos, and ten gateways, and double arches, and Corinthian capitals chiseled into lilies and acanthus. Masonry beveled

and grooved into such delicate forms that it seemed to tremble in the light. Cloisters with two rows of Corinthian columns; royal arches; marble steps, pure as though made out of frozen snow; carving that seemed like a panel of the door of heaven let down and set in; the facade of the building on shoulders at each end lifting the glory higher and higher; and walls wherein gold put out the silver and the carbuncle put out the gold and the jasper put out the carbuncle, until in the changing light they would all seem to come back again into a chorus of harmonious color. The temple! The temple! Doxology in stone! Anthems soaring in rafters of Lebanon cedar! From side to side, and from foundation to gilded pinnacle, the frozen prayer of all ages!

From this house-top on the December afternoon we look out in another direction and I see the king's palace, covering a hundred and sixty-thousand square feet, three rows of windows illumining the inside brilliance, the hall-way wainscoted with all styles of colored marbles, surmounted by arabesque, vermilion and gold, looking down on mosaics, music of waterfalls in the garden outside answering the music of the harps thrummed by deft fingers inside; banisters over which princes and princesses leaned, and talked to kings and queens ascending the stairway. Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Mountain city! city of God! Joy of the whole earth! Stronger than Gibraltar and Sebastopol; surely it never could have been captured!

But while standing on the house-top I hear the crash of the twenty-three mighty sieges which have come against Jerusalem in the ages past. Yonder is the pool of Hezekiah and Siloam, where again and again the waters reddened with human gore. Yonder are the towers, but again and again they fell. Yonder are the high walls, but again and again they were

leveled. To steal the treasures from her temple and palace and to dethrone this queen city of the earth, all nations plotted. David taking the throne at Hebron, decides that he must have Jerusalem for his capital; and, coming up from the south at the head of two hundred and eighty thousand troops, he captures it. Look, here comes another siege of Jerusalem! Assyrians under Sennacherib, enslaved nations at his chariot wheel, having taken two hundred thousand captives in his one campaign; Phœnician cities kneeling at his feet, Egypt trembling at the flash of his sword, comes upon Jerusalem. Look, another siege! The armies of Babylon under Nebuchadnezzar come down and take a plunder from Jerusalem such as no other city ever had to yield, and ten thousand of her citizens trudge off into Babylonian bondage. Look, another siege! and Nebuchadnezzar and his hosts by night go through a breach of the Jerusalem wall, and the morning finds some of them seated triumphant in the temple, and what they could not take away because too heavy, they break up—the brazen sea, and the two wreathed pillars, Jachin and Boaz.

Another siege of Jerusalem: Pompey with the battering-rams which a hundred men would roll back, and then at full run would bang against the wall of the city, and catapults hurling the rocks upon the people, left twelve thousand dead, and the city in the clutch of the Roman war-eagle. Look, a more desperate siege of Jerusalem! Titus with his tenth legion on Mount of Olives, and ballista arranged on the principle of the pendulum to swing great boulders against walls and towers, and miners digging under the city, making galleries of beams, which, set on fire, tumbled great masses of houses and human beings into destruction and death. All is taken now but the temple, and Titus, the conqueror, wants to save that un-

harmed; but a soldier, contrary to orders, hurls a torch into the temple and it is consumed. Many strangers were in the city at the time, and ninety-seven thousand captives were taken; and Josephus says one million one hundred thousand lay dead. But looking from this house-top, the siege that most absorbs us is that of the Crusaders. England and France and all Christendom wanted to capture the Holy Sepulchre and Jerusalem, then in possession of the Mohammedans, under the command of one of the loveliest, bravest and mightiest men that ever lived—for justice must be done him though he was a Mohammedan—glorious Saladin! Against him came the armies of Europe, under Richard, *Coeur-de-Lion*, King of England; Philip Augustus, King of France; Tancred, Raymond, Godfrey, and other valiant men, marching on through fevers, plagues and battle charges, amid sufferings as intense as the world ever saw. Saladin, in Jerusalem, hearing of the sickness of King Richard, his chief enemy, sends him his own physician; and from the walls of Jerusalem, seeing King Richard afoot, sends him a horse. With all the world looking on, the armies of Europe come within sight of Jerusalem. At the first glimpse of the city they fell on their faces in reverence, and then lifted anthems of praise. Feuds and hatred among themselves were given up, and Raymond and Tancred, the bitterest rivals, embraced, while the armies looked on. Then the battering-rams rolled, and the catapults swung, and the swords thrust, and the carnage raged. Godfrey, of Bouillon, is the first to mount the wall. The Crusaders, a cross on every shoulder or breast, having taken the city, march bareheaded and barefooted to what they suppose to be the Holy Sepulchre, and kiss the tomb. Jerusalem at last was the possession of Christendom. But Saladin again took the city, and

for the last four hundred years it has been in possession of cruel and polluted Mohammedanism!

Another crusade is needed to start for Jerusalem, a crusade in our own century greater than all those of the past centuries put together; a crusade in which you and I will march; a crusade without weapons of death, but only the Sword of the Spirit; a crusade that will make not a single wound nor start one tear of distress, nor incendiarize one homestead; a crusade of Gospel Peace! The cross to be again lifted on Calvary, not, as once, an instrument of pain, but as a sign of invitation. The Mosque of Omar shall give place to a church of Christ, and Mount Zion become the dwelling-place, not of David, but of David's Lord; and Jerusalem, purified of all its idolatries, and taking back the Christ she once cast out, shall be made a worthy type of that heavenly city which Paul styled "the mother of us all," and which St. John saw, "the Holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God." Through its gates may we all enter when our work is done; and in its temple, greater than all the earthly temples piled in one, may we worship. Russian pilgrims lined all the roads around the Jerusalem we visited that winter. They had walked hundreds of miles, and their feet bled on the way to Jerusalem. Many of them had spent their last farthing to get there, and they had left some of those who started with them dying or dead by the roadside. An aged woman, exhausted with the long way, begged her fellow-pilgrims not to let her die until she had seen the Holy City. As she came to the gate of the city she could not take another step, but she was carried in, and then said: "Now hold my head up till I can look upon Jerusalem;" and her head lifted up, she took one look and said: "Now I die content; I have seen it; I have seen it." Some of us before we reach the heav-

enly Jerusalem may be as tired as that, but angels of mercy will help us in, and one glimpse of the temple of God and the Lamb, and one good look at the "King in his beauty," will more than compensate for all the toils and tears and heart-breaks of the pilgrimage. Hallelujah! Amen!

IN STIRRUPS TO JERICHO

Luke, 10: 30: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho."

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It is the morning of December 5, in Jerusalem, and we take stirrups for the road along which the wayfarer of old fell among thieves, who left him wounded and half dead. Job's picture of the horse in the Orient as having neck "clothed with thunder" is not true of most horses now in Palestine. There is no thunder on their neck, though there is some lightning in their heels. Poorly fed and unmercifully whacked, they sometimes retaliate. To Americans and English, who are accustomed to guide horses by the bridle, these horses of the Orient, guided only by foot and voice, make equestrianism an uncertainty, and the pull on the bridle that you intend for slowing up of the pace may be mistaken for a hint that you want to out-gallop the wind, or wheel in swift circles like the hawk. But they can climb steeps and descend precipices with skilled foot, and the one I chose for our journey in Palestine shall have the praise of going for weeks without one stumbling step, amid rocky steeps where an ordinary horse would not for an hour maintain surefootedness. There were eighteen of our party, and twenty-two beasts of burden carried our camp equipment. We are led by an Arab sheik, with his black Nubian servant carrying a loaded gun in full sight; but it is the fact that this sheik represents the Turkish Government which assures the safety of the caravan.

We cross the Jehoshaphat Valley which, if it had not been memorable in history and were only now discovered, would excite the admiration of all who look

upon it. It is like the gorges of the Yosemite, or the chasms of the Yellowstone Park. The sides of this Jehoshaphat Valley are tunneled with graves and overlooked by Jerusalem walls—an eternity of depths overshadowed by an eternity of architecture. Within sight of Mount Olivet and Gethsemane, and with the heavens and the earth full of sunshine, we start out on the very road mentioned in the text when it says: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves." No road that I ever saw was so well constructed for brigandage—deep gulleys, sharp turns, caves on both sides. There are fifty places on this road where a highwayman might surprise and overpower an unarmed pilgrim. His cry for help, his shriek of pain, his death groan would be answered only by the echoes. On this road to-day we met groups of men who, judging from their countenances, have in their veins the blood of many generations of banditti. Josephus says that Herod at one time discharged from the service of the temple forty thousand men and that the great part of them became robbers. So late as 1820, Sir Frederick Henniker, an English tourist, was attacked on this very road from Jerusalem to Jericho and shot and almost slain. There has never been any scarcity of bandits along the road we travel. With the fresh memory of some recent violence in their minds, Christ tells the people of the good Samaritan who came along that way and took care of a poor fellow that had been set upon by villainous Arabs and robbed and pounded and cut. We encamped for lunch that noon close by an old stone building, said to be the tavern where the scene spoken of in the Bible culminated. Tumbled in the dust and ghastly with wounds, the victim of this highway robbery lay on the roadside. There were twelve thousand priests living at Jericho and they had to go to

Jerusalem to officiate at the Temple. And one of these ministers of religion, I suppose, was on his way to the Temple service, and he is startled as he sees this bleeding victim in the road. "Oh," he says, "here is a man who has been attacked by thieves. Why don't you go home?" says the minister. The man in a comatose state makes no answer, or, with a half-dazed look, puts his wounded hand to his gashed forehead and drawls out "What?" "Well," says the minister, "I must hurry on to my duties at Jerusalem. I have to kill a lamb and two pigeons in sacrifice to-day. I cannot spend any more time with this unfortunate. I guess somebody else will take care of him. But this is one of the things that cannot be helped, anyhow. Beside that, my business is with souls and not with bodies. Good morning! When you get well enough to sit up, I will be glad to see you at the Temple." And the minister curves his way out toward the overhanging sides of the road and passes. You hypocrite! One of the chief offices of religion is to heal wounds. You might have done here a kindness that would have been more acceptable to God than all the incense that will smoke up from your censer for the next three weeks, and you missed the chance. Go your way execrated by the centuries!

Soon afterward a Levite came upon the scene. The Levites looked after the music of the Temple, and waited upon the priests, and provided the supplies of the Temple. The Levite passing along this road where we are to-day, took a look at the mass of bruises and laceration in the middle of the road. "My! my!" says the Levite, "this man is awfully hurt and he ought to be helped. But my business is to sing in the choir at the Temple. If I am not there, no one will carry my part. Beside that, there may not be enough frankincense for the censers, and the wine or oil may have

given out, and what a fearful balk in the service that would make. Then one of the priests might get his breastplate on crooked. But it seems too bad to leave this man in this condition. Perhaps I had better try to staunch this bleeding and give him a little stimulant. But, no! The ceremony at Jerusalem is of more importance than taking care of the wounds of a man who will probably soon be dead anyhow. This highway robbery ought to be stopped, for it hinders us Levites on our way up to the Temple. There, I have lost five minutes already! Go along, you beast!" he shouts, as he strikes his heels into the sides of the animal carrying him, and the dust rising from the road hides the hard-hearted official.

But a third person is coming along this road. You cannot expect him to do anything by way of alleviation, because he and the wounded man belong to different nations, which have abominated each other for centuries. The wounded man is an Israelite, and the stranger now coming on this scene of suffering is a Samaritan. They belong to nations which hated each other with an objurgation and malediction diabolic. They had opposition temples, one on Mount Gerizim and the other on Mount Moriah, and I guess this Samaritan when he comes up will give the fallen Israelite another clip and say: "Good for you! I will just finish the work these bandits began, and give you one more kick that will put you out of your misery. And here is a rag of your coat that they did not steal, and I will take that. What! Do you dare to appeal to me for mercy? Hush up! Why, how many times have you spat on Samaritans and cursed them? You would have no dealings with the Samaritans. Well, this Samaritan will have no dealing with you. Then, too, your ancestors worshiped at Jerusalem when they ought to have worshiped at Gerizim. Now take that!

and that! and that!" will say the Samaritan as he pounds the fallen Israelite.

No; the Samaritan rides up to the scene of suffering, gets off the beast and steps down and looks into the face of the wounded man and says: "This poor fellow does not belong to my nation, and our ancestors worshiped in different places, but he is a man, and that makes us brothers. God pity him, as I do!" And he gets down on his knees and begins to examine his wounds and straighten out his limbs to see if any of his bones are broken, and says: "My dear fellow, cheer up; you need have no more care about yourself, for I am going to take care of you. Let me feel your pulse! Let me listen to your breathing! I have in these bottles two liquids that will help you. The one is oil, and that will soothe the pain of these wounds; the other is wine, and your pulse is feeble and you feel faint, and that will stimulate you. Now I must get you to the nearest tavern." "Oh, no," says the man; "I cannot walk; let me stay here and die." "Nonsense!" says the Samaritan. "You are not going to die, I am going to put you on this beast, and I will hold you on till I get you to a place where you can have a soft mattress and an easy pillow."

Now the Samaritan has got the wounded man on his feet, and with much tugging and lifting, puts him on the beast; for it is astonishing how strong the spirit of kindness will make one, as you have seen a mother after three weeks of sleepless watching of her boy, down with scarlet fever, lift that half-grown boy, heavier than herself, from couch to lounge. And so this sympathetic Samaritan has, unaided, put the wounded man in the saddle, and at slow pace the extemporized ambulance is moving toward the tavern. "You feel better now, I think," says the Samaritan to the Hebrew. "Yes," he says, "I do feel better."

"Hallo, you landlord! help me carry this man in and make him comfortable." That night the Samaritan sat up with the Jew, giving him water whenever he felt thirsty and turning his pillow when it got hot, and in the morning, before the Samaritan started on his journey, he said: "Landlord, now I am obliged to go. Take good care of this man and I will be along here soon again and pay you for all you do for him. Meanwhile here is something to meet present expenses." The "two pence" he gave the landlord sounds small, but it was as much as ten dollars here and now, considering what it would there and then buy of food and lodging.

As on that December noon we sat under the shadow of the tavern where this scene of mercy had occurred, and just having passed along the road where the tragedy had happened, I could plainly see that Bible story re-enacted, and I said aloud to our group under the tent: "One drop of practical Christianity is worth more than a temple full of ecclesiasticism; and that good Samaritan had more religion in five minutes than that minister and that Levite had in a lifetime. The most accursed thing on earth is national prejudice, and I bless God that I live in America, where Gentile and Jew, Protestant and Catholic, can live together without quarrel, and where, in the great national crucible, the different sects and tribes and peoples are being molded into a great brotherhood. I bless God that the question which the lawyer flung at Christ, and which brought forth this incident of the good Samaritan, 'Who is my neighbor?' is bringing forth the answer, 'My neighbor is the first man I meet in trouble,' and a wound close at hand calls louder than a temple seventeen miles off, though it be the most glorious ever built and though it covers nineteen acres."

I saw in London the vast procession which one bleak day in January moved to St. Paul's Cathedral at the burial of that Christian hero, Lord Napier. The day after, at Hawarden, in conversation on various themes, I asked Mr. Gladstone if he did not think that many who were under the shadows of false religions might not nevertheless be at heart really Christian. Mr. Gladstone replied: "Yes; my old friend Lord Napier, who was yesterday buried, after he returned from his Abyssinian campaign, visited us here at Hawarden and walking in this park where we are now walking, he told me a very beautiful incident. He said: 'After the war in Africa was over, we were on the march, and we had a soldier with a broken leg who was not strong enough to go along with us, and we did not dare to leave him to be taken care of by savages, but we found we were compelled to leave him. We went into the house of a woman who was said to be a very kind woman, though of the race of savages, and we said: "Here is a sick man, and if you will take care of him till he gets well we will pay you very largely." Then we offered her five times that which would ordinarily be offered, hoping by the excess of pay to secure for him great kindness. The woman replied: "I will not take care of him for the money you offer. I do not want your money. But leave him here, and I will take care of him for the love of God." Mr. Gladstone turned to me and said: "Dr. Talmage, don't you think that though she belonged to a race of savages, that was pure religion?" And I answered: "I do; I do." May God multiply all the world over the number of good Samaritans!

In Philadelphia a young woman was dying. She was a wreck. Sunken into the depths of depravity, there was no lower depth for her to reach. Word

came to the midnight mission that she was dying in a haunt of iniquity near-by. Who would go to tell her of the Christ of Mary Magdalene? This one refused, and that one refused, saying: "I dare not go there." A Christian woman, her white locks typical of her purity of soul, said: "I will go, and I will go now." She went and sat down by the dying girl, and told of the Christ who came to seek and save that which was lost. First to the forlorn one came the tears of repentance, and then the smile as though she had begun to hope for the pardon of him who came to save to the uttermost. Then, just before she breathed her last, she said to the angel of mercy bending over her pillow: "Would you kiss me?" "I will," said the Christian woman, as she put upon her cheek the last salutation before in the heavenly world, I think, God gave her the welcoming kiss. That was religion! Yes; that was religion. Good Samaritans along every street, and along every road, as well as this one on the road to Jericho.

But our procession of sightseers is again in line, and here we pass through a deep ravine, and I ask the dragoman: "David, what place do you call this?" and he replied: "This is the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens." And in that answer he overthrew my lifelong notions of the place where Elijah was waited on by the black servants of the sky. A brook to me had meant a slight depression of ground, and a stream fordable, and perhaps fifteen feet wide. But here was a chasm that an earthquake must have scooped out with its biggest shovel or split with its mightiest battle-ax. Six hundred feet deep is it, and the brook Cherith is a river, which when in full force, is a silver wedge, splitting the mountains into precipices. The feathered descendants of Elijah's ravens still wing their way across this ravine, but are not like the crows we supposed them to be. They are

as large as eagles, and one of them could carry in its beak and clinched claws at once enough food for a half-dozen Elijahs. No thanks to the ravens; they are carnivorous and would rather have picked out the eyes of Elijah—whom they found at the mouth of his cave on the side of Cherith, waiting for his breakfast, having drunk his morning beverage from the rushing stream beneath—than have been his butlers and purveyors. But God compelled them, as he always has compelled and always will compel black and cruel and overshadowing providences, to carry help to his children, if they only have faith enough to catch the blessing as it drops from the seeming adversity—the greatest blessing always coming not with white wings but black wings. Black wings of conviction bringing pardon to the sinner. Black wings of crucifixion over Calvary, bringing redemption for the world. Black wings of American Revolution, bringing free institutions to a continent. Black wings of American Civil War, bringing unification and solidarity to the republic. Black wings of the Judgment Day bringing resurrection to an entombed human race. And in the last day, when all your life and mine will be summed up, we will find that the greatest blessing we ever received came on the wings of the black ravens of disaster. Bless God for trouble! Bless God for sickness! Bless God for persecution! Bless God for poverty! You never heard of any man or woman of great use to the world who had not had lots of trouble. The diamond must be cut. The wheat must be threshed. The black ravens must fly. Who are these nearest the throne? "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But look! Look what at four o'clock in the afternoon bursts upon our vision—the plain of Jericho and

the valley of Jordan and the Dead Sea. We have come to a place where the horses not so much walk as slide upon their haunches, and we all dismount, for the steep descent is simply terrific; though a princess of Wallachia, who fell here and was dangerously injured, after recovery spent a large amount of money in trying to make the road passable. Down and down! till we saw the white tents pitched for us by our muleteers amid the ruins of ancient Jericho, which fell at the sound of poor music played on "ram's horn," that ancient instrument which, taken from the head of the leader of the flock of sheep, is perforated and prepared to be fingered by the musical performer, and blown upon when pressed to the lips. As in another sermon, I have fully described that scene, I will only say that every day, for seven days, the ministers of religion went around the city of Jericho, blowing upon those ram's horns, and on the seventh day, without the roll of a war-chariot, or the stroke of a catapult, or the swing of a ballista, crash! crash! crash! went the walls of that magnificent capital. On the evening of December the sixth we walked amid the brick and mortar of that shattered city, and I said to myself: All this done by poor music blest of God, for it was not a harp or a flute, or a clapping cymbal, or an organ played, at the sound of which the city surrendered to destruction; but a rude instrument, making rude music, blest of God to the demolition of that wicked place which had defied the Almighty. And I said, if all this was by the blessing of God on poor music, what mightier things could be done by the blessing of God on good music, skilful music, Gospel music. If all the good that has been done by music were subtracted from the world, I believe three-fourths of its religion would be gone. The lullabies of mothers

which keep sounding on, though the lips that sang them forty years ago became ashes; the old hymns in log-cabin churches, and country meeting-houses, and psalms in Rouse's version in Scotch kirks; the anthem in English cathedrals; the roll of organs that will never let Handel or Haydn or Beethoven die; the thrum of harps; the sweep of the bow across bass viols; the song of Sabbath schools storming the heavens; the doxology of great assemblages—why, a thousand Jerichos of sin have by them all been brought down.

Seated by the warmth of our camp-fires that evening of December 6th, amid the bricks and debris of Jericho, and thinking what poor music has done, and what mightier things could be accomplished by the blessings of God on good music, I said to myself: Ministers have been doing a grand work, and sermons have been blessed, but would it not be well for us to put more emphasis on music? Oh, for a campaign of Old Hundreds! Oh, for a dashing cavalry charge of Coronations! Oh, for an army of Antiochs and St. Martins and Ariels! Oh, for enough orchestral batons lifted to marshal all nations! As Jericho was surrounded by poor music for seven days and was conquered, so let our earth be surrounded seven days by good Gospel music, and the round planet will all be taken for God. Not a wall of opposition, not a throne of tyranny, not a palace of sin, not an enterprise of unrighteousness could stand the mighty throb of such atmospheric pulsation. Music! It sounded at the laying of Creation's cornerstone when the morning stars sang together. Music! It will be the last reverberation, when the archangel's trumpet shall wake the dead. Music! Let its full power be now tested to comfort and bless and arouse and save.

While our evening meal is being prepared in the tents, we walk out for a moment to the "Fountain of Elisha," the one into which the prophet threw the salt, because the waters were poisonous and bitter, and lo! they became sweet and healthy; and ever since, with gurgle and laughter, they have rushed down the hill and leaped from the rocks, the only cheerful object in all that region being these waters.

Now on this plain of Jericho the sun is setting, making the mountains look like balustrades and battlements of amber and maroon and gold; and the moon, just above the crest, seems to be a window of heaven, through which immortals might be looking down upon the scene. Three Arabs as watchmen sit beside the camp-fire at the door of my tent, their low conversation in a strange language all night long a soothing rather than an interruption. I had a dream that night never to be forgotten, that dream amid the complete ruins of Jericho. Its past grandeur returned, and I saw the city as it was when Mark Antony gave it to Cleopatra, and Herod bought it from her. And I heard the hoofs of its swift steeds, and the rumbling of its chariots, and the shouts of excited spectators in its amphitheatre. And there was white marble amid green groves of palm and balsam; cold stone warmed with sculptured foliage; hard pillars cut into soft lace; Iliads and Odysseys in granite; basalt, jet as the night, mounted by carbuncle flaming as the morning; upholstery dyed as though dipped in the blood of battlefields; robes encrusted with diamond; mosaics white as sea-foam flashed on by auroras; gaieties which the sun saw by day, rivaled by revels the moon saw by night; blasphemy built against the sky; ceilings stellar as the midnight heavens; grandeurs turreted, archivolted and intercolumnar; wickedness so appalling that vocabulary fails, and we must make an adjective and call it Herodic.

The region round about the city walls seemed to me white with cotton such as Thenius describes as once growing there, and sweet with sugar-cane, and luscious with orange and figs and pomegranates, and redolent with such flora as can only grow where a tropical sun kisses the earth. And the hour came back to me when in the midst of all that splendor Herod died, commanding his sister Salome, immediately after his death, to secure the assassination of all the chief Jews whom he had brought to the city, and shut up in a circus for that purpose; and the news came to the audience in the theatre as some one took the stage and announced to the excited multitude: "Herod is dead! Herod is dead!" Then, in my dream, all the pomp of Jericho vanished and gloom was added to gloom, and desolation to desolation, and woe to woe, until, perhaps, the rippling waters of the Fountain of Elisha suggesting it—as sounds will sometimes give direction to a dream—I thought that the waters of Christ's salvation and the fountains "open for sin and uncleanness," were rolling through that plain and rolling across that continent, and rolling around the earth, until on each side of their banks all the thorns became flowers, and all the deserts gardens, and all the hovels mansions, and all the funerals bridal processions, and all the blood of war was turned into dahlias, and all the groans became anthems, and Dante's "Inferno" became Dante's "Paradiso," and "Paradise Lost" was submerged by "Paradise Regained," and tears became crystals, and cruel swords came out of foundries glistening plowshares, and, in my dream, at the blast of a trumpet the prostrated walls of Jericho rose again. And some one told me that as these walls in Joshua's time, at the sounding trumpet of doom, went down, now at the sounding trumpet of the Gospel they came up again. And I thought a man ap-

peared at the door of my tent, and I said: "Who are you and from whence have you come?" and he said: "I am the Samaritan you heard of at the tavern on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, as taking care of the man who fell among thieves, and I have just come from healing the last wound of the last unfortunate in all the earth." And I rose from my pillow in the tent to greet him, and my dream broke, and I realized it was only a dream; but a dream which shall become a glorious reality as surely as God is true and Christ's Gospel is the world's catholicon.

THE DEAD SEA AND THE JORDAN

Psalm, 104: 32: "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

THE DEAD SEA AND THE JORDAN

Psalm, 104: 32: "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

The inspired poet here pictures a volcano, and what Church's Cotopaxi does on painter's canvas, this author does in words. You see a hill, calm and still, and for ages immovable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts his finger on the top of it and from it rise thick vapors, intershot with fire. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

God is the only being who can manage a volcano, and again and again has he employed volcanic action. The pictures on the walls of Pompeii, the exhumed Italian city, as we saw them last November, demonstrate that the city was not fit to live. In the first century, that city, engirdled with palaces, emparadised with gardens, pillared into architectural exquisiteness, was at the foot of a mountain, up the sides of which it ran with vineyards and villas of merchant princes; and all that marble and bronze and imperial baths and arboriculture and rainbowed fountains and a coliseum, at the dedication of which nine thousand beasts had been slain, and a supernal landscape in which the shore gave roses to the sea and the sea gave crystals to the shore; yea, all that beauty and pomp and wealth could give was there to be seen or heard. But the bad morals of the city had shocked the world. In the year 79, on the 4th of August, a black column rose above the adjoining mountain and spread out, Pliny says, as he saw it, like a great pine tree, wider and wider, until it began to rain upon the city, first thin ashes and then pumice stone;

and sulphurous fumes swooped, and streams of mud poured through the streets till few people escaped and the city was buried; and some of the inhabitants, eighteen hundred years after, were found embalmed in the scoriæ of that awful doom. The Lord called upon volcanic forces to obliterate that profligate city. He touched the hills and they smoked.

Nothing but volcanic action can explain what I shall show you at the Dead Sea upon which I looked one December, a few years ago, and of whose waters I took a bitter and stinging taste. Concerning all that region there has been a controversy enough to fill libraries, science saying one thing, Revelation saying another thing. But admit volcanic action divinely employed and both testimonies are one and the same. Geology, chemistry, geography, astronomy, ichthyology, ornithology and zoology are coming one by one to confirm the Scriptures. Two leaves of one book are Revelation and Creation, and the penmanship is by the same divine hand. Our horseback ride will not be so steep to-day and you can stay on without clinging to the pommel of the saddle, but the scenes amid which we ride shall, if possible, be more thrilling, and by the time the horses snuff the sulphurous atmosphere of Lake Asphaltites, or the Dead Sea, we will be ready to dismount and read from our Bibles about what was done that day by the Lord when he touched the hills and they smoked.

Take a detour and pass along by the rocky fortress of Masada, where occurred something more wonderful in the way of desperation than you have ever heard of, unless you have heard of that. Herod built a palace amid these heaps of black and awful rocks, which look like a tumbled midnight. A great band of robbers, about one thousand, including their families, afterward held the fortress. When the Roman

army stormed that steep and the bandits could no longer hold the place, their chieftain, Eleazar, made a powerful speech which persuaded them to die before they were captured. First the men kissed their families a loving and tearful good-by, and then put a dagger into their hearts, and the women and the children were slain. Then ten men were chosen by lot to slay all the other men, and each man lay down by the dead wife and children and waited for these executioners to do their work. This done, one man of the ten killed the other nine; then the survivor committed suicide. Two women and five children had hid themselves, and, after all was over, came forth to tell of the nine hundred and sixty slaughtered. Great and rugged natural scenery makes the most tremendous natures for good or evil. Great statesmen and great robbers, great orators and great butchers, were nearly all born or reared among mountain precipices. Strong natures are hardly ever born upon the plain. When men have anything greatly good or greatly evil to do, they come down off the rocks.

Pass on from under the shadow of Masada, the scene of concentrated diabolism, and come along where the salt crystals crackle under the horses' hoofs. You are near the most God-forsaken region of all the earth. You to whom the word lake has heretofore suggested those bewitchments of beauty, Luzerne or Cayuga—some great pearl set by a loving God in the bosom of the luxuriant valley—change all your ideas about a lake, and see this sheet of water which the Bible calls the Salt Sea, or Sea of the Plain, and Josephus calls Lake Asphaltites. The muleteers will take care of the horses while we get down to the brink and dip up the liquid mixture in the palm of the hand. The waters are a commingling of brimstone and pitch, and have a six times larger percentage of

salt than those of the Atlantic Ocean, the ocean having four per cent. of salt, and this lake, twenty-six and a quarter per cent. Lake Sir-i-kol of India is the highest lake in the world. This lake, on the banks of which we kneel, is the lowest. It empties into no sea, for the simple reason that water cannot run uphill. It swallows up the river Jordan, and makes no response of thanks, and never reports what it does with the twenty million cubic feet of water annually received from that sacred river. It takes the tree branches and logs floated into it by the Jordan and pitches them on the banks of bitumen to decay there. The hot springs by the name of Calirrhoe near its banks, where King Herod came to bathe off his illnesses, no sooner pour into this sea than they are poisoned. Not a fish-scale swims it; not an insect walks it. It hates life; and if you attempt to swim there, it lifts you by an unnatural buoyancy to the surface, as much as to say: "We want no life here, but death is our preference—death." Those who attempt to wade into this lake, and submerge themselves, come out almost maddened, as with the sting of a hundred wasps and hornets, and with lips and eyelids swollen with the strange ablution. The sparkle of its waters is not like the sparkle of beauty on other lakes, but a metallic lustre like unto the flash of a sword that would thrust at you. The gazelles and ibexes that live on the hills beside it, and the cranes and wild ducks that fly across—for, contrary to the old belief, birds do safely wing their way over it—and the Arab horses you have been riding, though thirsty enough, will not drink out of this dreadful mixture. A mist hovers over parts of it almost continually, which, though natural evaporation, seems like a wing of doom spread over liquid desolation. It is the rinsings of abomination. It is an aqueous monster coiled

among the hills, or creeping with ripples, and stenchful with nauseating malodors.

In these regions once stood four great cities of Syria—Sodom, Gomorrah, Adma and Zeboim. The Bible says they were destroyed by a tempest of fire and brimstone after they had filled up their cup of wickedness. "No, that is absurd," cries some one. "It is evident that this was a region of salt and brimstone and pitch, long before that." And so it was. The Bible says it was a region of sulphur long before the great catastrophe. "Well, now," says some one, wanting to raise a quarrel between science and revelation, "you have no right to say the Cities of the Plain were destroyed by a tempest of fire and sulphur and brimstone, because this region had these characteristics long before these cities were destroyed." Volcanic action, is my reply. These cities had been built out of very combustible materials. The mortar was of bitumen, easily ignited, and the walls dripped with pitch most inflammable. They sat, I think, on a ridge of hills. They stood high up and conspicuous, radiant in their sins, ostentatious in their debaucheries, four hells on earth. One day there was a rumbling in the earth and a quaking. "What's that?" cry the affrighted inhabitants—"what's that?" The foundations of the earth were giving way. A volcano, whose fires had been burning for ages, at God's command burst forth, easily setting everything aflame, and first lifting these cities high in air, and then dashing them down in chasms fathomless. The fires of that eruption intershot the dense smoke, and rolled unto the heavens, only to descend again. And all the configuration of that country was changed, and where there was a hill there came a valley, and where there had been the pomp of uncleanness came widespread desolation. The red-hot spade of volcanic action had

shoveled under the Cities of the Plain. Before the catastrophe, the cities stood on the top of the salt and sulphur. After the catastrophe they were under the salt and sulphur. Science right. Revelation right. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

No science ever frightened believers in Revelation so much as geology. They feared that the strata of the earth would contradict the Scriptures, and then Moses must go under. But as in the Dead Sea instance, so in all cases, God's writing on the earth and God's writing in the Bible are harmonious. The shelves of rock correspond with the shelves of the American Bible Society. Science digs into the earth and finds deep down the remains of plants, and that agrees with the Bible, which announces plants first. Science digs down and says: "Marine animals next," and that is what the Bible says: "Marine animals next." Science digs down and says: "Land animals next," and the Bible responds: "Land animals next." "Then comes man!" says science. "Then comes man!" responds the Bible. Science digs into the regions about the Dead Sea, and finds result of fire, and masses of brimstone, and announces a wonderful geological formation. "Oh, yes," says the Bible; "Moses wrote thousands of years ago 'The Lord rained upon Sodom, and upon Gomorrah, brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven,' and the Psalmist wrote: 'He toucheth the hills and they smoke.'" So I guess we will hold on to our Bibles a little longer. A gentleman in the anteroom of the White House, at Washington, having an appointment with Mr. Lincoln at five o'clock in the morning, got there fifteen minutes early, and asked the servant: "Who is talking in the next room?" "It is the President, sir!" "Is anybody with him?" "No, sir; he is reading the Bible. He spends

every morning from four to five o'clock reading the Scriptures."

My text implies that God controls volcanoes not with the full force of his hand, but with the tip of his finger. Etna, Stromboli and Vesuvius fawn at his feet like hounds before the hunter. These eruptions of the hills do not belong to Pluto's realm, as the ancients thought, but to the Divine dominions. Humboldt counted two hundred of them; but since then the Indian archipelago has been found to have nine hundred of these great mouthpieces. They are on every continent and in all latitudes. That earthquake which shook all America not many years ago was only the raving around of volcanoes rushing against the sides of their rocky caverns trying to break out. They must come to the surface, but it will be at the Divine call. They seem reserved for the punishment of one kind of sin. The seven cities they have obliterated were celebrated for one kind of transgression. Profligacy was the characteristic of the seven cities of ancient times over which they put their smothering wing—Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiæ, Adma, Zeboim, Sodom and Gomorrah. If our American cities do not quit their profligacy, if in high life and low life dissoluteness does not cease to be a joke and become a crime, if wealthy libertinism continues to find so many doors of domestic life open to its faintest touch, if Russian and French and American literature, steeped in pruriency, does not get banished from the news-stands and ladies' parlors, God will let loose some of these suppressed monsters of the earth. And I tell these American cities that it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the Day of Judgment, whether that Day of Judgment be in this present century or in the closing century of the earth's continuance. The volcanic forces are already in ex-

istence, but in the mercy of God they are chained in the kennels of subterraneous fire. Yet let profligacy—whether it stagger into a lazaretto or sit on a commercial throne, whether it laugh in a faded shawl under the street gaslight, or be wrapped in the finest array that foreign loom ever wrought or lapidary ever empearled—know right well that there is a volcano waiting for it, whether in domestic life or social life or political life or in the foundations of the earth from which sprang out the devastations that swallowed the cities of the plain. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

But the dragoman is rejoiced when we have seen enough of this volcanic region of Palestine, and he gladly tightens the girths around the horses which are prancing and neighing for departure. We are off for the Jordan, only two hours away. We pass Bedouins whose stern features melt into a smile as we give them the salutation, Salaam Aleikoum, "Peace be with you," their smile sometimes leaving us in doubt as to whether it is caused by their gladness to see us or by our poor pronunciation of the Arabic. They are a strange race those Bedouins—such a commingling of ruffianism and honor, of cowardice and courage, of cruelty and kindness! When a band of them came down upon a party in which Miss Whately was traveling, and were about to take pocketbooks, and perhaps life, this lady, sitting upon her horse, took out her note-book and pencil and began to sketch these brigands, and seeing this composure, the bandits thought it something supernatural and fled. Christian womanliness or manliness is all-conquering. When Martin Luther was told that Duke George would kill him if he went to Leipsic, Luther replied: "I would go to Leipsic if it rained Duke Georges nine days."

Now we come through regions where there are hills having the shape of cathedrals, with altar and

column and arch and chancel and pulpit and dome and architecture of the rocks that, I think, can hardly just happen so. Perhaps it is because God loves the Church so well he builds in the solitudes of Yellowstone Park and Yosemite and Switzerland and Palestine these ecclesiastical piles. And who knows, but that unseen spirits may sometimes worship there? "Dragoman, when shall we see the Jordan?" I ask. All the time we were on the alert, and looking through tamarisk and willows for the most celebrated river of all the earth. The Mississippi is wider, the Ohio is deeper, the Amazon is longer, the Hudson rolls amid regions more picturesque, the Thames has more splendor on its banks, the Tiber suggests more imperial processions, the Ilyssus has more classic memories, and the Nile feeds greater populations by its irrigation; but the Jordan is the queen of rivers and runs through all the Bible, a silver thread strung like beads with heroics; and before night we shall meet on its banks Elijah and Elisha and David and Jacob and Joshua and John and Jesus.

At last between two trees I got a glimpse of a river, and said: "What is that?" "The Jordan," was the quick reply. And all along the line, which had been lengthened by other pilgrims, some from America and some from Europe and some from Asia, the cry was sounded: "The Jordan! The Jordan!" Thousands of pilgrims have chanted on its banks and bathed in its waters. Many of them dip a wet gown in the wave and wring it out and carry it home for their own shroud. It is an impetuous stream, and rushes on as though it were hastening to tell its story to the ages. Many an explorer has it whelmed, and many a boat has it wrecked. Lieutenant Molineux had copper-bottomed crafts split upon its shelvings. Only one boat, that of Lieutenant Lynch, ever lived

to sail the whole length of it. At the season when the snows on Lebanon melt, the rage of this stream is like the Conemaugh when Johnstown perished; and the wild beasts that may be near run for the hills, explaining what Jeremiah says: "Behold he shall go up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan." No river so often changes its mind, for it turns and twists, traveling two hundred miles to do that which in a straight line might be done in sixty miles. Among banks now low, now high; now of rocks, now of mud, and now of sand; laving the feet of the terebinths and oleanders and acacias and reeds and pistachios and silver poplars. This river marries the Dead Sea to Lake Galilee, and did ever so rough a groom take the hand of so fair a bride?

This is the river which parted to let an army of two million Israelites across. Here the skilled Major-General of the Syrian host, at the seventh plunge, dropped his leprosy; not only a miraculous cure, but a suggestion to all ages that water and plenty of it has much to do with the sanitary improvement of the world. Here is where some theological students of Elisha's time were cutting trees with which to build a theological seminary, and an ax-head, not sufficiently wedged to the handle, flew off into the river and sank, and the young man deplored not so much the loss of the ax-head as the fact that it was not his own and cried: "Alas! it was borrowed," and the prophet threw a stick into the river, and, in defiance of the law of gravitation, the iron ax-head came to the surface and floated like a cork upon the water, and kept floating until the young man caught it. A miracle performed to give one an opportunity to return that which was borrowed, and a rebuke in all ages for those who borrow and never return; their bad habit in this respect so established that it would

be a miracle if they did return it. Yea; from the bank of this river Elijah took team of fire, showing that the destructive element is servant of the good, and that there is no need that a child of God fear anything; for, if the most desolating of all elements was that day fashioned into a vehicle for a departing saint, nothing can ever hurt you who love and trust the Lord. I am so glad that that chariot of Elijah was not made out of wood, crystal, or anything ordinarily pleasant, but out of fire; and yet he went up without having so much as to fan himself. When, stepping from amid the foliage of these oleanders and tamarisks on the banks of the Jordan, he put his foot on the red step of the red equipage, and took the red reins of vapor in his hands, and urged the galloping steeds toward the wide-open gate of heaven, it was a scene forever memorable. So the hottest afflictions of your life may roll you heavenward. So the most burning persecutions, the most fiery troubles, may become uplifting. Only be sure that when you pull on the bits of fire, you drive up toward God, and not down toward the Dead Sea. When Latimer and Ridley died at the stake they went up in a chariot of fire. When my friend P. P. Bliss, the Gospel singer, was consumed with the rail-train that broke through Ashtabula bridge, and then took flame, I said: "Another Elijah gone up in a chariot of fire!"

But this river is a river of baptisms. Christ was here baptized, and John baptized many thousands. Whether on these occasions the candidate for baptism and the officer of religion went into this river, and then, while both were standing the water was dipped in the hand of one and sprinkled upon the forehead of the other, or whether the entire form of the one baptized disappeared for a moment beneath the surface of the flood, I do not now declare. While I can-

not think without deep emotion of the fact that my parents held me in infancy at the baptismal font in the old meeting-house at Somerville, and assumed vows on my behalf, I must tell you now of another mode of baptism observed in the river Jordan, on that afternoon in December, the particulars of which I now for the first time relate. It was a scene of unimaginable solemnity. A comrade in my Holy Land journey rode up by my side that day, and told me that a young man, who is now in the Gospel ministry, would like to be baptized by me in the river Jordan. I got all the facts I could concerning his earnestness and faith, and, through personal examination, made myself confident he was a worthy candidate. There were among our Arab attendants two robes not unlike those used for American baptisteries, and these we obtained. As we were to have a large group of different nationalities present, I dictated to my daughter a few verses, and had copies enough made to allow all to sing. Our dragoman had a man familiar with the river wade through and across to show the depth and the swiftness of the stream, and the most appropriate place for the ceremony. Then I read from the Bible the accounts of baptisms in that sacred stream, and implored the presence of the Christ on whose head the dove descended at the Jordan. Then, as the candidate and myself stepped into the waters, the people on the banks sang in full and resounding voice:

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

By this time we had reached the middle of the river. As the candidate sank under the floods and rose again, under a baptism in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, there rushed through our souls a tide of holy emotion such as we shall not probably feel again until we step into the Jordan that divides earth from heaven. Will those waters be deep? Will those tides be strong? No matter, if Jesus steps in with us. Friends on this shore to help us off. Friends on the other shore to help us land. See! They are coming down the hills on the other side to greet us. How well we know their step! How easily we distinguish their voices! From bank to bank we hail them with tears, and they hail us with palm branches. They say to us, "Is that you, father? Is that you, mother?" and we answer by asking, "Is that you, my darling?" How near they seem, and how narrow the stream that divides us!

Could we but stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Could fright us from the shore.

HYDRAULICS IN PALESTINE

Eccles., 2: 4–6: "I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards, I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits; I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees."

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A spring morning and before breakfast at Jerusalem: A king with robes snowy white in chariot decked with gold, drawn by eight horses, high-mettled, and housings as brilliant as if scalloped out of that very sunrise, and like the winds for speed; followed by a regiment of archers on horseback, with hand on gilded bow, and arrows with steel points flashing in the sunlight, clad from head to foot in Tyrian purple, and black hair sprinkled with gold-dust; all dashing down the road, the horses at full run, the reins loose on their necks, and the crack of whips and the halloo of the reckless cavalcade putting the miles at defiance. Who is it, and what is it? King Solomon taking an outing before breakfast, from Jerusalem, to his gardens, and parks, and orchards, and reservoirs, six miles down the road toward Hebron. What a contrast between that and myself on that very road one December morning in 1889, going afoot, for our plain vehicle turned back for photographic apparatus forgotten; we on the way to find what is called Solomon's pools, the ancient water-works of Jerusalem, and the gardens of a king nearly three thousand years ago. We cross the aqueduct again and again, and here we are at the three great reservoirs, not ruins of reservoirs, but the reservoirs themselves, that Solomon built three millenniums

ago for the purpose of catching the mountain streams, and passing them to Jerusalem to slake the thirst of the city, and also to irrigate the most glorious range of gardens that ever bloomed with all colors, or breathed with all redolence; for Solomon was the greatest horticulturist, the greatest botanist, the greatest ornithologist, the greatest capitalist, and the greatest scientist of his century.

Come over the piles of gray rock, and here we are at the first of the three reservoirs, which are on three great levels; the base of the top reservoir higher than the top of the second, the base of the second reservoir higher than the top of the third; so arranged that the waters gathered from several sources above shall descend from basin to basin, the sediment of the water deposited in each of the three; so that by the time it gets down to the aqueduct which is to take it to Jerusalem, it has had three filterings, and is pure as when the clouds rained it. Wonderful specimens of masonry are the reservoirs. The white cement fastening the blocks of stone together is now just as when the trowels three thousand years ago smoothed the layers. The highest reservoir three hundred and eighty feet by two hundred and twenty-nine; the second, four hundred and twenty-three feet by one hundred and sixty; and the lowest reservoir, five hundred and eighty-nine feet by one hundred and sixty-nine, and deep enough and wide enough and mighty enough to float an ocean steamer.

On that December morning we saw the waters rolling down from reservoir to reservoir, and can well understand how in this neighborhood the imperial gardens were one great blossom, and the orchard one great basket of fruit, and that Solomon in his palace, writing the Song of Songs and Ecclesiastes, may have been drawing illustrations from what he had seen that

very morning in the royal gardens when he alluded to melons, and mandrakes, and apricots, and grapes, and pomegranates, and figs, and spikenard, and cinnamon, and calamus, and camphire, and "apple trees among the trees of the wood," and the almond tree as flourishing, and to myrrh and frankincense, and represented Christ as "gone down into his gardens, and the beds of spices to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies," and to "eyes like fish-pools," and to the voice of the turtle dove as heard in the land. I think it was when Solomon was showing the Queen of Sheba through these gardens, that the Bible says of her: "There remained no more spirit in her." She gave it up.

But all this splendor did not make Solomon happy. One day, after getting back from his morning ride, and before the horses had yet been cooled off and rubbed down by the royal equerry, Solomon wrote the memorable words, following my text, like a dirge played after a grand march, "Behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." In other words, "It does not pay!" Would God that we might all learn the lesson that this world cannot produce happiness! At Marseilles there is a castellated house on high ground crowned with all that grove and garden can do, and the whole place looks out upon as enchanting a landscape as the world holds, water and hill clasping hands in a perfect bewitchment of scenery; but the owner of that place is totally blind, and to him all this goes for nothing, illustrating the truth, that, whether one be physically or morally blind, brilliancy of surrounding cannot give satisfaction. But tradition says that when the "wise men of the East" were being guided by the star on the way to Bethlehem, they for a little while lost sight of that star, and in despair and exhaustion came to a well to drink,

when, looking down into the well, they saw the star reflected in the water, and that cheered them, and they resumed their journey; and I have the notion that, though grandeur and pomp of surroundings may not afford peace, at the well of God's consolation, close by, you may find happiness; and the plainest cup at the well of salvation may hold the brightest star that ever shone from the heavens.

Although these Solomonic gardens are in ruins, there are now growing there flowers that are to be found nowhere else in the Holy Land. How do I account for that? Solomon sent out his ships and robbed the gardens of the whole earth for flowers and planted these exotics here, and these particular flowers are direct descendants of the foreign plants he imported. Mr. Meshullam, a Christian Israelite, on the very site of these royal gardens, has in our day, by putting in his own spade, demonstrated that the ground is only waiting for the right call to yield just as much luxuriance and splendor nineteen hundred years after Christ, as it yielded Solomon one thousand years before Christ. So all Palestine is waiting to become the richest scene of horticulture, arboriculture, and agriculture. Recent travelers in the Holy Land speak of the rocky and stony surface of nearly all Palestine, as an impassable barrier to the future cultivation of the soil. But if they had examined minutely the rocks and stones of the Holy Land, they would find that they are being skeletonized, and are being melted into the soil; and, being for the most part limestone, they are doing for that land what the American or English farmer does when, at great expense and fatigue, he draws his wagon-load of lime and scatters it on the fields for their enrichment. The storms, the winters, the great midsummer heats of Palestine, by crumbling up and dissolving the rocks are gradually preparing Palestine

and Syria to yield a product like the luxuriant Westchester farms of New York, and the Lancaster County farms of Pennsylvania, and Somerset County farms of New Jersey, and the other magnificent farm fields of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and the opulent orchards of Maryland and California. Let the Turk be driven out and the American or Englishman or Scotchman go in and Mohammedanism withdraw its idolatries, and pure Christianity build its altars, and the irrigation of which Solomon's pools was only a suggestion will make all that land from Dan to Beersheba as fertile, and aromatic and resplendent as on the morning when the king rode out to his pleasure grounds in chariot so swift, and followed by mounted riders so brilliant that it was for speed like a hurricane followed by a cyclone.

As I look upon this great aqueduct of Palestine—a wondrous specimen of ancient masonry, about seven feet high, two feet wide, sometimes tunneling the solid rock and then rolling its waters through stoneware pipes, an aqueduct doing its work ten miles before it gets to those three reservoirs, and then gathering their wealth of refreshment and pouring it on to the mighty city of Jerusalem and filling the brazen sea of her temple, and the bathrooms of her palaces, and the great pools of Siloam and Hezekiah and Bethesda I find that our century has no monopoly of the world's wonders, and that the conceited age in which we live had better take in some of the sails of its pride when it remembers that it is hard work in later ages to get masonry that will last fifty years, to say nothing of three thousand; and no modern machinery could lift blocks of stone like some of those standing high up in the walls of Baalbek, and that the art of printing, claimed for recent ages, was practised by the Chinese fourteen hundred years ago, and that our midnight lightning express rail-train was forseen by the prophet Nahum, when, in the Bible, he wrote: "The chariots shall rage

in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broadways, they shall seem like torches, they shall run like lightning;" and our electric telegraph was foreseen by the Psalmist, who wrote: "Their line is gone out through all the earth and their words to the end of the world," and by Job when, in the Bible, he wrote, "Canst thou send lightnings that they may go and say unto thee, 'Here we are?'" What is that talking by the lightnings, but the electric telegraph? I do not know but that the electric forces now being year by year more thoroughly harnessed may have been employed in ages extinct, and that the lightnings all up and down the sky have been running around like lost hounds to find their former master.

Embalmment was a more thorough art three thousand years ago than to-day. Dentistry that we suppose one of the important arts discovered in recent centuries, is proved to be four thousand years old by the filled teeth of the mummies in the museums at Cairo, Egypt, and artificial teeth on gold plates found by Belzoni in the tombs of departed nations. We have been taught that Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood so late as the seventeenth century. Oh, no! Solomon announces it in Ecclesiastes, where first having shown that he understood the spinal cord, silver-colored as it is, and that it relaxes in old age, "the silver cord be loosed," goes on to compare the heart to a pitcher at a well—for the three canals of the heart do receive the blood like a pitcher—"or the pitcher be broken at the fountain." What is that but the circulation of the blood, found out twenty-six hundred years before Harvey was born? After many centuries of exploration and calculation, astronomy finds out that the world is round. Why, Isaiah knew it was round thousands of years before when in the Bible he said: "The Lord sitteth upon the circle of the earth." Scientists

toiled on for centuries and found out refraction, or that the rays of light when touching the earth were not straight, but bent or curved. Why, Job knew that when ages before in the Bible he wrote of the light: "It is turned as clay to the seal."

In the old cathedrals of England, modern painters, in the repair of windows, are trying to make something as good as the window painting of four hundred years ago, and always failing by the unanimous verdict of all who examine and compare. The color of modern painting fades in fifty years, while the color of the old masters is as well preserved after five hundred years as after one year. I saw one winter on the walls of exhumed Pompeii paintings with color as fresh as though made the day before, though they were buried eighteen hundred years ago. The making of Tyrian purple is an impossibility now. In our modern potteries we are trying hard to make cups and pitchers and bowls as exquisite as those exhumed from Herculaneum, and our artificers are attempting to make jewelry for ear and neck and finger equal to that of two thousand years before Christ. We have in our time glass in all shapes and all colors, but Pliny, more than eighteen hundred years ago, described a malleable glass which, if thrown upon the ground and dented, could be pounded straight again by the hammer, or could be twisted around the wrists, and that confounds all the glass manufactories of our own time. I tried in Damascus, Syria, to buy a Damascus blade; one of those swords that could be bent double or tied into a knot without breaking. I could not get one. Why? The nineteenth century cannot make a Damascus blade. If we go on enlarging our cities we may after a while get a city as large as Babylon, which was five times the size of London.

These aqueducts of Solomon that I visit to-day,

finding them in good condition three thousand years after construction, make me think that the world may have forgotten more than it now knows. The great honor of our age is not machinery, for the ancients had some styles of it more wonderful; nor art, for the ancients had art more exquisite and durable; nor architecture, for Roman Coliseum and Grecian Acropolis surpass all modern architecture; nor cities, for some of the ancient cities were larger than ours in the sweep of their pomp. But our attempts must be in moral achievement and Gospel victory. In that we have already surpassed them, and in that direction let the ages push on. Let us brag less of worldly achievement, and thank God for moral opportunity. More good men and good women are what the world wants. Toward moral elevation and spiritual attainment, let the chief struggle be.

The source of all that, I will show you, on the day on which we have visited the pools of Solomon and the gardens of the king. We are on this December afternoon on the way to the cradle of him who called himself greater than Solomon. We are coming upon the chief cradle of all the world, not lined with satin, but strewn with straw; not sheltered by a palace, but covered by a barn; not presided over by a princess, but hovered over by a peasant girl; yet a cradle, the canopy of which is angelic wings, and the lullaby of which is the first Christmas carol ever sung, and from which all the events of the past, and all the events of the future, have and must take date as being B. C. or A. D. —before Christ or after Christ. All eternity past occupied in getting ready for this cradle, and all eternity to come to be employed in celebrating its consequences.

I said to the tourist companies planning our Oriental journey: "Put us in Bethlehem in December, the place and the month of our Lord's birth," and we had

our wish. I am the only man who has ever attempted to tell how Bethlehem looked at the season Jesus was born. Tourists and writers are there in February or March, or April, when the valleys are an embroidered sheet of wild flowers, and anemones and ranunculus are flushed as though from attempting to climb the steeps, and lark and bullfinch are flooding the air with bird-orchestra. But I was there in December, a winter month, the barren beach between the two oceans of redolence. I was told I must not go there at that season—told so before I started, told so in Egypt; the books told me so; all travelers that I consulted about it told me so. But I was determined to see Bethlehem, the same month in which Jesus arrived, and nothing could dissuade me. Was I not right in wanting to know how the Holy Land looked when Jesus came to it? He did not land amid flowers and song. When the angels chanted on the famous birth-night all the fields of Palestine were silent. The glowing skies were answered by gray rocks. As Bethlehem stood against a bleak and wintry sky, I climbed up to it, as through a bleak wintry sky Jesus descended upon it. His way down was from warmth to chill, from bloom to barrenness, from everlasting June to a sterile December. If I were going to Palestine as a botanist, and to study the flora of the land, I would go in March; but I went as a minister of Christ to study Jesus, and so I went in December. I wanted to see how the world's front door looked when the heavenly Stranger entered it.

The town of Bethlehem, to my surprise, is in the shape of a horseshoe, the houses extending clear on to the prongs of the horseshoe, the whole scene more rough and rude than can be imagined. Verily, Christ did not choose a soft, genial place in which to be born. The gate through which our Lord entered this world

was a gate of rock, a hard, cold gate; and the gate through which he departed was a swing-gate of sharpened spears. We enter a gloomy church built by Constantine over the place in which Jesus was born. Fifteen lamps burning day and night, and from century to century, light our way to the spot which all authorities—Christian and Jew and Mohammedan—agree upon as being the place of our Saviour's birth, and covered by a marble slab, marked by a silver star sent from Vienna, and the words: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." But standing there, I thought, though this is the place of the nativity, how different the surroundings of the wintry night in which Jesus came! At that time it was a khan or a cattle-pen. I visited one of these khans now standing and looking just as in Christ's time. We rode in under the arched entrance and dismounted. We found the building of stone and around an open square without roof. The building is more than two thousand years old. It is two stories high. In the center are camels, horses and mules. Caravans halt here for the night, or during a long storm. The open square is large enough to accommodate a whole herd of cattle, a flock of sheep, or caravan of camels. The neighboring Bedouins here find market for their hay, straw and meats. Off from this center there are twelve rooms for human habitation. The only light is from the door. I went into one of these rooms and found a woman cooking the evening meal. There were six cows in the same room. On a little elevation there was some straw, where the people sat and slept when they wished to rest. It was in a room similar to that our Lord was born.

This was the cradle of a king, and yet what cradle ever held so much? Civilization! Liberty! Redemption! Your pardon and mine! Your peace and mine! Your heaven and mine! Cradle of a universe! Cradle

of a God! The gardens of Solomon we had visited were a type of what all the world will be when this illustrious Personage now born shall have completed his mission. The horses of finest limb and gayest champ of bit and sublimest arch of neck that ever brought Solomon down to these adjoining gardens, were but a poor type of the horse upon which this Conqueror, born in the barn, shall ride, when, according to apocalyptic vision, all the "armies of heaven shall follow him on white horses." The waters that rush down these hills into yonder three great reservoirs of rock, and then pour in marvelous aqueduct into Jerusalem till the brazen sea is full, and the baths are full, and Siloam is full, are only an imperfect type of the rivers of delight which, as the result of this great One's coming, shall roll on for the slaking of the thirst of all nations. The palace of Lebanon cedar, from which the imperial cavalcade passed out in the early morning, and to which it returned with glowing cheek and jingling harness and lathered sides, is feeble of architecture compared with the House of Many Mansions into which this One born this winter month on these bleak heights shall conduct us when our sins are all pardoned, our battles all fought, our tears all wept, our work all done.

Standing here at Bethlehem, do you not see that the most honored thing in all the earth is the cradle? To what else did loosened star ever point? To what else did heaven lower balconies of light filled with chanting immortals? The way the cradle rocks, the world rocks. God bless the mothers all the world over! The cradles decide the destinies of nations. In ten thousand of them are, this moment, the hands that will yet give benediction of mercy or hurl bolts of doom; the feet that will mount the steeps toward God or descend the blasted way; the lips that will pray or

blaspheme. Oh, the cradle! It is more tremendous than the grave! Where are most of the leaders of the twentieth century soon to dawn upon us? Are they on thrones? No. In chariots? No. In pulpits? No. In forums? No. In senatorial halls? No. In counting-houses? No. They are in the cradle. The most tremendous thing in the universe, and next to God, is to be a mother. Lord Shaftesbury said: "Give me a generation of Christian mothers and I will change the whole phase of society in twelve months." Oh, the cradle! Forget not the one in which you were rocked. Though old and worn-out, that cradle may be standing in the attic or barn; forget not the foot that swayed it, the lips that sang over it, the tears that dropped upon it, the faith in God that made way for it. The boy, Walter Scott, did well when he spent the first five-guinea piece he ever earned on a present to his mother. Dishonor not your cradle, though it may, like the one my sermon celebrates, have been a cradle in a barn; for I think it was a Christian cradle. That was a great cradle in which Martin Luther lay, for from it came forth the reformation of the sixteenth century. That was a great cradle in which Daniel O'Connell lay, for from it came forth an eloquence that will be inspiring while men have eyes to read or ears to hear. That was a great cradle in which Washington lay, for from it came forth the happy deliverance of a nation. That was a great cradle in which John Howard lay, for from it came forth a mercy that will not cease until the last dungeon gets the Bible and light and fresh air. Great cradles in which the Chrysostoms and the John Knoxes and the John Masons lay, for from them came forth an all-conquering evangelization. But the greatest cradle in which child ever slept or woke, laughed or cried, was the cradle over which Mary bent, and to which the wise men brought frankincense, and upon

which the heavens dropped song. Had there been no manger, there had been no cross; had there been no Bethlehem, there had been no Golgotha; had there been no Incarnation, there had been no Ascension; had there been no start, there had been no close.

Standing in the silent khan of a Saviour's humiliation, and seeing what he did for us, I ask what have we done for him. "There is nothing I can do," says one. As Christmas was approaching, a good woman in the village church said to a group of girls in lowly and straightened circumstances: "Let us all now do something for Christ." After the day was over the good woman asked the group to tell her what they had done. One said: "I could not do much, for we are very poor, but I had a beautiful flower I had carefully trained in our home, and I thought much of it, and I put that flower on the church altar." And another said: "I could not do much, for we are very poor, but I can sing a little, and so I went down to a poor, sick woman in the lane, and sang as well as I could, to cheer her up, a Christmas song." "Well, Helen, what did you do?" She replied: "I could not do much, but I wanted to do something for Christ, and so I went into the church, after the people who had been adorning the altar had left, and I scrubbed down the back altar stairs." Beautiful! I warrant that the Christ of that Christmas day gave her as much credit for that earnest act as he may have given to the robed official who, on that day, read for the people the prayers of a resounding service. Something for Christ!

A plain man, passing a fortress, saw a Russian soldier on guard on a terribly cold night, and took off his coat and gave it to the soldier, saying: "I will soon be home and warm, and you will be out here all night." So the soldier wrapped himself in the borrowed coat. The plain man who loaned the coat to the soldier soon

after was dying, and in his dream saw Christ, and said to him: "You have got my coat on." "Yes," said Christ, "this is the one you lent me on that cold night by the fortress. I was naked and ye clothed me." Something for Christ! By the memories of Bethlehem I adjure you!

In the light of that star
Lie the ages empearled,
That song from afar
Has swept over the world.

OFF FOR NAZARETH

Ezekiel, 8: 5: "So I lifted up mine eyes the way toward the north."

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At one o'clock on a December afternoon, through Damascus Gate we are passing out of Jerusalem for a journey northward. Ho! for Bethel, with its stairs, the bottom step of which was a stone pillow; and Jacob's well, with its immortal colloquy; and Nazareth, with its Divine Boy in Joseph's carpenter shop; and the most glorious lake that ever rippled or flashed:

> Blue Galilee, sweet Galilee,
> The lake where Jesus loved to be;

and Damascus, with its crooked street called Straight; and a hundred places charged and surcharged with apostolic, evangelistic, prophetic, patriarchal, kingly and Christly reminiscences.

In traveling along the roads of Palestine, I am impressed as I could not otherwise have been, with the fact that Christ for the most part went afoot. We find him occasionally in a boat, and once riding in a triumphal procession, as it is sometimes called; although it seems to me that the hosannas of the crowd could not have made a ride on a stubborn, unimpressive and funny creature like that which pattered with him into Jerusalem, very much of a triumph. But we are made to understand that generally he walked. How much that means only those know who have gone over the distance traversed by Christ. We are accustomed to read that Bethany is two miles from Jerusalem. Well,

any man in ordinary health can walk two miles without fatigue. But not more than one man out of a thousand can walk from Bethany to Jerusalem without exhaustion. It is over the Mount of Olives, and you will have to climb up among the rolling stones and descend where exertion is necessary to keep you from falling prostrate. I, who am accustomed to walk fifteen or twenty miles without lassitude, tried part of this road over the Mount of Olives, and confess I would not want to try it often, such demand does it make upon one's physical energies. Yet Christ walked it twice a day—in the morning from Bethany to Jerusalem, and in the evening from Jerusalem to Bethany.

Likewise, it seemed a small thing that Christ walked from Jerusalem to Nazareth. But it will take us four days of hard horseback riding, sometimes on a trot and sometimes on a gallop, to do it this week. The way is mountainous in the extreme. To those who went up to the Tip-Top House on Mount Washington, before the railroad was laid, I will say that this journey from Jerusalem to Nazareth is like seven such American journeys. So, all up and down and across and recrossing Palestine, Jesus walked. Ahab rode; David rode; Solomon rode; Herod rode; Anthony rode—but Jesus walked. With swollen ankles and sore muscles of the legs, and bruised heel and stiff joints and panting lungs and faint head, along the roads, and where there were no roads at all—Jesus walked.

We tried to get a new horse other than that on which we had ridden on the journey to the Dead Sea, for he had faults which our close acquaintanceship had demonstrated. But after some experimenting with other quadrupeds of that species, and finding that all horses, like their riders, have faults, we concluded to choose a saddle on that beast whose faults we were

most prepared to pity or resist. We rode down through the valley and then up Mount Scopus, and, as our dragoman tells us that this is the last opportunity we shall have of looking at Jerusalem, we turn our horses' heads toward the city and take a long, sad and thrilling look at the religious capital of our planet. This is the most impressive view of the most tremendous city of all time. On and around this hill the armies of the Crusaders at the first sight of the city threw themselves on their faces in worship. Here most of the besieged armies encamped the night before opening their volleys of death against Jerusalem. Our last look! Farewell, Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, Mount of Olives, Mount Calvary! Will we never see them again? Never! The world is so large and time is so short, and there are so many things we have never seen at all, that we cannot afford to duplicate visits or see anything more than once. Farewell, yonder thrones of gray rock, and the three thousand years of architecture and battlefields. Farewell, sacred, sanguinary, triumphant, humiliated Jerusalem! Across this valley of the Kedron with my right hand I throw thee a kiss of valedictory. Our last look, like our first look, an agitation of body, mind and soul, indescribable.

And now, like Ezekiel in my text, I lift up mine eyes the way toward the north. Near here was one of the worst tragedies of the ages, mentioned in the Bible. A hospitable old man, coming home at eventide from his work in the fields, finds two strangers, a husband and wife, proposing to lodge in the street because no shelter is offered them, and invites them to come in and spend the night in his home. During the night the ruffians of the neighborhood conspired together and surrounded the house and left the woman dead on the doorstep; and the husband, to rally in re-

venge the twelve tribes, cut the corpse of the woman into twelve parts, and sent a twelfth of it to each tribe; and the fury of the nation was roused, and a peremptory demand was made for the surrender of the assassins; and, the demand refused, in one day twenty thousand people were left dead on the field, and the next day eighteen thousand. Wherever our horse to-day plants his foot, a corpse lay in those ancient times, and the roads were crossed by red rivulets of carnage.

Now we pass on where seven youths were put to death and their bodies gibbeted or hung in chains, not for anything they had themselves done, but as a reparation for what their father and grandfather, Saul, had done. Burial was denied these youths from May until November. Rizpah, the mother of two of these dead boys, appoints herself as sentinel to guard the seven corpses from beak of raven and tooth of wolf and paw of lion. She pitches a black tent on the rock close by the gibbets. Rizpah by day sits on the ground in front of her tent, and when a vulture begins to lower out of the noonday sky seeking its prey among the gibbets, Rizpah rises, her long hair flying in the wind, and, swinging her arms wildly about, shoos away the bird of prey until it retreats to its eyrie. At night she rests under the shadow of her tent and sometimes falls into a drowsiness or half sleep. But the step of a jackal among the dry leaves or the panting of a hyena arouses her, and with the fury of a maniac she rushes out upon the rock, crying, "Away! away!" and then, examining the gibbets to see that they still keep their burden, returns again to her tent till some swooping wing from the midnight sky or some growling monster on the rock again awakes her.

A mother watching her dead children through May, June, July, August, September and October! What a vigil! Painters have tried to put upon canvas

the scene, and they succeeded in sketching the hawks in the sky and the panthers crawling out from the jungle, but they fail to give the wanness, the earnestness, the supernatural courage, the infinite self-sacrifice of Rizpah, the mother. To portray a mother in the home watching the casket of a dead child for one night taxes the artist to his utmost, but who is sufficient to put upon canvas a mother for six months of midnights guarding her whole family, dead and gibbeted upon the mountains? Go home, Rizpah! You must be awfully tired. You are sacrificing your reason and your life for those whom you can never bring back again to your bosom. As I say that, from the darkest midnight of the century Rizpah turns upon me and cries: "How dare you tell me to go home? I am a mother; I am not tired. You might as well expect God to get tired as for a mother to get tired. I cared for those boys when they lay upon my breast in infancy, and I am not going to forsake them now that they are dead. Interrupt me not. There stoops an eagle that I must drive back with my agonized cry. There is a panther I must beat back with my club."

Do you know what that scene by our roadside in Palestine makes me think of? It is no unusual scene. Right here in these three cities by the American seacoast, there are a thousand cases this moment worse than that. Mothers watching boys that the rum saloon, that annex of hell, has gibbeted in a living death. Boys hung in chains of habit they cannot break. The father may go to sleep after waiting until twelve o'clock at night for the ruined boy to come home and, giving it up, he may say: "Mother, come to bed; there's no use sitting up any longer." But mother will not go to bed. It is one o'clock in the morning; it is half-past one; it is two o'clock; it is half-past two when he comes staggering through the hall. Do you

say that young man is yet alive? No; he is dead—dead to his father's entreaties, dead to his mother's prayers, dead to the family altar where he was reared, dead to all the noble ambitions that once inspired him; twice dead; only a corpse of what he once was; gibbeted before God and man and angels and devils; chained in a death that will not loosen its cold grasp. His father is asleep, his brothers are asleep, his sisters are asleep, but his mother is watching him, watching him in the night. After he has gone up to bed and fallen into a drunken sleep his mother will go up to his room and see that he is properly covered, and, before she turns out the light, will put a kiss upon his bloated lips. "Mother, why don't you go to bed?" "Ah!" she says, "I cannot go to bed. I am Rizpah watching the slain!"

And what are the political parties of this country doing for such cases? They are taking care not to hurt the feelings of the jackals and the buzzards that roost on the shelves of the grog-shops and hoot above the dead. I am often asked to what political party I belong, and I now declare my opinion of the political parties of to-day. Each one is worse than the other, and the only consolation in regard to them is that they have putrefied until they have no more power to rot. Oh, that comparatively tame scene upon which Rizpah looked! She looked upon only seven of the slain. American motherhood and American wifehood this moment are looking upon seventy of the slain, thousands of the slain. Woe! woe! woe! My only consolation on this subject is that foreign capitalists are buying up the American breweries. The present owners see that the doom of that business is coming, as surely as that God is not dead. They are unloading upon foreign capitalists; and when we can get these breweries into the hands of people living on the other

side of the sea, our political parties may cease to be afraid of the liquor traffic, and at their conventions nominating Presidential candidates will put in their platform a plank as big as the biggest plank of the biggest ocean-steamer, saying: "Resolved unanimously that we always have been and always will be opposed to alcoholism."

But I must spur on our Arab steed, and here we come in sight of Beeroth, said to be the place where Joseph and Mary missed the boy Jesus on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth, going home now from a great national festival. "Where is my child Jesus?" says Mary. "Where is my child Jesus?" says Joseph. Among the thousands that are returning from Jerusalem, they thought that certainly he was walking on in the crowd. They described him, saying: "He is twelve years old and of light complexion and blue eyes. A lost child." Great excitement in all the crowd. Nothing so stirs folks as the news that a child is lost. I shall not forget the scene when in a great outdoor meeting I was preaching and some one stepped on the platform and said that a child was lost. We went on with the religious service, but all our minds were on the lost child. After a while a man brought on the platform a beautiful little tot that looked like a piece of heaven dropped down, and said: "Here is that child," and I forgot all that I was preaching about, and lifted the child to my shoulder and said: "Here is the lost child, and the mother will come and get her right away, or I will take her home and add her to my own brood!" And some cried, and some shouted and amid all that crowd I instantly detected the mother. Everybody had to get out of her way or be walked over. Hats were nothing, and shoulders were nothing, and heads were nothing in her pathway, and I realized something of what must have been

Mary's anxiety when she lost Jesus, and what her gladness when she found her boy in the temple of Jerusalem, talking with those old ministers of religion Shammai and Betirah.

I bear down on you to-day with a mighty comfort. Mary and Joseph said, "Where is our Jesus?" and you say, "Where is John?" or "Where is Henry?" or "Where is George?" Well, I should not wonder if you found him after a while. Where? In the same place where Joseph and Mary found their boy—in the temple. What do I mean by that? I mean you do your duty toward God and toward your child, and you will find him after a while in the kingdom of Christ. Well, you say, "I do not have any way of influencing my child?" I answer, you have the mightiest line of influence open right before you. As you write a letter, and there are two or three routes by which it may go, but you want it to go the quickest route, and you put on it "*via* Southampton," or "*via* San Francisco," or "*via* Marseilles;" put on your wishes about your child "*via* the throne of God." How long will such a good wish take to get to its destination? Not quite as long as the millionth part of a second. I will prove it. The promise is "Before they call I will answer." That means at your first motion toward such prayerful exercise the blessing will come, and if the prayer be made at ten o'clock at night it will be answered five minutes before ten. " Before they call I will answer."

Well, you say, I am clear discouraged about my son, and I am getting on in years, and I fear I will not live to see him converted. Perhaps not; nevertheless I think that you will find him in the temple, the heavenly temple. There has not been an hour in heaven the last one hundred years when parents in glory have not had announced to them the salvation of children whom they left in this world profligate. We often

have to say, "I forgot," but God has never yet once said "I forgot." It may be after the grass of thirty summers has greened the top of your grave that your son may be found in the earthly temple. It may be fifty years from now when, some morning, the towers are chiming the matins of the glorified in heaven that you shall find him in the higher temple, which has "no need of candle or of sun, for the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof." Cheer up, Christian father and mother! Cheer up! Where Joseph and Mary found their boy you will find yours—in the temple. You see, God could not afford to do otherwise. One of the things he has positively promised in the Bible is that he will answer earnest and believing prayer. Failing to do that, he would wreck his own throne, and the foundations of his palace would give way, and the bank of heaven would suspend payment, and the dark word "repudiation" would be written across the sky, and the Eternal Government would be disbanded, and God himself would become an exile. Keep on with your prayer, and you will yet find your child in the temple, either the temple here or the temple above.

Out on the Western prairies was a happy but isolated home—father, mother and child. By the sale of cattle quite a large sum of money was one night in that cabin, and the father was away. A robber, who had heard of the money, that night looked in at the window, and the wife and mother of that home saw him, and she was helpless. Her child by her side, she knelt down and prayed, among other things, for all prodigals who were wandering up and down the world. The robber heard her prayer and was overwhelmed, and entered the cabin and knelt beside her and began to pray. He had come to rob that house, but the prayer of that woman for prodigals reminded

him of his mother, and her prayers before he became a vagabond, and from that hour he began a new life. Years after, that woman was in a city in a great audience, and the orator who came on the platform and plead gloriously for righteousness and God was the man who many years before had looked into the cabin on the prairie as a robber. The speaker and the auditor immediately recognized each other. After so long a time a mother's prayers answered.

But we must hurry on, for the muleteers and baggagemen have been ordered to pitch our tents for tonight at Bethel. It is already getting so dark that we have to give up all idea of guiding the horses, and leave them to their own sagacity. We ride down amid mud cabins and into ravines where the horses leap from depth to depth, rocks below rocks, rocks under rocks. Whoa! whoa! We dismount in this place, memorable for many things in Bible history, the two more prominent, a theological seminary where of old they made ministers, and Jacob's dream. The students of this Bethel theological seminary were called "Sons of the Prophets." Here the young men were fitted for the ministry, and those of us who ever had the advantage of such institutions will everlastingly be grateful, and in the calendar of saints, which I read with especial affection, are the doctors of divinity who blessed me with their care. I thank God that from these theological seminaries there is now coming forth a magnificent crop of young ministers who are taking the pulpits in all parts of the land. I hail their coming and tell these young brothers to shake off the somnolence of centuries, and get out from under the dusty shelves of theological discussions which have no practical bearing on this age, which needs to get rid of its sins and have its sorrows comforted. Many of our pulpits are dying of humdrum. People do not go to

church because they cannot endure the technicalities, and profound explanations of nothing, and sermons about the "eternal generation of the Son," and the difference between sub-lapsarianism and supra-lapsarianism, and about who Melchizedek wasn't. There ought to be as much difference between the modes of presenting truth now and in olden time, as between an express rail-train and a canal-boat.

Several years ago, I went up to the door of a factory in New England. On the outside door, I saw the words "no admittance." I went in and came to another door over which were the words "no admittance." Of course I went in, and came to the third door inscribed with the words "no admittance." Having entered this, I found the people inside making pins, beautiful pins, useful pins, and nothing but pins! So over the outside door of many of the churches has been practically written the words "no admittance." Some have entered, and have come to the inside door, and found the words "no admittance." But persisting, they have came inside, and found us pounding out our little niceties of belief, pointing out our little differences of theological sentiment — making pins!

But most distinguished was Bethel for that famous dream which Jacob had, his head on a collection of stones. He had no trouble in this rocky region in finding a rocky pillow. There is hardly anything else but stone. Yet the people of those lands have a way of drawing their outer garment up over their head and face, and such a pillow I suppose Jacob had under his head. The plural was used in the Bible story, and you find it was not a pillow of stone, but of stones, I suppose; so that if one proved to be of uneven surface he would turn over in the night and take another stone, for, with such a hard bolster, he would probably change often in the night. Well, that night God built

in Jacob's dream a long, splendid ladder, the feet of it on either side of the tired pilgrim's pillow, and the top of it mortised in the sky. And bright immortals came out from the castles of amber and gold and put their shining feet on the shining rungs of the ladder, and they kept coming down and going up, a procession both ways.

I suppose they had wings, for the Bible almost always reports them as having wings; but this was a ladder on which they used hands and feet to encourage all those of us who have no wings to climb, and encouraging us to believe that, if we will use what we have, God will provide a way; and if we will employ the hand and the foot, he will furnish the ladder. Young man, do not wait for wings. Those angels folded theirs to show you wings are not necessary. Let all the people who have hard pillows — hard for sickness, or hard for poverty, or hard for persecution— know that a hard pillow is the landing place of angels. They seldom descend to pillows of eiderdown. They seldom build dreams in the brain of the one who sleeps easy.

The greatest dream of all time was that of St. John, with his head on the rocks of Patmos, and in that vision he heard the seven trumpets sounded, and saw all the pomp of heaven in procession cherubic, seraphic, or archangelic. The next most memorable and glorious dream was that of John Bunyan, his pillow the cold stone of the floor of Bedford jail, from which he saw the Celestial City, and so many entering it, he cried out in his dream, "I wished myself among them." The next most wonderful dream was that-of Washington, sleeping on the ground at Valley Forge, his head on a white pillowcase of snow, where he saw the vision of a nation emancipated. Columbus slept on a weaver's pillow, but rose on the ladder let down until he

could see a new hemisphere. Demosthenes slept on a cutler's pillow, but on the ladder let down rose to see the mighty assemblages that were to be swayed by his oratory. Arkwright slept on a barber's pillow, but went up the ladder till he could see all England aquake with the factories he set going. Akenside slept on a butcher's pillow, and took the ladder up till he saw other generations helped by his scholarship. John Ashworth slept on a poor man's pillow and took the ladder up until he could see his prayers and exertions bringing thousands of the destitute of England to salvation and heaven. Nearly all those who are to-day great in merchandise, in statesmanship, in law, in medicine, in art, in literature were once at the foot of the ladder, and in their boyhood had a pillow hard as Jacob's. They who are born at the top of the ladder are apt to spend their lives in coming down, while those who are at the foot of the ladder, and their head on a boulder, if they have the right kind of dream, are almost sure to rise. I notice that those angels, whether in coming down or going up on Jacob's ladder, took it rung by rung. They did not leap to the bottom, nor jump to the top. So you are to rise. Faith added to faith, good deed to good deed, industry to industry, consecration to consecration, until you reach the top, rung by rung—gradually going up from a block of granite to a pillar of throne.

That night at Bethel I stood in front of my tent and looked up, and the heavens were full of ladders; first, a ladder of clouds, then a ladder of stars; and all up and down the heavens were angels of beauty, angels of consolation, angels of God, ascending and descending. "Surely God is in this place," said Jacob, "and I knew it not." But to-night God is in this place, and I know it!

AMONG THE BEDOUINS

Numbers, 10: 31: "Forasmuch as thou knowest how we are to encamp in the wilderness."

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Numbers, 10: 31: "Forasmuch as thou knowest how we are to encamp in the wilderness."

Night after night we have slept in tent in Palestine. There are large villages of Bedouins without a house, and for three thousand years the people of those places have lived in black tents, made out of dyed skins; and when the winds and storms wore out and tore loose those coverings, others of the same kind took their places. Noah lived in a tent; Abraham in a tent. Jacob pitched his tent on the mountain. Isaac pitched his tent in the valley. Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom. In a tent the woman Jael nailed Sisera, the general, to the ground, first having given him sour milk to make him soundly sleep—that being the effect of such nutrition, as modern travelers can testify. The Syrian army in a tent. The ancient battle-shout was, "To your tents, O Israel!" Paul was a tent-maker. Indeed, Isaiah, magnificently poetic, indicates that all the human race live under a blue tent when he says that God "stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in;" and Hezekiah compared death to the striking of a tent, saying, "My age is removed from me as a shepherd's tent."

In our tent in Palestine to-night I hear something I never heard before and hope never to hear again. It is the voice of a hyena amid the rocks nearby. When you may have seen this monster putting his mouth between the iron bars of a menagerie, he is a captive and he gives a humiliated and suppressed cry. But yonder in the midnight on a throne of rocks he has nothing

to fear, and he utters himself in a loud, resounding, terrific, almost supernatural sound, splitting up the darkness into a deeper midnight. It begins with a howl and ends with a sound something like a horse's whinnying. In the hyena's voice are defiance and strength and blood-thirstiness and crunch of broken bones and death. For the most part Palestine is clear of beasts of prey. The leopards, which Jeremiah says cannot change their spots, have all disappeared, and the lions that once were common all through this land and used by all the prophets for illustrations of cruelty and wrath, have retreated before the discharges of gunpowder, of which they have an indescribable fear. But for the most part Palestine is what it originally was. With the one exception of a wire thread reaching from Joppa to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to Nazareth, and from Nazareth to Tiberias, and from Tiberias to Damascus, that one nerve of civilization, the telegraphic wire (for we found ourselves only a few minutes off from Brooklyn and New York while standing by Lake Galilee)—with that one exception, Palestine is just as it always was.

Nothing surprises me so much as the permanence of everything.

A sheep or horse falls dead and, though the sky may one minute before be clear of all wings, in five minutes after, it becomes black with eagles contending for largest morsels of the defunct quadruped. Ah, now I understand the force of Christ's illustration when he said: "Wheresoever the carcase is there will the eagles be gathered together." The longevity of those eagles is wonderful. They live fifty or sixty and sometimes a hundred years. That explains what David meant when he says, "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." I saw a shepherd with the folds of his coat bent far outward and I wondered what was

contained in that amplitude of apparel, and I said to the dragoman: "What has that shepherd got under his coat?" And the dragoman said: "It is a very young lamb he is carrying; it is too young and too weak and too cold to keep up with the flock." At that moment I saw the lamb put its head out from the shepherd's bosom and I said: "There it is now, Isaiah's description of the tenderness of God—'He shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom.'"

Passing by a village home, in the Holy Land, about noon, I saw a great crowd in and around a private house, and I said to the dragoman: "David, what is going on there?" He said: "Somebody has recently died there, and their neighbors go in for several days after to sit down and weep with the bereaved." "There it is," I said, "the old Scriptural custom: 'And many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother.'" Early in the morning, passing by a cemetery in the Holy Land, I saw among the graves about fifty women dressed in black, and they were crying: "O my child!" "O my husband!" "O my father!" "O my mother!" Our dragoman told us that every morning, very early for three mornings after a burial, the women go to the sepulchre, and after that every week very early for a year. As I saw this group just after daybreak, I said: "There it is again, the same old custom referred to in Luke, the evangelist, where he says, 'certain women which were early at the sepulchre.'"

But here we found ourselves at Jacob's well, the most famous well in history, most distinguished for two things: because it belonged to the old patriarch after whom it was named, and for the wonderful things which Christ said, seated on this well-curb, to the Samaritan woman. We dismount from our horses in a drizzling rain, and our dragoman, climbing up to

the well over the slippery stones, stumbles and frightens us all by nearly falling into it. I measured the well at the top and found it six feet from edge to edge. Some grass and weeds and thorny growths overhang it. In one place the roof is broken through. Large stones embank the wall on all sides. Our dragoman took pebbles and dropped them in, and from the time it took ere they clicked on the bottom you could tell it was deep; though not as deep as formerly, for every day travelers are applying the same test; and though in the time of Maundrell, the traveler, the well was a hundred and sixty-five feet deep, now it is only seventy-five. So great is the curiosity of the world to know about this well, that during the dry season a Captain Anderson descended into it — at one place the sides so close he had to put his hands over his head in order to get through, and then he fainted away, and lay at the bottom of the well as though dead, until hours after when he was brought to the surface. It is not like other wells digged down to a fountain that fills it, but a reservoir to catch the falling rains; and to that Christ refers when speaking to the Samaritan woman about a spiritual supply, he said that he would, if asked, have given her "living water;" that is, water from a flowing spring in distinction from the water of that well, which was rain water.

But why did Jacob make a reservoir there when there is plenty of water all around and abundance of springs and fountains, and seemingly no need of that reservoir? Why did Jacob go to the vast expense of boring and digging a well, perhaps two hundred feet deep as first completed, when, by going a little way off, he could have water from other fountains at little or no expense? Ah, Jacob was wise. He wanted his own well. Quarrels and wars might arise with other tribes, and the supply of water might be cut off; so the

shovels, and pickaxes, and boring instruments were ordered, and the well of nearly four thousand years ago was sunk through the solid rock. When Jacob thus wisely insisted on having his own well he taught us not to be unnecessarily dependent on others. Independence of business character; independence of moral character; independence of religious character. Have your own well of grace, your own well of courage, your own well of divine supply. If you are an invalid you have a right to be dependent on others. But if God has given you good health, common sense, and two eyes and two ears and two hands and two feet, he equipped you for independence of all the universe except himself. If he had meant you to be dependent on others you would have been built with a cord around your waist to tie fast to somebody else. No; you are built with common sense to fashion your own opinions, with eyes to find your own way, with ears to select your own music, with hands to fight your own battles. There is only one being in the universe whose advice you need, and that is God. Have your own well, and the Lord will fill it. Dig it, if need be, through two hundred feet of solid rock. Dig it with your pen, or dig it with your yard-stick, or dig it with your shovel, or dig it with your Bible.

In my small way I never accomplished anything for God or the Church or the world or my family or myself, except in contradiction to human advice and in obedience to divine counsel. God knows everything, and what is the use of going for advice to human beings who know so little that no one but the all-seeing God can realize how little it is. I suppose that when Jacob began to dig this well on which we were sitting that noontide, people gathered around and said: "What a useless expense you are going to, when

rolling down from yonder Mount Gerizim, and down from yonder Mount Ebal, and out yonder in the valley is plenty of water!" "Oh," replied Jacob, "that is all true, but suppose my neighbors should get angered against me and cut off my supply of mountain beverage, what would I do, and what would my family do, and what would my flocks and herds do? Forward! ye brigade of pickaxes and crowbars and go down into the depths of these rocks and make me independent of all except him who fills the bottles of the clouds! I must have my own well!"

Young man, drop cigars and cigarettes and wine cups and the Sunday excursions, and build your own house and have your own wardrobe and be your own capitalist! "Why, I have only five hundred dollars income a year!" says some one. Then spend four hundred dollars of it in living and ten per cent of it, or fifty dollars, in benevolence and the other fifty in beginning to dig your own well. Or if you have a thousand dollars a year, spend eight hundred of it in living, ten per cent, or one hundred dollars, in benevolence and the remaining one hundred in beginning to dig your own well. The largest bird that ever flew through the air was hatched out of one egg and the greatest estate was brooded out of one dollar.

I suppose when Jacob began to dig this well it was a dry season, and some one comes up and says: "Now, Jacob, suppose you get the well fifty feet deep, or two hundred feet deep, and there should be no water to fill it, would you not feel silly? People passing along the road and looking down from Mount Gerizim or Mount Ebal, near-by, would laugh and say: 'That is Jacob's well, a great hole in the rock, illustrating the man's folly.'" Jacob replied: "There never has been a well in Palestine or any other country that, once thoroughly dug, was not sooner or later filled from the

clouds, and this will be no exception." For months after Jacob had completed the well people went by and out of respect for the deluded old man put their hand over their mouth to hide a snicker, and the well remained as dry as the bottom of a kettle that has been hanging over the fire for three hours. But one day the sun was drawing water, and the wind got around to the east, and it began to drizzle, and then great drops splashed all over the well-curb, and the heavens opened their reservoir, and the rainy season poured its floods for six weeks, and there came maidens to the well with empty pails and carried them away full, and the camels thrust their mouths into the troughs and were satisfied, and the water was in the well three feet deep, and fifty feet deep, and two hundred feet deep, and all the Bedouins of the neighborhood and all the passers-by realized that Jacob was wise in having his own well.

It is your part to dig your own well and it is God's part to fill it. You do your part and he will do his part. Much is said about "good luck," but people who are industrious and self-denying almost always have good luck. You can afford to be laughed at because of your application and economy, for when you get your well dug and filled it will be your turn to laugh.

But look up from this famous well, and see two mountains and the plain between them on which was gathered the largest religious audience that ever assembled on earth, about five hundred thousand people. Mount Gerizim, about eight hundred feet high, on one side, and on the other Mount Ebal; the former called the Mount of Blessing and the latter called the Mount of Cursing. At Joshua's command six tribes stood on Mount Gerizim and read the blessings for keeping the law, and six tribes stood on Mount Ebal reading the curses for breaking the law, while the five hundred

thousand people on the plain cried "Amen" with an emphasis that must have made the earth tremble. "I do not believe that," says some one, "for those mountain tops are two miles apart, and how could a voice be heard from top to top?" My answer is that, while the tops are two miles apart, the bases of the mountains are only half a mile apart, and the tribes stood on the sides of the mountains, and the air is so clear and the acoustic qualities of this great natural amphitheatre so perfect that voices can be distinctly heard from mountain to mountain, as has been demonstrated by travelers fifty times in the last fifty years. Can you imagine anything more thrilling and sublime and overwhelming than what transpired on those two mountain sides, and in the plain between, when the responsive service went on, and thousands of voices on Mount Gerizim cried, "Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the fields, blessed shall be thy basket and thy store!" and then from Mount Ebal thousands of voices responded, crying: "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark! Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way," and then there rolled up from all the spaces between the mountains that one word, with which the devout of earth close their prayers and the glorified of heaven finish their doxologies: "Amen! Amen!"—that scene only to be surpassed by the times which are coming, when the churches and the academies of music and the auditoriums of earth no longer large enough to hold the worshipers of God; the parks, the mountain sides, the great natural amphitheatres of the valleys shall be filled with the outpouring populations of the earth, and mountain shall reply to mountain, as Mount Gerizim to Mount Ebal, and all the people between shall ascribe riches and honor and glory and dominion and victory to God and the Lamb,

and there shall rise an "Amen" like the booming of the heavens mingling with the thunder of the seas.

On and on we ride until now we have come to Shiloh, a dead city on a hill surrounded by rocks, sheep, goats, olive gardens and vineyards. Here good Eli fell backward and broke his neck and lay dead at the news from his bad boys, Phineas and Hophni. Life is not worth living after one's children have turned out badly, and more fortunate was Eli, instantly expiring under such tidings, than those parents who, their children recreant and profligate, live on with broken hearts to see them going down into deeper and deeper plunge. There are fathers and mothers here to-day to whom death would be happy release because of their recreant sons. And if there be recreant sons here present, and your parents be far away, why not bow your head in repentance, and at the close of this service go to the telegraph office and put it on the wing of the lightning that you have turned from your evil ways? Before another twenty-four hours have passed, take your feet off the sad hearts at the old homestead. Home to thy God, O prodigal!

Many, many letters do I get saying in purport: "My son is in your cities; we have not heard from him for some time; we fear something is wrong; hunt him up and say a good word to him; his mother is almost crazy about him; he is a child of many prayers." But how can I hunt him up unless he be in this audience? Where are you, my boy? On the main floor, or on this platform, or in these boxes, or in these great galleries? Where are you? Lift your right hand. I have a message from home. Your father is anxious about you; your mother is praying for you; your God is calling for you. Or will you wait until Eli falls back lifeless and the heart against which you lay in infancy

ceases to beat? What a story to tell in eternity that you killed her! My God! avert that catastrophe!

But I turn from this Shiloh of Eli's sudden decease under bad news from his boys, and find close by what is called the "Meadow of the Feast." While this ancient city was in the height of its prosperity, on this "Meadow of the Feast" there was an annual ball, where the maidens of the city, amid clapping cymbals and a blare of trumpets, danced in a glee, upon which thousands of spectators gazed. But no dance since the world stood ever broke up in such a strange way as the one the Bible describes. One night while by the light of the lamps and torches these gaieties went on, two hundred Benjamites, who had been hidden behind the rocks and among the trees, dashed upon the scene. They came not to injure or destroy, but wishing to set up households of their own, the women of their own land having been slain in battle, and by preconcerted arrangement each one of the two hundred Benjamites seized the one whom he chose for the queen of his home and carried her away to large estate and beautiful residence, for these two hundred Benjamites had inherited the wealth of a nation. As to-day near Shiloh we look at the "Meadow of the Feast," where the maidens danced that night, and at the mountain gorge up which the Benjamites carried their brides, we bethink ourselves of the better land and the better times in which we live, when such scenes are an impossibility, and amid orderly groups and with prayer and benediction, and breath of orange blossoms, and the roll of the wedding march, marriage is so solemnized, and with oath recorded in heaven, two immortals start arm in arm on a journey, to last until death do them part. Upon every such marriage altar may there come the blessing of him "who setteth the solitary in families." Side by side

on the path of life, side by side in their graves, side by side in heaven!

But we must this afternoon—our last day before reaching Nazareth—pitch our tent on the most famous battlefield of all time—the Plain of Esdraelon. What must have been the feelings of the Prince of Peace as he crossed it on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth? Not a flower blooms there but has in its veins the inherited blood of flowers that drank the blood of fallen armies. Hardly a foot of the ground that has not at some time been gullied with war chariots, or trampled with the hoofs of cavalry. It is a plain reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan. Upon it look down the mountains of Tabor and Gilboa and Carmel. Through it rages at certain seasons the river Kishon, which swept down the armies of Sisera, the battle occurring in November when there is almost always a shower of meteors, so that "the stars in their courses" were said to have fought against Sisera. Through this plain drove Jehu, and the iron chariots of the Canaanites, scythed at the hubs of the wheels, hewing down their awful swath of death, thousands in a minute. The Syrian armies, the Turkish armies, the Egyptian armies again and again trampled it. There they career across it—David and Joshua and Godfrey and Richard, *Coeur de Lion*, and Baldwin and Saladin—a plain not only famous for the past, but famous because the Bible says the great decisive battle of the world will be fought there—the battle of Armageddon.

To me the plain was more absorbing because of the desperate battles here and in regions around, in which the Holy Cross—the very two pieces of wood on which Jesus was supposed to have been crucified—was carried as a standard at the head of the Christian host. That night, closing my eyes in my tent on the

Plain of Esdraelon (for there are some things we can see better with eyes shut than open), the scenes of the ancient war come before me. The twelfth century was closing, and Saladin, at the head of eighty thousand mounted troops, was crying, "Ho, for Jerusalem! Ho, for all Palestine!" and before them everything went down, but not without unparalleled resistance. In one place, one hundred and thirty Christians were surrounded by many thousands of furious Mohammedans. For one whole day the one hundred and thirty held out against these thousands. Tennyson's "Six Hundred," when "some one had blundered," were eclipsed by these one hundred and thirty fighting for the Holy Cross. They took hold of the lances which had pierced them with death-wounds and, pulling them out of their own breasts and sides, hurled them back again at the enemy. On went the fight until all but one Christian had fallen, and he, mounted on the last horse, wielded his battle-ax right and left till his horse fell under the plunge of the javelins, and the rider, making the sign of the cross toward the sky, gave up his life on the points of a score of spears.

But soon after the last battle came. History portrays it, poetry chants it, painting colors it, and all ages admire that last struggle to keep in possession the wooden cross on which Jesus was said to have expired. It was a battle in which mingled the fury of devils and the grandeur of angels. Thousands of dead Christians on this side. Thousands of dead Mohammedans on the other side. The battle was hottest close around the wooden cross upheld by the Bishop of Ptolemais, himself wounded and dying. And when the Bishop of Ptolemais dropped dead, the Bishop of Lydda seized the cross and again lifted it, carrying it onward into a wilder and fiercer fight, and sword against javelin, and battle-ax upon helmet, and

piercing spear against splintering shield, horses and men tumbled into heterogeneous death. Now the wooden cross on which the armies of Christians had kept their eye begins to waver, begins to descend. It falls! and the wailing of the Christian host at its disappearance drowns the huzzah of the victorious Moslems. But that standard of the cross only seemed to fall. It rides the sky to-day in triumph. Five hundred million souls, the mightiest army of the ages, are following it, and where that goes they will go, across the earth and up the mighty steeps of the heavens. In the twelfth century it seemed to go down; but in the nineteenth century it is the mightiest symbol of glory and triumph, and means more than any other standard, whether inscribed with eagle or lion or bear or star or crescent. That which Saladin trampled on the Plain of Esdraelon I lift to-day for your marshaling. The Cross! the Cross! The foot of it planted in the earth it saves, the top of it pointing to the heavens to which it will take you, and the outstretched beam of it like outstretched arms of invitation to all nations. Kneel at its foot. Lift your eye to its victim. Swear eternal allegiance to its power. And as that mighty symbol of pain and triumph is kept before us, we will realize how insignificant are the little crosses we are called to bear, and will more cheerfully carry them.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

As I fall asleep to-night on my pillow in the tent on the Plain of Esdraelon, reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan, the waters of the River Kishon soothing me as a lullaby, I hear the gathering of the

hosts for the last battle of all the earth. And by their representatives, America is here and Europe is here and Asia is here and Africa is here and all heaven is here and all hell is here, and Apollyon on the black horse leads the armies of darkness and Jesus on the white horse leads the armies of light. And I hear the roll of the drums and the clear call of the clarions, and the thunder of the cannonades. And then I hear the wild rush as of millions of troops in retreat, and then the shout of victory from fourteen hundred million throats; and then a song, as though all the armies of earth and heaven were joining it, clapping cymbals, beating the time: "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever."

AMONG THE HOLY HILLS

Luke, 4: 16: "He came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up."

AMONG THE HOLY HILLS

Luke, 4: 16: "He came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up."

What a splendid sleep I had last night in a Catholic convent, my first sleep within doors since leaving Jerusalem; and all of us as kindly treated as though we had been the Pope and his college of cardinals passing that way. Last evening the genial Sisterhood of the convent ordered a hundred bright-eyed Arab children brought out to sing for me, and it was glorious! This morning I come out on the steps of the convent and look upon the most beautiful village of all Palestine, its houses of white limestone. Guess its name! Nazareth, historical Nazareth, one of the trinity of places that all Christian travelers must see or feel that they have not seen Palestine, namely, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Nazareth. Babyhood, boyhood, manhood of him for whom I believe there are fifty million people who would now, if it were required, march out and die, whether under ax or down in the floods or straight through the fire.

Grand old village is Nazareth, even putting aside its sacred associations. First of all, it is clean; and that can be said of few of the Oriental villages. Its neighboring town of Nablous is the filthiest town I ever saw, although its chief industry is the manufacture of soap. They export all of it. Nazareth was perhaps unusually clean the morning I speak of, for, as we rode into the village the afternoon before, the showers which had put our mackintoshes to the test had poured floods through all the alleys under com-

mand of the clouds, those thorough street commissioners. Beside that, Nazareth has been the scene of battles passing it from the Israelite to Mohammedan and from Mohammedan to Christian, the most wonderful of the battles being that in which twenty-five thousand Turks were beaten by twenty-one hundred French, Napoleon Bonaparte commanding. That greatest of Frenchmen walking these very streets through which Jesus walked for nearly thirty years; the morals of the two, the antipodes: the snows of Russia and the plagues of Egypt appropriately following the one, the doxologies of earth and the hallelujahs of heaven appropriately following the other. And then this town is so beautifully situated in a great green bowl, the sides of the bowl, the surrounding fifteen hills. The God of nature, who is the God of the Bible, evidently scooped out this valley for privacy and separation from all the world during three most important decades, the thirty years of Christ's boyhood and youth, for of the thirty-three years of Christ's stay on earth, he spent thirty of them in this town in getting ready — a startling rebuke to those who have no patience with the long years of preparation necessary when they enter on any special mission for the Church or the world. The trouble is with most young men that they want to launch their ship from the dry-dock before it is ready, and hence so many sink in the first cyclone. Stay in the store as a subordinate until you are thoroughly equipped. Be a good employee in your trade until you are qualified to be an employer. Be content with Nazareth until you are ready for the buffetings of Jerusalem. You may get so gloriously equipped in the thirty years that you can do more in three years than most men can accomplish in a prolonged lifetime. These little suggestions I am apt to put into my sermon, hoping to help people for this

world, while I am chiefly anxious to have them prepare for the next world.

All Christ's boyhood was spent in this village and its surroundings. There is the very well called "The Fountain of the Virgin," to which by his mother's side he trotted along holding her hand. No doubt about it; it is the only well in the village, and it has been the only well for three thousand years. This morning we visit it, and the mothers have their children with them now as then. The work of drawing water in all ages in those countries has been women's work. Scores of them are waiting for their turn at it, three great and everlasting springs rolling out into that well their barrels, their hogsheads of water in floods gloriously abundant. The well is surrounded by olive groves and wide spaces in which people talk, and children, wearing charms on their heads as protection against the "evil eye," are playing, and women with their strings of coin on either side of their face, and in skirts of blue and scarlet and white and green move on with water-jars on their heads. Mary, I suppose, almost always took Jesus the boy with her, for she had no one she could leave him with, being in humble circumstances and having no attendants. I do not believe there was one of the surrounding fifteen hills that the boy Christ did not range from bottom to top, or one cavern in their sides he did not explore, nor one species of bird flying across the tops that he could not call by name, nor one of all the species of fauna on those steeps that he had not recognized. You see it all through his sermons. If a man becomes a public speaker, in his orations or discourses you discover his early whereabouts. What a boy sees between seven and seventeen always sticks to him. When the Apostle Peter preaches, you see the fishing nets with which he had from his earliest days been familiar. And

when Amos delivers his prophecy you hear in it the bleating of the herds which he had in boyhood attended. And in our Lord's sermons and conversations you see all the phases of village life, and the mountainous life surrounding it. They raised their own chickens in Nazareth, and in after time he cries: "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings!" He had seen his mother open the family wardrobe at the close of summer and the moth-millers flying out, having destroyed the garments, and in after years he says: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth where moth doth corrupt." In childhood he had seen a mile of flowers, white as the snow or red as the flame or blue as the sea or green as the tree-tops, and no wonder in his manhood sermon he said: "Consider the lilies." While one day on a high point where now stands the tomb of Neby Ismail, he had seen winging past him, so near as almost to flurry his hair, the partridge and the hoopoe and the thrush and the osprey and the crane and the raven, and no wonder afterward in his manhood sermon he said: "Behold the fowls of the air." In Nazareth, and on the road to it, there are a great many camels. I see them now in memory making their slow way up the zigzag road from the plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth. Familiar was Christ with their appearance, also with that small insect the gnat, which he had seen his mother strain out from a cup of water or pail of milk; and no wonder he brings afterward the large quadruped and the small insect into his sermon and, while seeing the Pharisees careful about small sins and reckless about large ones, cries: "Woe unto you blind guides which strain out a gnat and swallow a camel."

He had in boyhood seen the shepherds get their

flocks mixed up, and to one not familiar with the habits of shepherds and their flocks, hopelessly mixed up. And a sheep-stealer appears on the scene and dishonestly demands some of those sheep, when he owns not one of them. "Well," say the two honest shepherds, "we will soon settle this matter," and one shepherd goes out in one direction and the other shepherd goes out in the other direction, and the sheep-stealer in another direction, and each one calls, and the flocks of each of the honest shepherds rush to their owner, while the sheep-stealer calls, and calls again, but gets not one of the flock. No wonder that Christ years after, preaching on a great occasion and illustrating his own shepherd-like qualities, says: "When he putteth forth his own sheep he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him for they know his voice, and the stranger they will not follow, for they know not the voice of the stranger." The sides of these hills are terraced for grapes. The boy Christ had often stood with great round eyes watching the trimming of the grape-vines. Clip, goes the knife, and off falls a branch. The child Christ says to the farmer: "What do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "that is a dead branch, and it is doing nothing and is only in the way, so I cut it off." Then the farmer with his sharp knife prunes from a living branch this and that tendril and the other tendril. "But," says the child Christ, "these twigs that you cut off now are not dead; what do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "we prune off these that the main branch may have more of the sap and so be more fruitful." No wonder in after years Christ said in his sermon: "I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman; every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."

No one who had not been a country boy would have said that.

Streaks of nature all through Christ's sermons and conversations! When a pigeon descended upon Christ's head at his baptism in the Jordan it was not the first pigeon he had seen. And then he has such wide sweep of discourse, as you may imagine from one who has stood on the hills that overlook Nazareth. As far as I understand, Christ visited the Mediterranean Sea only once, but any clear morning he could run up on a hill near Nazareth and look off to the west and see the Mediterranean; while there in the north is snowy Mount Lebanon, clad as in white robe of ascension; and yonder on the east and southeast Mount Gilboa, Mount Tabor and Mount Gilead; and yonder in the south is the plain of Esdraelon, over which we rode yesterday on our way to Nazareth. Those mountains of his boyhood in his memory, do you wonder that Christ, when he wanted a good pulpit, made it out of a mountain—"seeing the multitudes he went up into the mountain." And when he wanted especial communion with God, he took James and John and Peter into "a mountain apart."

Oh, this country boy of Nazareth, come forth to atone for the sins of the world, and to correct the follies of the world, and to stamp out the cruelties of the world, and to illumine the darkness of the world, and to transfigure the hemispheres! So it has been the mission of the country boys in all ages to transform and inspire and rescue. They come into our merchandise and our court-rooms and our healing art and our studios and our theology. They lived in Nazareth before they entered Jerusalem. And but for that annual influx our cities would have enervated and sickened and slain the race. Late hours and hurtful apparel and overtaxed digestive organs and crowd-

ing environments of city life would have halted the world; but the valleys and mountains of Nazareth have given fresh supply of health and moral invigoration to Jerusalem, and the country saves the town. From the hills of New Hampshire and the hills of Virginia and the hills of Georgia come into our national eloquence the Websters and the Clays and the Henry W. Gradys. From the plain homes of Massachusetts and Maryland come into our national charities, the George Peabodys and the William Corcorans. From the cabins of the lonely country regions come into our national destinies the Andrew Jacksons and the Abraham Lincolns. From plowboy's furrow and village counter and blacksmith's forge come most of our city giants. Nearly all the Messiahs in all departments dwelt in Nazareth before they came to Jerusalem.

I send this day thanks from these cities mostly made prosperous by country boys, to the farmhouse and the prairie and the mountain cabin and the obscure homesteads of north and south and east and west; to the father and mother in plain homespun, if they be still alive, or the hillocks under which they sleep the long sleep. Thanks from Jerusalem to Nazareth. But alas! that the city should so often treat the country boys as of old the one from Nazareth was treated at Jerusalem! Slain not by hammers and spikes, but by instruments just as cruel. On every street of every city the crucifixion goes on. Every year of our history shows its ten thousand of the slain. Oh, how we grind them up! Under what wheels, in what mills and for what an awful grist! Let the city take better care of these boys and young men arriving from the country. They are worth saving. Boys as grand as the one who, with his elder brother, climbed into a church tower and, not knowing their danger, went outside on some timbers, when one of

those timbers broke and the boys fell, and the older boy caught on a beam and the younger clutched the foot of the older; the older could not climb up with the younger hanging to his feet, so the younger said: "John, I am going to let go; you can climb out into safety, but you can't climb up with me holding fast; I am going to let go; kiss mother for me and tell her not to feel badly; good-by!" and he let go and was so hard dashed upon the ground he was not recognizable. Plenty of such brave boys coming up from Nazareth! Let Jerusalem be careful how it treats them! A gentleman long ago entered a school in Germany, and he bowed very low before the boys, and the teacher said: "Why do you do that?" "Oh," said the visitor, "I do not know what mighty man may yet be developed among them." At that instant the eyes of one of the boys flashed fire. Who was it? Martin Luther. A lad on his way to school passed a doorstep on which sat a lame and invalid child. The passing boy said to him: "Why don't you go to school?" "Oh, I am lame and I can't walk to school!" "Get on my back," said the well boy, "and I will carry you to school." And so he did that day and for many days until the invalid was fairly started on the road to an education. Who was the well boy that did that kindness? I don't know. Who was the invalid he carried? It was Robert Hall, the rapt pulpit orator of all Christendom. Better give to the boys who come up from Nazareth to Jerusalem a crown instead of a cross.

On this December morning in Palestine, on our way out from Nazareth, we saw just such a carpenter's shop as that in which Jesus worked to support his widowed mother, after he was old enough to do so. I looked in, and there were hammer and saw and plane and auger and vise and measuring-rule and chisel and drill and adze and wrench and bit and all the

tools of carpentry. Think of it! He who smoothed the surface of the earth, shoving a plane. He who cleft the mountains by earthquake, pounding a chisel. He who opened the mammoth caves of the earth, turning an auger. He who wields the thunderbolt, striking with a hammer. He who scooped out the bed for the ocean, hollowing a ladle. He who flashes the morning on the earth, and makes the midnight heavens quiver with aurora, constructing a window. I cannot understand it, but I believe it. A skeptic said to an old clergyman: "I will not believe anything I cannot explain." "Indeed!" said the clergyman. "You will not believe anything you cannot explain. Please to explain to me why some cows have horns, and others have no horns." "No!" said the skeptic, "I did not mean exactly that. I mean that I will not believe anything I have not seen!" "Indeed!" said the clergyman. "You will not believe anything you have not seen. Have you a backbone?" "Yes," said the skeptic. "How do you know?" said the clergyman, "have you ever seen it?" This mystery of Godhead and humanity interjoined I cannot understand and I cannot explain, but I believe it. I am glad there are so many things we cannot understand, for that leaves something for heaven. If we knew everything here, heaven would be a great indolence. What foolish people, those who are in perpetual fret because they cannot understand all that God says and does. A child in the first juvenile primer might as well burst into tears because it cannot understand conic sections. In this world we are only in the A-B-C class, and we cannot now understand the libraries of eternity which put to utmost test faculties archangelic. I would be ashamed of heaven if we do not know more there, with all our faculties intensified a million fold and at the center of the universe, than we do here with

our dim faculties and clinging to the outside rim of the universe.

In about two hours we pass through Cana, the village of Palestine, where the mother of Christ and our Lord attended the wedding of a poor relative, having come over from Nazareth for that purpose. The mother of Christ—for women are first to notice such things—found that the provisions had fallen short and she told Christ; and he, to relieve the embarrassment of the housekeeper, who had invited more guests than the pantry warranted, became the butler of the occasion; and out of a cluster of a few sympathetic words squeezed a beverage of a hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine, in which was not one drop of intoxicant—or it would have left that party as maudlin and drunk as the great centennial banquet, in New York, several years ago, left senators and governors and generals and merchant princes. The difference between the wine at the wedding in Cana and the wine at the banquet in New York being that the Lord made the one and the devil made the other.

We got off our horses and examined some of these water-jars at Cana, said to be the very ones that held the plain water that Christ turned into the purple bloom of an especial vintage. I measured them and found them eighteen inches from edge to edge and nineteen inches deep, and declined to accept their identity. But we realized the immensity of a supply of a hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine. What was that for? Probably one gallon would have been enough, for it was only an additional installment of what had already been provided, and it is probable that the housekeeper could not have guessed more than one gallon out of the way. But a hundred and twenty-six gallons! What will they do with the surplus? Ah, it was just like our Lord! Those young people were

about to start in housekeeping, and their means were limited, and that big supply, whether kept in their pantry or sold, will be a mighty help. You see there was no strychnine or logwood or nux vomica in that beverage; and, as the Lord made it, it would keep. He makes seas that keep thousands of years, and certainly he could make a beverage that would keep four or five years. Among the arts and inventions of the future I hope there may be some one that can press the juices from the grape and so mingle them, without one drop of damning alcoholism, that it will keep for years. And the more of it you take the clearer will be the brain and the healthier the stomach. And here is a remarkable fact in my journey: I traveled through Italy and Greece and Egypt and Palestine and Syria and Turkey and how many intoxicated people do you think I saw in all those five great realms? Not one. We must in our Christianized lands have got hold of some kind of beverage that Christ did not make.

I am glad that Jesus was present at that wedding; and that December, while we were standing at Cana, that wedding came back. Night had fallen on the village and its surroundings. The bridegroom had put on his head a bright turban, and a garland of flowers, and his garments had been made fragrant with frankincense and camphor, an odor which the Oriental especially likes. Accompanied by groomsmen, and preceded by a band of musicians with flutes and drums and horns and by torches in full blaze, he starts for the bride's home. This river of fire is met by another river of fire, the torches of the bride and bridesmaids—flambeau answering flambeau. The bride is in white robe, and her veil not only covers her face, but envelopes her body. Her trousseau is as elaborate as the resources of her father's house permitted. Her at-

tendants are decked with all the ornaments they own or can borrow; but their own personal charms make tame the jewels, for those Oriental women eclipse in attractiveness all others, except those of our own land. The damask rose is in their cheek, and the diamond in the lustre of their eyes, and the blackness of the night in their long locks, and in their step is the gracefulness of the morning. At the first sight of the torches of the bridegroom and his attendants, the cry rings through the home of the bride: "They are in sight! Get ready! Behold, the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him!" As the two processions approach each other, the timbrels strike and the songs commingle, and then the two processions become one and march toward the bridegroom's house, and meet a third procession, which is made up of the friends of both the bride and bridegroom. Then all enter the house and the dance begins, and the door is shut. And all this Christ uses to illustrate the joy with which the ransomed of earth shall meet him, when he comes garlanded with clouds and robed as the morning and trumpeted by the thunders of the last day. Look! There he comes, down off the hills of heaven, the Bridegroom! And let us start out to hail him, for I hear the voices of the judgment day sounding: "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him!" And the disappointment of those who have declined the invitation to the Gospel wedding is presented under the figure of a door heavily closed. You hear it slam. Too late! The door is shut!

But we must hasten on, for I do not mean to close my eyes to-night till I see, from a mountain top, Lake Galilee; on whose banks, next Sabbath, we will worship, and on whose waters the following morning we will take a sail. On and up we go in the severest climb of all Palestine, the ascent of the Mount of Beatitudes,

on the top of which Christ preached that famous sermon on the Blesseds—Blessed this and Blessed that. Up to their knees the horses plunge in mole-hills, and a surface that gives way at the first touch of the hoof; and again and again the tired beasts halt, as much as to say to the riders: "It is unjust for you to make us climb these steeps." On and up over the mountain sides where in the later season hyacinths and daisies and phloxes and anemones kindle their beauty. On and up until on the rocks of black basalt we dismount, and climbing to the highest peak, look out on an enchantment of scenery that seems to be the Beatitudes themselves, arched into skies, and rounded into valleys, and silvered into waves. The view is like that of Tennessee and North Carolina from the top of Lookout Mountain, or like that of Vermont and New Hampshire from the top of Mount Washington. Hail, hills of Galilee! Hail, Lake Gennesaret, only four miles away! Yonder, clear and most conspicuous, is Safed, the very city to which Christ pointed for illustration in the sermon preached here, saying: "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." There are rocks around me on this Mount of Beatitudes, enough to build the highest pulpit the world ever saw. Ay, it is the highest pulpit. It overlooks all time and all eternity. The Valley of Hattin, between here and Lake Galilee, is an amphitheatre, as if the natural contour of the earth had invited all nations to come and sit down and hear Christ preach a sermon, in which there were more startling novelties than were ever announced in all the sermons ever preached. To those who heard him on this very spot, his words must have seemed the contradiction of everything they had ever heard or read or experienced. The world's theory had been: "Blessed are the arrogant; Blessed are the supercilious; Blessed are the tearless; Blessed are they that have everything

their own way; Blessed are the war eagles; Blessed are the persecutors; Blessed are the popular; Blessed are the Herods and the Cæsars and the Ahabs." No! No! says Christ, with a voice that rings over these rocks, and through yonder valley of Hattin, and down to the opaline lake on one side, and the sapphire Mediterranean on the other, and across Europe and around the earth both ways, till the globe shall yet be girded with the nine Beatitudes: Blessed are the poor, Blessed are the mournful, Blessed are the meek, Blessed are the hungry, Blessed are the merciful, Blessed are the pure, Blessed are the peacemakers, Blessed are the persecuted, Blessed are the unjustly reviled.

Do you see how the Holy Land and the Holy Book fit each other? God with his left hand built Palestine, and with his right wrote the Scriptures, the two hands of the same Being. And in proportion as Palestine is brought under close inspection, the Bible will be found more glorious and more true. Mightiest Book of the past! Mightiest Book of the future. Monarch of all literature!

> The proudest works of genius shall decay,
> And reason's brighest lustre fade away!
> The sophist's art, the poet's boldest flight,
> Shall sink in darkness, and conclude the night;
> But faith triumphant over time shall stand,
> Shall grasp the sacred Volume in her hand;
> Back to its source the heavenly gift convey,
> Then in the flood of glory melt away.

OUR SAIL ON LAKE GALILEE

Mark, 4: 1: "He entered into a ship, and sat in the sea; and the whole multitude was by the sea on the land."

OUR SAIL ON LAKE GALILEE

Mark, 4: 1: "He entered into a ship, and sat in the sea; and the whole multitude was by the sea on the land."

It is Monday morning in our Palestine experiences, and the sky is a blue Galilee above, as in the boat we sail the blue Galilee beneath. It is thirteen miles long and six miles wide, but the atmosphere is so clear it seems as if I could cast a stone from beach to beach. The lake looks as though it had been let down on silver pulleys from the heavens and were a section of the sea of glass that St. John describes as a part of the celestial landscape. Lake Galilee is a depression of six hundred feet, in which the river Jordan widens and tarries a little; for the river Jordan comes in at its north side and departs from its south side, so this lake has its cradle and its grave. Its white satin cradle is among the snows of Mount Hermon, where the Jordan starts; and its sepulchre is the Dead Sea, into which the Jordan empties. Lake Como of Italy, Lake Geneva of Switzerland, Lake Lomond of Scotland, Lake Winnipesaukee of America, are larger, but Lake Galilee is the greatest diamond that ever dropped from the finger of the cloud; and whether encamped on its banks, as we were yesterday, or worshiping at its crystal altar, or wading into its waves, which make an ordinary bath solemn as a baptism, or now putting out upon its sparkling surface in a boat, it is something to talk about and pray about and sing about until the lips with which we now describe it can neither talk nor pray nor sing.

The lake has many names. As sometimes a beau-

tiful child in a neighborhood has a dozen pet names, as some of the neighbors call her by one name and others by another, so this pet lake of the planet has a profusion of names. Ask the Arab as he goes by what this sheet of water is and he will call it Tabariyeh. Ask Moses of the Old Testament and he calls it Sea of Chinnereth. Ask Matthew and he calls it Sea of Galilee. Ask Luke and he calls it Sea of Gennesaret. Ask John and he calls it Sea of Tiberias. Ask Josephus and Eusebius and they have other names ready. But to me it appears a child of the sky, a star of the hills, a rhapsody of the mountains, the baptismal bowl of the world's temple, the smile of the great God. Many kinds of fish are found in this lake, and every kind of tree upon its bank from those that grow in the torrid zone to those in the frigid, from the palm to the cedar.

Of the two hundred and thirty warships Josephus manoeuvred on these waters—for Josephus was a warrior as well as a historian—there remains not one piece of a hulk, or one patch of a canvas, or one splinter of an oar. But return to America we never will until we have had a sail upon this inland sea. Not from a wharf, but from a beach covered with black and white pebbles we go on board a boat of about ten or twelve tons, to be propelled partly by sail and partly by oars. The mast leans so far forward that it seems about to fall, but we find it was purposely so built, and the rope through a pulley manages to hoist and let down the sail. It is a rough boat, and as far as possible removed from a Venetian gondola or a sportsman's yacht. With a common saw and hammer and ax many of you could make a better one. Four barefooted Arabs, instead of sitting down to their oars, stand as they always do in rowing, and pull away from shore. I insist on helping, for there is nothing more

exhilarating to me than rowing, but I soon had enough of the clumsy oars and the awkward attempt at wielding them while in standing posture.

We put our overcoats and shawls on. A small deck is in the stern of the boat, the very kind of deck where Christ lay on a fisherman's coat when of old the tempest poured upon the fishing smack of the affrighted disciples. Ospreys and wild ducks and kingfishers fly overhead or dip their wings into the lake, mistaking it for a fragment of fallen sky. Can it be that those Bible stories about sudden storms on the lake are true? Is it possible that a sea of such placidity of temper could ever rise and rage at the heavens? It does not seem as if this happy family of elements could have ever had a falling out, and the water strike at the clouds and the clouds strike at the water.

Pull away, oarsmen! On our right hand are the hot sulphur baths, so hot they are scalding, and the waters must cool off a long while before hand or foot can endure their temperature. Volcanoes have been boiling these waters for centuries. Four springs roll their resources into great swimming reservoirs. King Herod here tried to bathe off the results of his excesses, and Pliny and Josephus describe the spurtings out of these volcanic heats, and Joshua and Moses knew about them, and this moment long lines of pilgrims from all parts of the earth are waiting for their turn to step into the steaming restoratives. Let the boat, as far as possible, and not run aground, hug the western shore of the lake that we may see the city of Tiberias, once a great capital, of the architecture of which a few mosaics, and fallen pillars, and pedestals, and here and there a broken and shattered frieze remain, mightily suggestive of the time when Herod Antipas had a palace here and reigned with an opu-

lence and pomp and cruelty and abomination that paralyzes the fingers of the historian when he comes to describe it, and the fingers of the painter when he attempts to transfer it to canvas. I suppose he was one of the worst men that ever lived. And what a contrast of character comes at every moment to the thoughtful traveler in Palestine, whether he walks the beach of this lake or sails in a boat as we now do on these waters!

Side by side are the two great characters of this lake region: Jesus and Herod Antipas. And did any age produce any such antipodes, any such antitheses, any such opposites? Kindness and Cruelty, Holiness and Filth, Generosity and Meanness, Self-sacrifice and Selfishness, the Supernal and the Infernal, Midnoon and Midnight. The father of this Herod Antipas was a genius of assassination. He could manufacture more reasons for putting people out of this life than any man in all history. He sends for Hyrcanus to come from Babylon to Jerusalem to be made High Priest and slays him. He has his brother-in-law while in bathing with him drowned by the king's attendants. He slays his wife and his wife's mother, and two of his sons and his uncle, and filled a volume of atrocities, the last chapter of which was the massacre of all the babes at Bethlehem. With such a father as Herod the Great, you are not surprised that this Herod Antipas, whose palace stood on the banks of this lake we now sail, was a combination of wolf, reptile and hyena. While the Christ who walked yonder banks and sailed these waters was so good that almost every rood of this scenery is associated with some wise word or some kindly deed, and all literature and all art and all earth and all heaven are put to the utmost effort in trying to express how grand and glorious and lovely he was and is and is to be.

The Christly and Herodic characters as different as the two lakes we visit and not far apart, Galilee and the Dead Sea; the one flower-banked and the other bituminous and blasted; the one hovered over by the mercy of Christ, the other blasted by the wrath of God; the one full of finny tribes sporting in the clear depths, the other forever lifeless; the waters of the one sweet and pleasant to the taste, the other bitter and disgusting. Awful Dead Sea! Glorious Gennesaret!

We will not attempt to cross to the eastern side of this lake, as I had thought to do, for those regions are inhabited by a thieving and murderous race, and one must go thoroughly armed; and as I never shot any one and have no ambition to be shot, I said: "Let us stay by the western shore." But we look over to the hills of Gadara, on the other side, down which two thousand swine, after being possessed by the devil, ran into the lake, and bringing down on Christ for permitting it the wrath of all the stock-raisers of that country, because of this ruining of the pork business. You see that Satan is a spirit of bad taste. Why did he not say: "Let me go into those birds, whole flocks of which fly over Galilee." No; that would have been too high. "Why not let me go into the sheep which wander over these hills?" No; that would have been too gentle. "Rather let me go into these swine. I want to be with the denizens of the mire. I want to associate with the inhabitants of the filth. Great is mud! I prefer bristles to wings; I would rather root than fly; I like snout better than wing."

Infidelity scoffs at the idea that those swine should have run into the lake. But it was quite natural that under the heat and burning of that demoniac possession they would start for the water to get cooled off. Would that all the swine thus possessed had plunged

to the same drowning, for to this day the descendants of some of those porcine creatures retain the demons; and as the devils were cast out of man into them, they now afflict the human race with the devils of scrofula that come from eating the unclean meat. The healthiest people on earth are the Israelites, because they follow the bill of fare which God in the Book of Leviticus gave to the human race—and our splendid French doctor, Pasteur, and our glorious German doctor, Koch, may go on with their good work of killing parasites in the human system; but until the world corrects its diet, and goes back to the Divine regulation at the beginning, the human race will continue to be possessed of the devils of microbe and parasite. But I did not mean to cross over to the eastern side of Lake Galilee even in discussion.

Pull away, ye Arab oarsmen! And we come along the shore, near-by which stand great precipices of brown and red and gray limestone crowned by basalt, in the sides of which are vast caverns, sometimes the hiding-place of bandits, and sometimes the home of honest shepherds, and sometimes the dwelling-place of pigeons and vultures and eagles. During one of Herod's wars his enemies hid in these mountain caverns, and the sides were too steep for Herod's army to descend, and the attempt to climb in the face of armed men would have called down extermination. So Herod had great cages of wood, iron-bound, made and filled them with soldiers and let them down from the top of the precipices until they gave signal that they were level with the caverns, and then from these cages they stepped out to the mouth of the caverns; and having set enough grass and wood on fire to fill the caverns with smoke and suffocation, the hidden people would come forth to die; and if not coming forth voluntarily, Herod's men would pull them out

with long iron hooks; and Josephus says that one father rather than submit to the attacking army, flung his wife and seven children down the precipice, and then leaped after them to his own death.

Now, ye Arab oarsmen, row on with swifter stroke, for we want before noon to land at Capernaum, the three-year home of Jesus. But before arrival there we are to have a new experience. The lake that had been a smooth surface begins to break up into roughness. The air which all the morning made our sail almost useless, suddenly takes hold of our boat with a grip astonishing, and our poor craft begins to roll and pitch and tumble, and in five minutes we pass from a calm to violence. The contour of this lake among the hills is an invitation to hurricanes. I used to wonder why it was that on so limited a sheet of water a bestormed boat in Christ's time did not put back to shore when a hurricane was coming. I wonder no more. On that lake an atmospheric fury gives no warning, and the change we saw in five minutes made me feel that the boat in which Christ sailed may have been skilfully managed when the tempest struck it, and the importunate cry went up: "Lord, save us or we perish!" I had all along that morning been reading from the New Testament the story of occurrences on and around that lake. But our Bible was closed now, and it was as much as we could do to hold fast, and wish for the land. If the winds and the waves continued to increase in violence the following fifteen minutes in the same ratio, as in the first five, and we had been still at their mercy, our bones would have been bleaching at the bottom of Lake Gennesaret instead of our being here to tell the story. But the same Power that rescued the fishermen of old, today safely landed our party. What a Christ for rough weather! All the sailor boys ought to fly to him as

did those Galilean mariners. All you in the forecastle, and all you who run up and down the slippery ratlines, take to sea with you him who with a quiet word sent the winds back through the mountain gorges. Some of you Jack Tars to whom these words will come need to "tack ship" and change your course if you are going to get across this sea of life safely, and gain the heavenly harbor. Belay there. Ready about! Helm's a-lee! Mainsail haul! You have too valuable a cargo on board to run into the Goodwins or the Skerries.

Star of peace! beam o'er the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

Here, at Capernaum, the Arabs having in their arms carried us ashore to the only place where our Lord ever had a pastorate, we stepped amid the ruins of the church where he preached again and again and again; the synagogue, whose rich sculpturing lay there, not as when others see it in spring-time covered with weeds and loathsome with reptiles, but in that December weather completely uncovered to our agitated and intense gaze. On one stone of that synagogue is the sculpturing of a pot of manna, an artistic commemoration of the time when the Israelites were fed by manna in the wilderness, and to which sculpturing, no doubt, Christ pointed upward, while he was preaching that sermon on this very spot, in which he said: "Not as your fathers did eat manna and are dead; he that eateth of this bread shall live forever." Wonderful Capernaum. Scene of more miracles than any place in all the earth! Blind eyes kindling with the morning. Withered arms made to pulsate. Lepers blooming into health. The dead girl reanimated.

These Arab tents which on this December day I find in Palestine, disappear and I see Capernaum as it was when Jesus was pastor of the church here. Look at that wealthy home—the architecture, the marble front, the upholstery, the slaves in uniform at the doorway. It is the residence of a courtier of Herod, probably Chuza by name; his wife Joanna, a Christian disciple. But something is the matter. The slaves are in great excitement, and the courtier living there runs down the front steps and takes a horse and puts him at full run across the country. The boy of that nobleman is dying of typhoid fever. All the doctors have failed to give relief. But about five miles up the country, at Cana, there is a Divine Doctor, Jesus by name, and the agonized father has gone for him, and with what earnestness those can understand who have had a dying child in the house, this courtier cries to Christ: "Come down ere my child die!"

While the father is absent, and at one o'clock in the afternoon, the people watching the dying boy see a change in the countenance, and Joanna, the mother, on one side of his couch says: "Why, this darling is getting well; the fever has broken; see the perspiration on his forehead; did any of you give him any new kind of medicine?" "No," is the answer. The boy turns on his pillow, his delirium gone, and asks for something to eat and says: "Where's father?" Oh, he has gone up to Cana to get a young Doctor of about thirty-one years of age. But no doctor is needed now in this house at Capernaum. The people look at the sun-dial to find what time of day it is, and see it is past noon, and nearly one o'clock. Then they start out and meet the returning father, and as soon as they come within speaking distance they shout at the top of their voices: "Your boy is getting well." "Is it possible?" says the father. "When did the change

for the better take place? "One o'clock" is the answer. "Why," says the courtier, "that is just the hour that Jesus said to me 'Thy son liveth.' One o'clock!"

As they gather at the evening meal what gladness on all the countenances in that home at Capernaum! The affectionate mother, Joanna, has not had sleep for many nights, and she now falls off into delightful slumber. The father, Chuza, the Herodian courtier, worn out with anxiety as well as by the rapid journey to and from Cana, is soon in restful unconsciousness. Joanna was a Christian before, but I warrant she was more of a Christian afterward. Did the father Chuza accept the Christ who had cured his boy? Is there in all the earth a parent so ungrateful for the convalescence or restoration of an imperiled child as not to go into a room and kneel down and make surrender to the Almighty love that came to the rescue?

Do not mix up this case with the angry discussions about Christian science, but accept the doctrine, as old as the Bible, that God does answer prayer for the sick. That Capernaum boy was not the only illustration of the fact that prayer is mightier than a typhoid fever. And there is not a doctor of large practice but has come into the sick-room of some hopeless case and, in a cheerful manner, if he were a Christian, or with a bewildered manner if he were a skeptic, said: "Well, what have you been doing with this patient? What have you been giving him? The pulse is better. The crisis is past. After all, I think he will get well." Prayer will yet be acknowledged in the world's *materia medica*, and the cry is just as appropriate now as when Chuza, the courtier from Capernaum, uttered in Christ's hearing: "Come down ere my child die!" If the prayer be not answered in the way we wish, it is because God has something better for the child than earthly recovery; and there are thousands of men and

women now alive in answer to fathers' and mothers' prayers—myself one of the multitude. For I have heard my parents tell how, when at three years of age, scarlet fever seemed to have done its full work on me, and the physicians had said there was no more use of their coming, and they had left a few simple directions to make the remaining hours peaceful; and according to the custom in those times in country places, the neighbors had already come in and made the shroud, the forlorn case suddenly brightened and the prayer, "Come down ere my child die!" was answered in a recovery that has not been followed by a moment's sickness from that time to this.

The mightiest agency in the universe is prayer, and it turns even the Almighty. It decides the destinies of individuals, families and nations. During our sad Civil War a gentleman was a guest at the White House in Washington, and he gives this incident. He says: "I had been spending three weeks in the White House with Mr. Lincoln as his guest. One night—it was just after the battle of Bull Run—I was restless and could not sleep. I was rehearsing the part which I was to take in a public performance. The hour was past midnight. Indeed, it was coming near to the dawn when I heard low tones proceeding from a private room where the President slept. The door was partly open. I instinctively walked in, and there I saw a sight which I shall never forget. It was the President kneeling before an open Bible. The light was turned low in the room. His back was turned towards me; for a moment I was silent as I stood looking in amazement and wonder. Then he cried out in tones so pitiful and sorrowful: 'Oh, thou God that heard Solomon in the night when he prayed for wisdom, hear me. I cannot lead this people; I cannot guide the affairs of this nation without thy help. I am poor

and weak and sinful. O God, who didst hear Solomon when he cried for wisdom, hear me and save the nation.'" You see we do not need to go back to Bible times for evidence that prayer is heard and answered.

But some one may say that Christ at Capernaum healed the courtier's child, yet he would not have done it for one in humble life. Why, in that very Capernaum, he did the same thing for a dying slave, belonging to the man who had made a present to the town of the synagogue, among whose ruins I leaped from fragment to fragment. This was the cure of a Roman soldier's slave, whose only acknowledged rights were the wishes of his owner. And none are now so enslaved or humble or sick or so sinful but the all-sympathetic Christ is ready to help them. Hear it: Pardon for all; mercy for all; help for all; comfort for all; heaven for all! Oh, this lake of Galilee! What a refreshment for Christ it must have been after sympathizing with the sick, and raising the dead, and preaching to the multitudes all day long, to come down on these banks in the night-time and feel the cool air of the sea on his hot face, and look up to the stars, the lighted lamps around the Heavenly Palaces from which he had descended.

> All heaven and earth were still; from the high host
> Of stars to the hilled lake and mountain coast;
> All heaven and earth were still, though not in sleep,
> But breathless as we grow when feeling most.

"But," says some one, "why was it that Christ, coming to save the world, should spend so much of his time on and around so solitary a place as Lake Galilee? There is only one city of any size on its beach, and both the western and eastern shores are a solitude, broken only by the sounds coming from the

mud hovels of the degraded. Why did not Christ begin at Babylon the mighty, at Athens the learned, at Cairo the historic, at Thebes the hundred-gated, at Rome the triumphant? If Christ was going to save the world, why not go where the world's people dwell? Would a man, wishing to revolutionize for good the American continent, pass his time among the fishing-huts on the shores of Newfoundland?" My friends, Galilee was the hub of the wheel of civilization and art, and the centre of a population that staggers realization. On the shore of the lake we sail to-day stood nine great cities—Scythopolis, Tarichae, Hippos, Gamala, Chorazin, Capernaum, Bethsaida, Magdala, Tiberias—and many villages, the smallest of which had fifteen thousand inhabitants, according to Josephus, and reaching from the beach back into the country in all directions. Palaces, temples, coliseums, gymnasiums, amphitheatres, towers, gardens terraced on the hillsides, fountains bewildered with sunlight, baths upon whose mosaic floors kings trod; while this lake from where the Jordan enters it to where the Jordan leaves it was beautiful with all styles of shallop, or dreadful with all kinds of war galleon. Four thousand ships, history says, were at one time upon these waters. Battles were fought there which shocked all nations with their consequences.

> Here mingling blood with pure and sparkling foam,
> In her last throes Judea fought with Rome.

Upon these sea-fights looked Vespasian, and Titus, and Trajan, and whole empires. From one of these naval encounters so many of the dead floated to the beach that they could not soon enough be entombed, and a plague was threatened. Twelve hundred soldiers escaping from these vessels of war, were one day

massacred in the amphitheatre at Tiberias. For three hundred years that almost continuous city encircling Lake Galilee was the metropolis of our planet. It was to the very heart of the world that Jesus came to soothe its sorrows, and pardon its sins, and heal its sick, and emancipate its enslaved, and reanimate its dead.

And let the Church and the world take the suggestion. While the solitary places are not to be neglected, we must strike for the great cities, if this world is ever to be taken for Christ. Evangelize all the earth except the cities, and in one year the cities would corrupt the earth. But bring the cities and all the world will come. Bring London, and England will come; bring Paris, and France will come; bring Berlin, and Germany will come; bring St. Petersburg, and Russia will come; bring Vienna, and Austria will come; bring Cairo, and Egypt will come; bring the near three million people in this cluster of cities on the Atlantic coast, and all America will soon see the salvation of God. Ministers of religion, let us intensify our evangelism. Editors and publishers, purify your printing-presses. Asylums of mercy, enlarge your plans of endeavor. And instead of this absurd and belittling and wicked rivalry among our cities as to which happens to have the most men and women and children, not realizing that the more useless and bad people a city has the worse it is off, and that a city which has ten thousand good people is more to be admired than a city with one hundred thousand bad people, let us take a moral census, and see how many good men and good women are leading forth; how large a generation of good children who will consecrate themselves and consecrate the round world to holiness and to God. Oh, thou blessed Christ, who didst come to the mighty cities encircling Lake Galilee, come in mercy to all our great

cities of to-day! Thou who didst put thy hand on the white mane of the foaming billows of Gennesaret, and make them lie down at thy feet, hush all the raging passions of the world! Oh, thou blessed Christ, who, on the night when the disciples were trying to cross this lake, and "the wind was contrary" (after nine hours of rowing had made only three miles), didst come stepping on water that at the touch of thy foot hardened into crystal, meet all our shipping, whether on placid or stormy seas, and say to all thy people now by whatever style of tempest tossed or driven, as thou didst to the drenched disciples in the cyclone, "Be of good cheer. It is I. Be not afraid."

Thank God that I have seen this lake of Christly memories, and can say with Robert McCheyne, the ascended minister of Scotland, who, seated on the banks of this lake, wrote in his last sick days, and just before he crossed the Jordan—not the Jordan that empties into Galilee, but the Jordan that empties into the "sea of glass mingled with fire"—these sweet words, fit to be played by human fingers on tense strings of earthly lute or by angelic fingers on seraphic harps:

It is not that the wild gazelie
  Comes down to drink thy tide,
But he that was pierced to save from hell,
  Oft wandered by thy side.
Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
  Thou calm reposing sea;
But, ah, far more — the beautiful feet
  Of Jesus walked o'er thee.
O Saviour, gone to God's right hand,
  Yet the same Saviour still,
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand
  And every fragrant hill.

THE CITY OF DAMASCUS

Acts, 9: 3: "As he journeyed, he came near Damascus."

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In Palestine we spent a night in a mud hovel of one story, with camels and sheep in the basement, yet never did the most brilliant hotel on any continent seem so attractive to me as that structure. If we had been obliged to stay in tent, as we expected to do that night, we must have perished. A violent storm had opened upon us its volleys of hail and snow and rain and wind, as if to let us know what the Bible means when prophet and evangelist and Christ himself spoke of the fury of the elements. The atmospheric wrath broke upon us about one o'clock in the afternoon, and we were until night exposed to it. With hands and feet benumbed, and our bodies chilled to the bone, we made our slow way. While high up on the rocks, and the gale blowing the hardest, a signal of distress halted the party, for down in the ravines one of the horses had fallen, and his rider must not be left alone amid that wildness of scenery and horror of storm. As the night approached, the tempest thickened and blackened and strengthened. Some of our attendants going ahead had gained permission for us to halt for the night in the mud hovel I speak of. Our first duty on arrival was the resuscitation of the exhausted of our party. My room was without a window, but had an iron stove without any top, in the center of the room, the smoke selecting my eyes in the absence of a chimney. Through an opening in the floor, Arab faces were several times thrust up to see how I fared. But the tempest ceased during the night,

and before it was fully day we were feeling for the stirrups of our saddled horses to begin the long march to that city whose name cannot be pronounced in the hearing of the intelligent or the Christian without making the blood to tingle and the nerves to thrill, and putting the best emotions of the soul into agitation—Damascus!

During the day we passed Cæsarea Philippi, the northern terminus of Christ's journeyings. North of that he never went. We lunch at noon, seated on the fallen columns of one of Herod's palaces.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, coming to a hill-top, we saw on the broad plain a city, which the most famous camel-driver of all time, afterward called Mohammed, the prophet and the founder of the most stupendous system of error that has ever cursed the earth, refused to enter because he said God would allow man to enter but one paradise, and he would not enter this earthly paradise lest he should be denied entrance to the heavenly. But no city that I ever saw so plays hide-and-seek with the traveler. The air is so clear the distant objects seem close by. You come on the top of a hill and Damascus seems only a little way off. But down you go into a valley and you see nothing for the next half hour but barrenness and rocks regurgitated by the volcanoes of other ages. Up another hill and down again. Up again and down again. But after your patience is almost exhausted you reach the last hill-top and the city of Damascus, the oldest city under the whole heavens, built by Noah's grandson, grows upon your vision. Every mile of the journey now becomes more solemn and suggestive and tremendous.

This is the very road—for it has been the only road for thousands of years, from Jerusalem to Damascus—along which a cavalcade of mounted officers went, over

one thousand eight hundred years ago, in the midst of them a fierce little man who made up by magnitude of hatred for Christianity for his diminutive stature, and from whose eyes, though suffering from chronic inflammation, there flashed more indignation against Christ's followers than from any one of the horsed procession. This man, before his name was changed to Paul was called Saul. So many of the mightiest natures of all ages are condensed into smallness of stature. The Frenchman who was sometimes called by his troops "Old One Hundred Thousand," was often styled "Little Nap." Lord Nelson, with insignificant stature to start with, and one eye put out at Calvi, and his right arm taken off at Teneriffe, proves himself at Trafalgar the mightiest hero of the English navy. The greatest of American theologians, Archibald Alexander, could stand under the elbow of many of his contemporaries. Look out for little men when they start out for some especial mission of good or evil. The thunderbolt is only a condensation of electricity.

Well, that galloping group of horsemen on the road to Damascus were halted quicker than bomb-shell or cavalry charge ever halted a regiment. The Syrian noonday, because of the clarity of the atmosphere, is the brightest of all noondays, and the noonday sun in Syria is positively terrific for brilliance. But suddenly that noon there flashed from the heavens a light which made that Syrian sun seem tame as a star in comparison. It was the face of the slain and ascended Christ, looking from the heavens, and under the dash of that overpowering light all the horses dropped with their riders in the dust. And then two claps of thunder followed, uttering the two words, the second word like the first: "Saul! Saul!" For three days that fallen equestrian was totally blind, for ex-

cessive light will sometimes extinguish the eyesight. And what cornea and crystalline lens could endure a brightness greater than the noonday Syrian sun? I had read it a hundred times, but it never so impressed me before and probably will never so impress me again, as I took my Bible from the saddle-bags and read aloud to our comrades in travel: "As he journeyed, he came near Damascus and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven, and he fell to the earth and heard a voice saying unto him, 'Saul! Saul! Why persecutest thou me?' and he said, 'Who art thou, Lord?' And the Lord said, 'I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.'"

But we cannot stop longer on this road, for we shall see this unhorsed equestrian later in Damascus, toward which his horse's head is turned, and at which we must ourselves arrive before night. The evening is near at hand, and as we leave snowy Hermon behind us and approach the shadow of two hundred minarets and domes we cut through a circumference of many miles of garden which embower the city. So luxuriant are these gardens, so opulent in colors, so luscious of fruits, so glittering with fountains, so rich with bowers and kiosks, that the Mohammedan's heaven was fashioned after what are to be seen here of bloom and fruitage. Here in Damascus at the right season are cherries, mulberries, apricots, almonds, pistachios, pomegranates, pears, apples, plums, citrons, and all the richness of the round world's pomology. No wonder that Julian called this city "the Eye of the East," and that the poets of Syria have styled it "the lustre on the neck of doves," and historians said: "It is the golden clasp which couples the two sides of the world together."

Many travelers express disappointment with Damascus, but the trouble is they have carried in their

minds from boyhood the book which dazzles so many young people—the Arabian Nights—and they come into Damascus looking for Aladdin's lamp, and Aladdin's ring, and the genii which appeared by rubbing them. But, as I have never read the Arabian Nights, such stuff not being allowed around our house in my boyhood, and nothing lighter in the way of reading than Baxter's Saints' Everlasting Rest, and d'Aubigny's History of the Reformation, Damascus appeared to me as sacred and secular history have presented it; and so the city was not a disappointment, but, with few exceptions, a surprise. Under my window in the hotel at Damascus I hear the perpetual ripple and rush of the river Abana. Ah, the secret is out! Now I know why all this flora and fruit, and why everything is so green, and the plain one great emerald. The river Abana! And not far off, the river Pharpar, which our horses waded through to-day! Thank the rivers, or rather the God who made the rivers! Deserts to the north, deserts to the south, deserts to the east, deserts to the west, but here a paradise. And, as the river Gihon and Pison and Hiddekel and Euphrates made the other paradise, Abana and Pharpar make this Damascus a paradise. That is what made General Naaman of this city of Damascus so mad when he was told for the cure of his leprosy to go and wash in the river Jordan. The Jordan is much of the year a muddy stream, and it is never so clear as this river Abana that I hear rumbling under my window to-night; nor as the river Pharpar that we crossed to-day. They are as clear as though they had been sieved through some especial sieve of the mountains. General Naaman had great and patriotic pride in these two rivers of his own country; and when Elisha the prophet told him that if he wanted to get rid of his leprosy, he must go and wash

in the Jordan, he felt as we who live on the magnificent Hudson would feel if told that we must go and wash in the muddy Thames; or as if those who live on the transparent Rhine were told that they must go and wash in the muddy Tiber. So General Naaman cried out with a voice as loud as ever he had used in commanding his troops, uttering those memorable words, which every minister of the Gospel sooner or later takes for his text: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?"

Thank God we live in a land with plenty of rivers, and that they bless all our Atlantic coast and all our Pacific coast, and reticulate all the continent between the coasts. Only those who have traveled in the deserts of Syria or Egypt, or have in the Oriental cities heard the tinkling of the bell of those who sell water, can realize what it is to have this divine beverage in abundance. Water rumbling over the rocks, turning the mill-wheel, saturating the roots of the corn, dripping from the buckets, filling the pitchers of the household, rolling through the fonts or baptistries of holy ordinance, filling the reservoirs of cities, inviting the cattle to come down and slake their thirst and the birds of heaven to dip their wing, ascending in robe of mist and falling again in benediction of shower—water, living water, God-given water!

We are awakened in the morning in Damascus by the song of those who have different styles of food to sell. It is not a street-cry as in London or New York, but a weird and long drawn-out solo, compared with which a buzz-saw is musical. It makes you waken inopportunely, and will not let you sleep again. But to those who understand the exact meaning of the song, it becomes quite tolerable for they sing: "God is the nourisher, buy my bread," "God is the nourisher,

buy my milk," "God is the nourisher, buy my fruit." As you look out of the window, you see the Mohammedans, who are in large majority in the city, at prayer. And if it were put to vote who should be king of all the earth, fifteen thousand in that city would say Christ, but one hundred and thirty thousand would say Mohammed. Looking from the window, you see on the house-tops, and on the streets, Mohammedans at worship. The muezzins, or the officers of religion, who announce the time of worship, appear high up on the different minarets, or tall towers, and walk around the minaret, enclosed by a railing, and cry in a sad and mumbling way: "God is great. I bear witness that there is no God but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayers! Come to salvation! God is great There is no other but God. Prayers are better than sleep." Five times a day must the Mohammedan engage in worship. As he begins, he turns his face toward the city of Mecca, and unrolls upon the ground a rug which he almost always carries. With his thumbs touching the lobes of his ears, and holding his face between his hands, he cries: "God is great." Then folding his hands across his girdle, he looks down and says: "Holiness to thee, O God, and praise be to thee. Great is thy name. Great is thy greatness. There is no deity but thee." Then the worshiper sits upon his heels, then he touches his nose to the rug, and then his forehead, these genuflections accompanied with the cry, "Great is God." Then, raising the forefinger of his right hand toward heaven, he says: " I testify there is no deity but God, and I testify that Mohammed is the servant of God, and the messenger of God." The prayers close by the worshiper holding his hands opened upward as if to take the divine blessing, and then his hands are rubbed over his face as if to convey the blessing to his entire body.

There are two or three commendable things about Mohammedanism. One is that its disciples wash before every act of prayer, and that is five times a day, and there is a Gospel in cleanliness. Another commendable thing is, they do not care who is looking, and nothing can stop them in their prayer. Another thing is that, by the order of Mohammed, an order obeyed for thirteen hundred years, no Mohammedan touches strong drink. But the polygamy, the many wifehood of Mohammedanism, has made that religion the unutterable and everlasting curse of woman, and when woman sinks the race sinks. The proposition recently made in high ecclesiastical places for the reformation of Mohammedanism instead of its obliteration is like an attempt to improve a plague or educate a leprosy. There is only one thing that will ever reform Mohammedanism, and that is its extirpation from the face of the earth by the power of the Gospel of the Son of God, which makes not only man, but woman, free for this life and free for the life to come. The spirit of the horrible religion which pervades the city of Damascus, along whose streets we walk and out of whose bazaars we make purchases and in whose mosques we study the wood-carvings and bedizenments, was demonstrated as late as 1860, when in this city it put to death six thousand Christians in forty-eight hours, and put to the torch three thousand Christian homes, and those streets we walk to-day were red with the carnage, and the shrieks and groans of the dying and dishonored men and women made this place a hell on earth. This went on until a Mohammedan, better than his religion, Abd-el-Kader by name, a great soldier who in one war had, with twenty-five thousand troops, beaten sixty thousand of the enemy, now protested against this massacre and gath-

ered the Christians of Damascus into castles and private houses and filled his own home with the affrighted sufferers. After a while the mob came to his door and demanded the "Christian dogs" whom he was sheltering. And Abd-el-Kader mounted a horse and drew his sword and with a few of his old soldiers around him, charged on the mob and cried: "Wretches! Is this the way you honor the prophet? May his curses be upon you! Shame on you! Shame! You will yet live to repent. You think you may do as you please with the Christians, but the day of retribution will come. The Franks will yet turn your mosques into churches. Not a Christian will I give up. They are my brothers. Stand back, or I will give my men the order to fire." Then by the might of one great soul under God the wave of assassination rolled back. Huzza for Abd-el-Kader!

Although now we Americans and foreigners pass through the streets of Damascus unhindered, there is in many parts of the city a subdued hissing of a hatred for Christianity that if it dared would put to death every man, woman and child in Damascus who does not declare allegiance to Mohammed. But I am glad to say that a wide, hard, splendid turnpike road has within a few years been constructed from Beyrout, on the shore of the Mediterranean, to this city of Damascus, and, if ever again that wholesale assassination is attempted, French troops and English troops would, with jingling bits and lightning hoofs, dash up the hills and down on this Damascus plain and leave the Mohammedan murderers dead on the floors of their mosques and seraglios. It is too late in the history of the world for governments to allow such things as the modern massacre at Damascus. For such murderous attacks on Christian missionaries and Christian disciples, we are tempted to think the Gospel is not so

appropriate as bullets and sabres sharp and heavy enough to cut through with one stroke from crown of head to saddle.

But I must say that this city of Damascus as I see it now is not so absorbing as the Damascus of olden times. I turn my back upon the bazaars, with rugs fascinating the merchants from Bagdad, and Indian textiles of incomparable make, and manufactured saddles and bridles gay enough for princes of the Orient to ride and pull; upon baths where ablution becomes inspiration, and homes marbled and divaned, fountained, upholstered, mosaicked, arabesqued and colonnaded until nothing can be added; upon the splendid remains of the great mosque of John, originally built with gates so heavy that it required five men to turn them, with columns of porphyry, and kneeling-places framed in diamond, and seventy-four stained-glass windows, and six hundred lamps of pure gold, a single prayer offered in this mosque said to be worth thirty thousand prayers offered in any other place. I turn my back on all these and see Damascus as it was when this narrow street, which the Bible calls Straight, was a great wide street, a New York Broadway or a Parisian *Champs Elysees*, a great thoroughfare crossing the city from gate to gate, along which tramped and rolled the pomp of all nations.

There is Abraham, the father of all the faithful. He has in this city been purchasing a celebrated slave. There goes Ben-Hadad of Bible times, leading thirty-two conquered monarchs. There goes David, king, warrior, and sacred poet. There goes Tamerlane the conqueror. There goes Haroun al Raschid, once the commander of an army of ninety-five thousand Persians and Arabs. There comes a warrior on his way to the barracks, carrying that kind of sword which the world has forgotten how to make, a Damascus

blade, with the interlacings of color changing at every new turn in the light, many colors coming and going and interjoining; the blade so keen it could cut in twain an object without making the lower part of the object tremble; with an elasticity that could not be broken though you brought the point of the sword clear back to the hilt; and having a watered appearance which made the blade seem as though just dipped in a clear fountain—a triumph of cutlery which a thousand modern foundrymen and chemists have attempted in vain to imitate. On the side of this street, damasks, named after the city; figures of animals and fruits and landscapes here being first wrought into silk damasks; and specimens of damaskeening by which steel and iron were first graved and then the grooves filled with wire of gold damaskeening. Here at the gates of the city are laden caravans from Aleppo in one direction and from Jerusalem in another direction, and caravans of all nations paying toll to this supremacy. Great is Damascus!

But what most stirs my soul is neither chariot, nor bazaar, nor caravan, nor palace, but a blind man passing along the streets, small of stature and insignificant in personal appearance. Oh, yes; we have seen him before. He was one of that cavalcade coming from Jerusalem to Damascus to kill Christians, and we saw him and his horse tumble up there on the road some distance from the city, and he got up blind. Yes, it is Saul of Tarsus now going along this street called Straight. He is led by his friends, for he cannot see his hand before his face, unto the house of Judas—not Judas the bad, but Judas the good. In another part of this city one Ananias—not Ananias the liar, but Ananias the Christian—is told by the Lord to go to this house of Judas on Straight Street, and put his

hand on the blind eyes of Saul, that his sight might return. "Oh," said Ananias, "I dare not go; that Saul is a terrible fellow. He kills Christians, and he will kill me." "Go," said the Lord, and Ananias went. There sits in blindness that tremendous persecutor. He was a great nature crushed. He had started for the city of Damascus for the one purpose of assassinating Christ's followers, but since that fall from his horse he has entirely changed. Ananias steps up to the sightless man, puts his right thumb on one eye and his left thumb on the other eye, and in an outburst of sympathy and love and faith, says: "Brother Saul! Brother Saul! The Lord, even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, has sent me that thou mayst receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost." Instantly something like scales fell from the blind man's eyes, and he arose from that seat the mightiest evangel of all the ages, a Sir William Hamilton for metaphysical analysis, a John Milton for sublimity of thought, a Whitefield for popular eloquence, a John Howard for widespread philanthropy; yea, more than all of them put together, inspired, thunderbolted, multipotent, apostolic. Did Judas, the kind host of this blind man, or Ananias, the visitor, see scales drop from the sightless eyes? I think not. But Paul knew that they had fallen, and that is all that happens to any of us when we are converted. The blinding scales drop from our eyes and we see things differently. A Christian woman, missionary among a most degraded tribe, whose religion was never to wash or improve the personal appearance, was trying to persuade one of those heathen women not only of need of change of heart, but change of habits which would result in change of appearance. The effort failed until the missionary had placed in her own hallway a looking-glass, and when the barbaric

woman, passing through the hall, saw herself in the mirror for the first time, she exclaimed, "Can it be possible I look like that?" Appalled at her own appearance, she renounced her old religion and asked to be instructed in the Christian faith. And so we feel that we are all right in our sinful and unchanged condition until the scales fall from our eyes, and in the looking-glass of God's Word we see ourselves as we really are, until Divine grace transforms us.

There are many people to-day as blind as Paul was before Ananias touched his eyes. There are many also from whose eyes the scales have already fallen. You see all subjects and all things differently—God and Christ and eternity and your own immortal spirit. Sometimes the scales do not all fall at once. When I was a boy, at Mount Pleasant one Sunday afternoon, reading Dodridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," some of the scales fell from my eyes, and I saw a little. After I had been in the ministry about a year, one Sunday afternoon in the village parsonage, reading the Bible story of the Syro-Phœnician's faith, other scales fell from my eyes and I saw better. Two Sunday evenings ago, while preparing for the evening service in New York, I picked up a book that I did not remember to have seen before, and after I had read a page about reconsecration of God I think the remaining scales fell from my eyes. Shall not our visit to Damascus result, like Paul's visit, in vision to the blind, and increased vision for those who saw somewhat before? I was reading of a painter's child who became blind in infancy. But after the child was nearly grown, a surgeon removed the blindness. When told that this could be done, the child's chief thought, her mother being dead, was that she would be able to see her father, who had watched over

her with great tenderness. When sight came she was in raptures, and ran her hands over her father's face, and shut her eyes as if to assure herself that this was really the father whom she had only known by touch, and now looking upon him, noble man as he was in appearance as well as in reality, she cried out, "Just to think that I had this father so many years and never knew him!" As great and greater is the soul's joyful surprise when the scales fall from the eyes and the long spiritual darkness is ended, and we look up into our Father's face, always radiant and loving, but now for the first revealed, and our blindness forever gone, we cry, "Abba, Father!" To each one of this vast multitude of auditors I say, as Ananias said to Saul of Tarsus when his sympathetic fingers touched the closed eyelids: "Brother Saul! Brother Saul! The Lord, even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way that thou camest, hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost!"

ACROSS MOUNT LEBANON

Psalm, 104: 16: "The cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted."

ACROSS MOUNT LEBANON

Psalm, 104: 16: "The cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted."

In our journey we change stirrup for wheel. It is four o'clock in the morning, at Damascus, Syria, and we are among the lanterns of the hostelry, waiting for the stage to start. A Mohammedan in high life is putting his three wives on board within an apartment by themselves, and our party occupy the main apartment of one of the most uncomfortable vehicles in which mortals were ever jammed and half-strangulated. But we must not let the discomforts annul or disparage the opportunities. We are rolling on and out and up the mountains of Lebanon, their forehead under a crown of snow, which coronet the fingers of the hottest summer cannot cast down. We are ascending heights around which is garlanded much of the finest poesy of the Scriptures, and are rising toward the mightiest dominion that botany ever recognized, reigned over by the most imperial tree that ever swayed a leafy scepter—the Lebanon cedar, a tree eulogized in my text as having grown from a nut put into the ground by God himself, and no human hand had anything to do with its planting: "The cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted."

The average height of this mountain is seven thousand feet, but in one place it lifts its head to an altitude of ten thousand. No higher than six thousand feet can vegetation exist, but below that line, at the right season, are vineyards and orchards and olive groves and flowers that dash the mountain side with a very carnage of color and fill the air with aromatics that

Hosea, the prophet, and Solomon, the king, celebrated as "the smell of Lebanon." At a height of six thousand feet is a grove of cedars, the only descendants of those vast forests from which Solomon cut his timber for the temple at Jerusalem, and where at one time there were one hundred thousand axmen hewing out the beams from which great palaces were constructed. But this nation of trees has, by human iconoclasm, been massacred until only a small group is left. This race of giants is nearly extinct, but I have no doubt that some of these were here when Hiram, King of Tyre, ordered the assassination of those cedars of Lebanon which the Lord planted. From the multitude of uses to which it may be put and the employment of it in the Scriptures, the cedar is the divine favorite. When the plains, to be seen from the window of this stage in which we ride to-day, are parched under summer heats, and not a grass-blade survives the fervidity, this tree stands in luxuriance, defying the summer sun. And when the storms of winter terrify the earth, and hurl the rocks in avalanche down this mountain side, this tree grapples the hurricane of snow in triumph, and leaves the spent fury at its feet. From sixty to eighty feet high are they, the horizontal branches of great sweep with their burden of leaves, needle-shaped, the top of the tree pyramidal, a throne of foliage on which might and splendor and glory sit. But so continuously has the extermination of trees gone on that, for the most part, the mountains of Lebanon are bare of foliage; while, I am sorry to say, the earth in all lands is being likewise denuded.

The ax is slaying the forests all around the earth. To stop the slaughter, God opened the coal mines of England and Scotland and America and the world, practically saying by that: "Here is fuel; as far as possible, let my trees alone." And by opening for the

human race the great quarries of granite, and showing the human family how to make brick, God is practically saying: "Here is building material; let my trees alone." We had better stop the axes among the Adirondacks. We had better stop the axes in all our forests, as it would have been better for Syria if the axes had long ago been stopped among the mountains of Lebanon. To punish us for our reckless assault on the forests, we have the disordered seasons; now the drouths, because the uplifting arms of the trees do not pray for rain, their presence, according to all scientists, disposing the descent of the showers; and then we have the cyclones and the hurricanes multiplied in number and velocity, because there is nothing to prevent their awful sweep. Plant the trees in your parks, that the weary may rest under them; plant them along your streets, that up through the branches passers-by may see the God who first made the trees and then made man to look at them; plant them along the brooks, that under them children may play; plant them in your gardens, that, as in Eden, the Lord may walk there in the cool of the day; plant them in cemeteries, their shade like a mourner's veil, and their leaves sounding like the rustle of the wings of the departed. Let Arbor Day, or the day for the planting of trees, recognized by the Legislatures of many of the States, be observed by all our people, and the next one hundred years do as much in planting these leafy glories of God as the last one hundred years have accomplished in their destruction. When, not long before his death, I saw on the banks of the Hudson in his glazed cap, riding on horseback, George P. Morris, the great song writer of America, I found him grandly emotional, and I could understand how he wrote: "Woodman, spare that tree!" the verses of which many of us have felt like quoting in belligerent spirit

when, under the stroke of some one without sense or reason, we saw a beautiful tree prostrated:

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend,
Old tree! The storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

As we ride along on these mountains of Lebanon, we bethink how its cedars spread their branches, and breathe their aroma, and cast their shadows all through the Bible. Solomon discoursed about them in his botanical works, when he spoke of trees "from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." The Psalmist says: "The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon," and in one of his magnificent doxologies calls on the cedars to praise the Lord. And Solomon says the countenance of Christ is excellent as the cedars, and Isaiah declares: "The day of the Lord shall be upon all the cedars of Lebanon." And Jeremiah and Ezekiel and Amos and Zephaniah and Zechariah weave its foliage into their sublimest utterances.

As we ride over Lebanon to-day there is a howling wind sweeping past and a dash of rain, all the better enabling us to appreciate that description of a tempest,

which, no doubt, was suggested by what David had seen with his own eyes among these heights; for, as a soldier, he carried his wars clear up to Damascus, and such a poet as he, I warrant, spent many a day on Lebanon. And perhaps while he was seated on this very rock against which our carriage jolts, he wrote that wonderful description of a thunder-storm: "The voice of the Lord is powerful. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. Yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. He maketh them also to skip like a calf, Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn. The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire." As the lion is the monarch of the fields, and behemoth the monarch of the waters, the cedar is the monarch of the trees. I think one reason why it is so glorified all up and down the Bible is because we need more of its characteristics in our religious life. We have too much of the willow, and are easily bent this way or that; too much of the aspen, and we tremble under every zephyr of assault; too much of the bramble-tree, and our sharp points sting and wound; but not enough of the cedar, wide-branched and heaven-aspiring and tempest-grappling. But the reason these cedars stand so well is that they are deep-rooted. They run their anchors down into the caverns of the mountain and fasten to the very foundations of the earth, and twist around and clinch themselves on the other side of the deepest layer of rock they can reach. And that is the difference between Christians who stand and Christians who fall. It is the difference between a superficial character and one that has clutched its roots deep down around and under the Rock of Ages.

One of the Lebanon cedars was examined by a scientist, and from its concentric circles it was found to be thirty-five hundred years old and still standing.

So there is such a thing as everlasting strength, and such a stanchness of Christian character that all time and all eternity, instead of being its demolition, shall be its opportunity. Not such are those vacillating Christians who are so pious on Sunday that they have no religion left for the week-day. As the anaconda gorges itself with food, and then seems for a long while to lie utterly insensible, so there are men who will on Sunday get such a religious surfeit that the rest of the week they seem completely dead to all religious emotion. They weep in church under a charity sermon, but if on Monday a subject of want presents itself at the door, the beggar's safety will depend entirely on quick limbs and an unobstructed stairway. It takes all the grace they can get to keep them from committing assault and battery on those intruders who come with pale faces and stories of distress and subscription papers. The reason that God planted these cedars in the Bible was to suggest to us that we ought, in our religious character, to be deep like the cedar, high like the cedar, broad-branched as the cedar. A traveler measured the spread of the boughs of one of these trees, and found it one hundred and eleven feet from branch tip to branch tip; and I have seen cedars of Christian character that through their prayers and charities put out one branch to the uttermost parts of America, and another branch to the uttermost parts of Asia, and these wide-branched Christians will keep on multiplying until all the earth is overshadowed with mercy.

But, mark you, these cedars of Lebanon could not grow if planted in mild climates and in soft air and in carefully watered gardens. They must have the gymnasium of the midnight hurricane to develop their arms. They must play the athlete with a thousand winters before their feet are rightly planted, and their

foreheads rightly lifted, and their arms rightly muscled. And if there be any other way for developing strong Christian character except by storms of trouble, I never heard of it. Call the roll of martyrs, call the roll of the prophets, call the roll of the Apostles, and see which of them had an easy time of it. Which of these cedars grew in the warm valley? Not one of them. Honeysuckles thrive best on the south side of the house, but cedars in a Syrian whirlwind. Men and women, ye who hear this or read this, instead of your grumbling because you have it hard, thank God that you are in just the best school for making heroes and heroines. It is true both for this world and the next. Rock that baby in a cradle cushioned and canopied; graduate him from that into a costly high chair and give him a gold spoon; send him to school wrapped in furs enough for an Arctic explorer; send him through a college where, because his father is rich, he will not have to study in order to get a diploma; start him in a profession where he begins with an office, the floor covered with Axminster, and a library of books in Russian leather or morocco, and an armchair upholstered like a throne, and an embroidered ottoman upon which to put his twelve-dollar gaiters; and then lay upon his table the best ivory cigar-holder you can import from Brussels, and have standing outside his door a prancing span that won the prize at the horse fair, and leave him estate enough to make him independent of all struggles—and what will become of him? If he do not die early of inanition or dissipation, he will live a useless life and die an unlamented death and go into a fool's eternity.

What has been the history of most of the great cedars in merchandise, in art, in law, in medicine, in statesmanship, in Christian usefulness? First we hear: "John, get up and milk the cows; it's late; it's

half-past five o'clock in the morning. Split an armful of wood on your way out, so that we can build the fires for breakfast. Put your bare feet on the cold oilcloth, and break the ice in your pitcher before you can wash. Yes; it has been snowing and drifting again last night, and we will have to break the roads." Then we see the boy's educational advantages: a long oak plank without any back to it, in country schoolhouse, and stove throwing out more smoke than heat. After that, a pressing on from one hardship to another. After a while, a position on salary or wages just enough to keep life, but keep it at its lowest ebb. Starting in occupation or business with prosperous men trying to fight you back at every step. But after a good while, fairly on your feet, and your opportunities widening; then by some sudden turn you are triumphant. You are master of the situation, and defiant of all earth and hell. A Lebanon cedar! John Milton on his way up to the throne of the world's sacred poesy must sell his copyright of *Paradise Lost* for seventy-two dollars in three payments. William Shakespeare on his way up to be acknowledged the greatest dramatist of all ages must hold horses at the door of the London theatre for a sixpence. Homer must struggle through total blindness to immortality. John Bunyan must cheer himself on the way up by making a flute out of his prison stool, and Canova, the sculptor, must toil on through orphanage, modeling a lion in butter before he could cut his statues in marble. The great Stephenson must watch cows in the field for a few pennies and then become a stoker, and afterward mend clocks, before he puts the locomotive on its track and calls forth plaudits from parliaments and medals from kings. Abel Stevens is picked up a neglected child of the street, and rises through his consecrated genius to be one of the most illustrious clergymen and histo-

rians of the century. Bishop Janes, of the same church, in boyhood, worked his passage from Ireland to America and up to a usefulness where, in the bishopric, he was second to no one who ever adorned it. While in banishment Xenophon wrote his *Anabasis*, and Thucydides his *History of the Peloponnesian War*, and Victor Hugo must be exiled for many years to the island of Guernsey before he can come to that height in the affections of his countrymen that crowds the *Champs Elysees* and the adjoining boulevards with one million mourners as his hearse rolls down to the Church of the Madeleine. Oh, it is a tough old world, and it will keep you back and keep you down and keep you under as long as it can. Hail, sons and daughters of the fire!

Stand, as the anvil when the stroke
Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast.
Storms but more deeply root the oak
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.
Stand like an anvil; noise and heat
Are born of earth and die with time;
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

Thirty years from now the foremost men in all occupations and professions will be those who are this hour in awful struggle of early life, many of them without five dollars to their name. So in spiritual life, it takes a course of bereavements, persecutions, sicknesses and losses to develop stalwart Christian character. I got a letter a few days ago, saying: "I have hardly seen a well day since I was born, and I could not write my own name until I was fifty years of age, and I am very poor; but I am, by the grace of God, the happiest man in Chicago." The Bible speaks of the snows of Lebanon. The deepest snow ever seen

in America would be insignificant compared with the mildest winter of snows on those Lebanon mountains. The cedars catch a skyful of crystals on their brows and on their long arms and bend not. Piled up in great hefts are those snows, enough to crush other trees to the ground, splitting the branches from the trunk and leaving them rent and torn, never to rise. But what do these cedars care for these snows on Lebanon? They look up to the winter skies and say: "Snow on! Empty the white heavens upon us, and when this storm is passed, let other processions of tempest try to bury us in their fury. We have for five hundred winters been accustomed to this, and for the next five hundred winters we will cheerfully take all you have to send, for that is the way we develop our strength, and that is the way we serve God, and teach all ages how to endure and conquer." So I say: good cheer to all people who are snowed under. Put your faith in God and you will come out gloriously. Others may be stunted growths, or weak junipers on the lower levels of spirituality, but you are going to be Lebanon cedars. At last it will be said of such as you: "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

But while crossing over these mountains of Lebanon, I bethink myself of what an exciting scene it must be when one of the cedars does fall. It does not go down like other trees with a slight crackle that hardly makes the woodman look up or a hawk flutter from a neighboring bough. When a cedar falls it is the great event in the calendar of the mountains. The axmen fly; the wild beasts slink to their dens; the partridges swoop to the valley for escape; the neighboring trees go down under the awful weight of the descending monarch; the rocks are moved out of their

places and the earth trembles, as from miles around all the ravines send back their sympathetic echoes. Crash! Crash! Crash! So when the great cedars of worldly or Christian influence fall, it is something terrific. Within the past few years how many mighty and overtopping men have gone down. There seems now to be an epidemic of moral disaster. The moral world, the religious world, the political world, the commercial world, are quaking with the fall of Lebanon cedars. It is awful. We are compelled to cry out with Zechariah, the prophet: "Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen." Some of the smaller trees are glad of it. When some great dealer in stocks goes down, the small dealers clap their hands and say: "Good for him." When a great political leader goes down, the small politicians clap their hands and say: "Just as I expected." When a great minister of religion falls, many little ministers laugh up their sleeves and think themselves somehow advantaged. Ah, beloved brethren, no one makes anything out of moral shipwrecks. Not a willow by the rivers of Damascus, not a sycamore on the plains of Jericho, not an olive-tree in all Palestine, is helped by the fall of a Lebanon cedar. Better weep and pray and tremble, and listen to Paul's advice to the Galatians when he says: "Considering thyself lest thou also be tempted." No man is safe until he is dead, unless he be divinely protected.

A greater thinker than Lord Francis Bacon the world never saw. He changed the world's mode of thinking for all time. His *Novum Organum* was a miracle of literature. With thirty-eight thousand dollars salary, and estates worth millions, and from the highest judicial bench of the world, he went down under the power of bribery, and confessed his crime and was sentenced to the Tower to reap the scorn of

centuries. "Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen." Warren Hastings, rising until he became Governor-General of India, and the envy of the chief public men of his day, plunges into cruelties against the barbaric people he had been sent to rule, until his name is chiefly associated with the criminal trial in Westminster Hall, where upon him came the anathemas of Sheridan, Fox, Edmund Burke, the English nation, and all time. "Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen." As eminent instances of moral disaster are found in our own land and in our own time, instances that I do not recite lest I wound the feelings of those now alive to mourn the shipwreck. Let your indignation against the fallen turn to pity. A judge in one of our American courts gives this experience: "In a respectable, but poor family, a daughter was getting a musical education. She needed one more course of lessons to complete that education. The father's means were exhausted, and so great was his anxiety to help his daughter that he feloniously took some money from his employer, and going home to his daughter, said: "There is the money to complete your musical education." The wife and mother suspected something wrong, and obtained from her husband the whole story, and that night went around with her husband to the merchant's house and surrendered the whole amount of the money and asked forgiveness. Forgiveness was denied, and the man was arrested. The judge, knowing all the circumstances, and that the money had all been returned, suggested to the merchant he had better let the matter drop for the sake of the wife and the daughter. No! he would not let it drop, but did all he could to make the case conspicuous and blasting. The judge says that afterwards that same inexorable merchant was before him for breaking the law of the land. It is a poor rule that

will not work both ways. Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall. Not exultation, but tears, when a cedar is fallen. Yet there is one cedar of Lebanon that always has and always will overtop all others. It is the Christ whom Ezekiel describes as a goodly cedar, and says: "Under it shall come all fowl of every wing." Make your nest in that great cedar; then let the storms beat and the earth rock, time end, and eternity begin, all shall be well.

In my journey up and down Palestine and Syria nothing more impressed me than the trees—the terebinths, the sycamores, the tamarisks, the oleanders, the mulberries, the olives, the myrtles, the palms, the cedars—all of them explanatory of so much of the Scriptures. And the time is coming when, through an improved arboriculture, the round world shall be circumferenced, engirdled, embosomed, emparadised in shade trees and fruit trees and flower trees. Isaiah declares in one place: "The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it," and in another place, "All the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree; instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree." Oh, grandest arborescence of all time. Begin! Begin!

I am so glad that the Holy Land of heaven, like the Holy Land of Palestine and Syria, is a great place for trees; an orchard of them, a grove of them, a forest of them. St. John saw them along the streets and on both sides of the river, and every month they yielded a great crop of fruit. You know what an imposing appearance trees give to a city on earth; but how it exalts my idea of heaven when St. John describes the city on high as having its streets and its rivers lined with them! Oh, the trees! the trees! The jasper walls, the fountains, the temples were not enough. There would have been something wanting

yet. So to complete all that pomp and splendor, I behold the out-branching trees of life! Not like those stripped trees now around us, which, like banished minstrels, through the long winter night utter their dolorous lament, or in the blast moan like lost spirits wandering up and down the gale; but trees whose leaf shall never wither. Whether you walk on the banks of the river, you will be under trees; or by the homes of martyrs, under trees; or by the heavenly temple, under trees; or along the Palace of the King immortal, under trees. "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life." Stonewall Jackson's dying utterance was beautifully suggestive: "Let us cross over and lie down under the trees."

THE KING'S FERRY-BOAT

II Sam., 19: 18: "And there went over a ferry-boat to carry over the king's household."

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Which of the crowd is the king? That short man, sunburnt and in fatigue dress. It is David, the exiled king. He has defeated his enemies, and is now going home to resume his palace. Good! I always like to see David come out ahead. But between him and his home there is the celebrated river Jordan, which has to be passed. The king is accompanied to the bank of the river by an aristocratic old gentleman of eighty years, Barzillai by name, who owned a fine country seat at Rogelim. Beside that, David has his family with him. But how shall they get across the river? While they are standing there I see a ferry-boat coming from the other side, and as it cuts through the water I see the faces of David and his household brighten up at the thought of so soon getting home. No sooner has the ferry-boat struck the shore than David and his family, and his old friend Barzillai from Rogelim, get on board the boat. Either with splashing oars at the side, or with one oar sculling at the stern of the boat, they leave the eastern bank of the Jordan and start for the western bank.

That western bank is black with crowds of people, who are waving and shouting at the approach of the king and his family. The military are all out. Some of those who have been David's worst enemies now shout until they are hoarse at his return. No sooner has the boat struck the shore on the western side than the earth quakes and the heavens ring with cheers of

welcome and congratulation. David and his family and Barzillai from Rogelim step ashore. King David asks his old friend to go with him and live at the palace; but Barzillai apologizes, and intimates that he is infirm with age, and too deaf to appreciate the music, and has a delicate appetite that would soon be cloyed with luxurious living, and so he begs that David would let him go back to his country seat.

I once heard the father of a President of the United States say that he had just been to Washington to see his son in the White House, and he told me of the wonderful things that occurred there, and of what Daniel Webster said to him; but he declared, "I was glad to get home. There was too much going on there for me." My father, an aged man, made his last visit at my house in Philadelphia; and after the church service was over, and we went home, some one in the house asked the aged man how he enjoyed the service. "Well," he replied, "I enjoyed the service; but there were too many people there for me. It troubled my head very much." The fact is that old people do not like excitement. If King David had asked Barzillai thirty years before to go to the palace, the probability is that Barzillai would have gone, but not now. They kiss each other good-by, a custom among men Oriental, but in vogue yet where two brothers part, or an aged father and a son go away from each other never to meet again. No wonder that their lips met as King David and old Barzillai, at the prow of the ferry-boat, parted forever.

This river Jordan, in all ages and among all languages, has been the symbol of the boundary line between earth and heaven. Yet, when, on a former occasion, I preached to you about the Jordanic passage, I have no doubt that some of you despondingly said, "The Lord might have divided Jordan for Joshua,

but not for poor me." Cheer up! I want to show you that there is a way over Jordan as well as through it. My text says, "And there went over a ferry-boat to carry over the king's household." There were a good many people who came by ferry to Brooklyn. Some came from the New York hotels or from Hoboken or from Jersey City or from Staten Island, and returned in the same way. All our cities are familiar with the ferry-boat. It goes from San Francisco to Oakland, and from Liverpool to Birkenhead, and twice every secular day of the week multitudes are on the ferry-boat; so that you will not need to hunt up a classical dictionary to find out what I mean, while I am speaking to you about the passage of David and his family across the river Jordan.

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that, when we cross over from this world to the next, the boat will have to come from the other side. The tribe of Judah, we are informed, sent this ferry-boat across to get David and his household. I stand on the eastern side of the river Jordan, and I find no shipping at all; but, while I am standing there, I see a boat ploughing through the river, and as I hear the swirl of the waters, and the boat comes to the eastern side of the Jordan, and David and his family and his old friend step on board that boat, I am mightily impressed with the fact that, when we cross over from this world to the next the boat will have to come from the opposite shore.

Every day I find people trying to extemporize a way from earth to heaven. They gather up their good works and some sentimental theories, and they make a raft, shoving it from this shore, and poor, deluded souls get on board that raft, and they go down. The fact is, that scepticism and infidelity never yet helped one man to die. I invite all the ship-carpenters of

worldly philosophy to come and build one boat that can safely cross this river. I invite them all to unite their skill, and Bolingbroke shall lift the stanchions, and Tyndall shall shape the bowsprit, and Spinoza shall make the maintopgallant braces, and Renan shall go to tacking and wearing and boxing the ship. All together, in ten thousand years, they will never be able to make a boat that can cross this Jordan. Why was it that Spinoza and Blount and Shaftesbury lost their souls. It was because they tried to cross the stream in a boat of their own construction. What miserable work they made of dying! Diodorus died of mortification, because he could not guess a conundrum which had been proposed to him at a public dinner; Zeuxis, the philosopher, died of mirth, laughing at a caricature of an aged woman — a caricature made by his own hand; while another of their company and of their kind died saying, "Must I leave all these beautiful pictures?" and then asked that he might be bolstered up in the bed in his last moments and be shaved and painted and rouged. Of all the unbelievers of all ages not one died well. Some of them sneaked out of life; some wept themselves away in darkness; some blasphemed and raved and tore their bed-covers to tatters. This is the way worldly philosophy helps a man to die.

A guide at Niagara Falls said to me: "Do you see that rock down in the rapids?" I said, "Yes." "Well," he said, "some years ago a man got into the rapids and floated down until he came to that rock, and he clutched that and held on. We sent five lifeboats at different times out to him, and they were all broken to splinters. After a while we got him some food, but he could not eat it. He seemed to have no appetite. He wanted to get ashore; and the poor fellow held on and held on, and, with a shriek louder

than the thunder of the cataract, he went over." When a man puts out from the shore of this world on the river of Death in a boat of his own construction, he has worse disaster than that — shipwreck, eternal shipwreck.

Blessed be God, there is a boat coming from the other side! Transportation at last for our souls from the other shore; everything about this Gospel from the other shore; pardon from the other shore; mercy from the other shore; pity from the other shore; ministry of angels from the other shore; power to work miracles from the other shore; Jesus Christ from the other shore. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world [a foreigner] to save sinners." I see the ferry-boat coming, and it rolls with the surges of a Saviour's suffering; but as it strikes the earth the mountains rock, and the dead adjust their apparel so that they may be fit to come out. That boat touches the earth, and glorious Thomas Walsh gets into it, in his expiring moment, saying, "He has come! He has come! My Beloved is mine, and I am his." Good Sarah Wesley got into that boat, and as she shoved off from the shore she cried, "Open the gates! Open the gates!" I bless God that as the boat came from the other shore to take David and his men across, so, when we are about to die, the boat will come from the same direction. God forbid that I should ever trust to anything that starts from this side.

Again, my subject suggests that, when we cross over at the last, the King will be on board the boat. Ship-carpentery in Bible times was in its infancy. The boats were not skilfully made and I can very easily imagine that the women and the children of the king's household might have been nervous about going on that boat, afraid that the oarsman or the helmsman

might give out, and that the boat might be dashed on the rocks, as sometimes boats were dashed in the Jordan; and then I could have imagined the boat starting and rocking, and they crying out, "Oh, we are going to be lost! we are going down!" Not so. The king was on board the boat, and those women and children and all the household of the king knew that every care was taken to have the king—the head of the empire—pass in safety.

Now, I want to break up a delusion in your mind, and that is this. When our friends go out from this world, we feel sorry for them because they have to go alone; and parents hold on to the hands of their children who are dying, and hold on to something of the impression that the moment they let go the little one will be in the darkness and in the boat all alone. "Oh," the parent says, "if I could only go with my child, I would be willing to die half a dozen times. I am afraid she will be lost in the woods or in the darkness; I am afraid she will be very much frightened in the boat all alone." I break up the delusion. When a soul goes to heaven it does not go alone: the King is on board the boat. Was Paul alone in the last extremity? Hear the shout of the sacred missionary as he cries out, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Was John Wesley alone in the last extremity? No. Hear him say, "Best of all, God is with us." Was Sir William Forbes alone in the last extremity? No. Hear him say to his friends, "Tell all the people who are coming down to the bed of death, from my experience it has no terrors." "Oh," say a great many people, "that does very well for distinguished Christians; but for me, a common man, for me, a common woman, we can't expect that guidance and help." If I should give you a passage of Scripture that would promise to you pos-

itively, when you are crossing the river to the next world, the King would be in the boat, would you believe the promise? "Oh, yes," you say, "I would." Here is the promise: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Christ at the sick pillow to take the soul out of the body; Christ to help the soul down the bank into the boat; Christ mid-stream; Christ on the other side to help the soul up the beach. Be comforted about your departed friends. Be comforted about your own demise when the time shall come. Tell it to all the people under the sun that no Christian ever dies alone; the King is in the boat.

Again, my text suggests that leaving this world for heaven is only crossing a ferry. Dr. Shaw estimates the average width of the Jordan to be about thirty yards. What! so narrow? Yes. "There went over a ferry-boat to carry over the king's household." Yes, going to heaven is only a short trip — only a ferry. It may be eighty miles, that is eighty years, before we get to the wet bank on the other side; but the crossing is short. I will tell you the whole secret. It is not five minutes across, nor three, nor two, nor one minute. It is an instantaneous transportation. People talk as though, leaving this life, the Christian went plunging and floundering and swimming, to crawl up exhausted on the other shore; and to be pulled out of the pelting surf as by a Ramsgate life-boat. No such thing. It is only a ferry. It is so narrow that we can hail each other from bank to bank. It is only four arms' lengths across. The arm of earthly farewell put out from this side, the arm of heavenly welcome put out from the other side; while the dying Christian, standing mid-stream, stretches out his two arms, the one to take the farewell of earth, and the

other to take the greeting of heaven. That makes four arms' lengths across the river.

Blessed be God, that when we leave this world we are not to have a great and perilous enterprise of getting into heaven. Not a dangerous Franklin expedition to find the Northwest Passage among icebergs. Only a ferry. That accounts for something you have never been able to understand. You never supposed that very nervous and timid Christian people could be so unexcited and placid in the last hour. The fact is, they were clear down on the bank, and they saw there was nothing to be frightened about. Such a short distance — only a ferry. With one ear they heard the funeral psalm in their memory, and with the other ear they heard the song of heavenly salutation. The willows on this side the Jordan and the Lebanon cedars on the other almost interlocked their branches. Only a ferry.

My subject also suggests the fact that, when we cross over at the last, we shall find a solid landing. The ferry-boat, as spoken of in my text, means a place to start from and a place to land. David and his people did not find the eastern shore of the Jordan any more solid than the western shore where he landed, and yet, to a great many, heaven is not a real place. To you heaven is a fog-bank in the distance. Now, my heaven is a solid heaven. After the resurrection has come you will have a resurrected foot, and something to tread on; and a resurrected eye, and colors to see with it; and a resurrected ear, and music to regale it. Smart men in this day are making a great deal of fun about St. John's materialistic descriptions of heaven. Well now, my friends, if you will tell me what will be the use of a resurrected body in heaven with nothing to tread on and nothing to hear and nothing to handle and nothing to taste, then I will

laugh too. Are you going to float about in ether forever, swinging about your hands and feet through the air indiscriminately, one moment sweltering in the center of the sun, and the next moment shivering in the mountains of the moon? That is not my heaven. Dissatisfied with John's materialistic heaven, theological tinkers are trying to patch up a heaven that will do for them at last. I never heard of any heaven I want to go to except St. John's heaven. I believe I shall hear Mr. Toplady sing yet, and Isaac Watts recite hymns, and Mozart play. "Oh," you say, "where would you get the organ?" The Lord will provide the organ. Don't you bother about the organ. I believe I shall yet see David with a harp, and I will ask him to sing one of the songs of Zion. I believe after the resurrection I shall see Massillon, the great French pulpit orator, and I shall hear from his own lips how he felt on that day when he preached the king's funeral sermon, and flung his whole audience into a paroxysm of grief and solemnity. I have no patience with your transcendental, gelatinous, gaseous heaven. My heaven is not a fog-bank. My eyes are unto the hills, the everlasting hills. The King's ferry-boat, starting from a wharf on this side, will go to a wharf on the other side.

Again, my subject teaches that, when we cross over at the last, we shall be met at the landing. When David and his family went over in the ferry-boat spoken of in the text, they landed amid a nation that had come out to greet them. As they stepped from the deck of the boat to the shore, there were thousands of people who gathered around them to express a satisfaction that was beyond description. And so you and I will be met at the landing. Our arrival will not be like stepping ashore at Antwerp or Constantinople, among a crowd of strangers; it will be among friends,

good friends, those who are warm-hearted friends, and all their friends. We know people whom we have never seen, by hearing somebody talk about them very much; we know them almost as well as if we had seen them. And do you not suppose that our parents and brothers and sisters and children in heaven have been talking about us all these years, and talking to their friends? so that, I suppose, when we cross the river at the last, we shall not only be met by all those Christian friends whom we knew on earth, but by all their friends. They will come down to the landing to meet us. Your departed friends love you now more than they ever did. You will be surprised at the last to find how they know about all the affairs of your life. Why, they are only across the ferry; and the boat is coming this way, and the boat is going that way. I do not know but they have already asked the Lord the day, the hour, the moment, when you are coming across, and that they know now; but I do know that you will be met at the landing. The poet Southey said he thought he should know Bishop Heber in heaven by the portraits he had seen of him in London; and Dr. Randolph said he thought he would know William Cowper, the poet, in heaven from the pictures he had seen of him in England; but we will know our departed kindred by the portraits hung in the throne-room of our hearts.

On starlight nights you look up — and I suppose it is so with any one who has friends in heaven — on starlight nights you look up, and you cannot help but think of those who have gone; and I suppose they look down, and cannot help but think of us. But they have the advantage of us. We know not just where their world of joy is; they know where we are.

There was romance as well as Christian beauty in the life of Dr. Adoniram Judson, the Baptist mission-

ary, when he concluded to part from his wife, she to come to America to restore her health, he to go back to Burmah to preach the Gospel. They had started from Burmah for the United States together, but, getting near St. Helena, Mrs. Judson was so much better, she said, "Well, now, I can get home very easily; you go back to Burmah and preach the Gospel to those poor people. I am almost well; I shall soon be well, and then I will return to you." After she had made that resolution, terrific in its grief, willing to give up her husband for Christ's sake, she sat down in her room, and with trembling hand wrote some eight or ten verses, four of which I will now give you:

We part on this green islet, love:
Thou for the eastern main;
I for the setting sun, love:
Oh, when to meet again!

When we knelt to see our Henry die,
And heard his last faint moan,
Each wiped away the other's tears;
Now each must weep alone.

And who can paint our mutual joy
When, all our wandering o'er,
We both shall clasp our infants three,
At home on Burmah's shore?

But higher shall our raptures glow
On yon celestial plain,
When the loved and parted here below
Meet ne'er to part again.

She folded that manuscript; a relapse of her disease came on, and she died. Dr. Judson says he put her away, for the resurrection, on the Isle of St. Helena. They had thought to part for a year or two;

now they parted forever, so far as this world is concerned. And he says he hastened on board after the funeral with his little children to start for Burmah, for the vessel had already lifted her sails; and he says, "I sat down for some time in my cabin, my little children around me crying, 'Mother, mother!' and I abandoned myself to heart-breaking grief. But one day the thought came across me, as my faith stretched her wing, that we should meet again in heaven, and I was comforted."

Was it, my friends, all a delusion? When he died, did she meet him at the landing? When she died, did the scores of souls whom she had brought to Christ, and who had preceded her to heaven, meet her at the landing? I believe it; I know it. Oh, glorious consolation, that when our poor work on earth is done and we cross the river, we shall be met at the landing.

But there is a thought that comes over me like an electric shock. Do I belong to the King's household? Mark you, the text says, "And there went over a ferry-boat to carry over the king's household," and none but the king's household. Then I ask, Do I belong to the household? Do you? If you do not, come to-day and be adopted into that household! "Oh," says some soul here, "I do not know whether the King wants me." He does; he does. Hear the voice from the throne, "I will be a Father to them, and they shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." "Him that cometh unto me," Christ says, "I will in no wise cast out." Come into the King's household. Sit down at the King's table. Come in and take your apparel from the King's wardrobe, even the wedding garment of Christ's righteousness. Come in and inherit the King's wealth. Come in and cross in the King's ferry-boat.

MACHPELAH; OR, EASTER THOUGHTS

Gen., 23: 17, 18: "And the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham . . ."

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Here is the first cemetery ever laid out. Machpelah was its name. It was an arborescent beauty, where the wound of death was bandaged with foliage. Abraham, a rich man, not being able to bribe the King of Terrors, proposes here, as far as possible, to cover up his ravages. He had, no doubt, previously noticed this region, and now that Sarah, his wife, had died — that remarkable woman who at ninety years of age had born to her the son Isaac, and who now, after she had reached one hundred and twenty-seven years, had expired —Abraham is negotiating for a family plot for her last slumber. Ephron owned this real estate, and after, in mock sympathy for Abraham, refusing to take anything for it, now sticks on a big price — four hundred shekels of silver. This cemetery plot is paid for, and the transfer made, in the presence of witnesses in a public place, for there were no deeds and no halls of records in those early times. Then in a cavern of limestone rock Abraham put Sarah, and, a few years after, himself followed, then Isaac and Rebekah, and then Jacob and Leah. Embowered, picturesque, and memorable Machpelah! That "God's Acre" dedicated by Abraham has been the mother of innumerable mortuary resting-places. The necropolis of every civilized land has vied with its metropolis. The most beautiful hills of Europe outside the great cities are

covered with obelisk and funeral vase and arched gateways and columns and parterres in honor of the inhumated. The Appian Way of Rome was bordered by sepulchral commemorations. For this purpose Pisa has its arcades of marble sculptured into exquisite bas-reliefs and the features of dear faces that have vanished. Genoa has its terraces cut into tombs; and Constantinople covers with cypress the silent habitations; and Paris has its *Pere-la-Chaise*, on whose heights rest Balzac and David and Marshal Ney and Cuvier and La Place and Molière, and a mighty group of warriors and poets and painters and musicians. In all foreign nations utmost genius on all sides is expended in the work of interment, mummification and incineration.

Our own country consents to be second to none in respect to the lifeless body. Every city and town and neighborhood of any intelligence or virtue has, not many miles away, its sacred enclosure, where affection has engaged sculptors' chisel and florists' spade and artificer in metals. Our own city has shown its religion as well as its art in the manner in which it holds the memory of those who have passed forever away, by its Cypress Hills and its Evergreens and its Calvary and Holy Cross and Friends' cemeteries. All the world knows of Greenwood, with now about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants sleeping among hills that overlook the sea, and by lakes embosomed in an Eden of flowers. Our American Westminster Abbey, an acropolis of mortuary architecture, a Pantheon of mighty ones ascended, elegies in stone, Iliads in marble, whole generations in peace waiting for other generations to join them. No dormitory of breathless sleepers in all the world has so many mighty dead. Among preachers of the Gospel, Bethune and Thomas De Witt and Bishop Janes and Tyng and Abeel, the

missionary, and Beecher and Buddington and McClintock and Inskip and Bangs and Chapin and Noah Schenck and Samuel Hanson Cox. Among musicians, the renowned Gottschalk and the holy Thomas Hastings. Among philanthropists, Peter Cooper and Isaac T. Hopper and Lucretia Mott and Isabella Graham and Henry Bergh, the apostle of mercy to the brute creation. Among the *literati* the Careys, Alice and Phœbe, James K. Paulding and John G. Saxe. Among journalists Bennett and Raymond and Greeley. Among scientists, Ormsby Mitchell, warrior as well as astronomer, and lovingly called by his old soldiers "Old Star;" the Drapers, splendid men, as I well know, one of them my teacher, the other my classmate. Among inventors, Elias Howe, who, through the sewing machine, did more to alleviate the toils of womanhood than any man that ever lived, and Professor Morse, who gave us magnetic telegraphy; the former doing his work with the needle, the latter with the thunderbolt. Among physicians and surgeons, Joseph C. Hutchinson and Marion Sims and Dr. Valentine Mott, with the following epitaph which he ordered cut in honor of the Christian religion: "My implicit faith and hope is in a merciful Redeemer, who is the resurrection and the life. Amen and Amen." This is our American Machpelah, as sacred to us as the Machpelah in Canaan of which Jacob uttered that pastoral poem in one verse: "There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah."

At this Easter service I ask and answer what may seem a novel question, but it will be found, before I get through, a practical and useful and tremendous question: What will Resurrection Day do for the cemeteries? First, I remark, it will be their supernal beautification. At certain seasons it is customary in all

lands to strew flowers over the mounds of the departed. It may have been suggested by the fact that Christ's tomb was in a garden. And when I say garden, I do not mean a garden of these latitudes. The late frosts of spring and the early frosts of autumn are so near to each other that there are only a few months of flowers in the field. All the flowers we see to-day had to be petted and coaxed, and put under shelter or they would not have bloomed at all. They are the children of the conservatories. But at this season and through the most of the year, the Holy Land is all ablush with floral opulence. You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you supposed indigenous to the far North, and others indigenous to the far South — the daisy and hyacinth, crocus and anemone, tulip and water-lily, geranium and ranunculus, mignonette and sweet marjoram. In the college at Beyrout you may see Dr. Post's collection of about eighteen hundred kinds of Holy Land flowers; while among trees are the oak of frozen climes, and the tamarisk of the tropics, walnut and willow, ivy and hawthorn, ash and elder, pine and sycamore. If such floral and botanical beauties are the wild growths of the fields, think of what a garden must be in Palestine! And in such a garden Jesus Christ slept after, on the soldier's spear, his last drop of blood had coagulated. And then see how appropriate that all our cemeteries should be floralized and tree-shaded.

"Well, then," you say, "how can you make out that the Resurrection Day will beautify the cemeteries? Will it not leave them a ploughed-up ground? On that day there will be an earthquake, and will not this split the polished Aberdeen granite, as well as the plain slab that can afford but the two words, 'Our Mary,' or 'Our Charley'?" Well, I will tell you how

Resurrection Day will beautify all the cemeteries. It will be by bringing up the faces that were to us once, and in our memories are to us now, more beautiful to us than any calla lily, and the forms that are to us more graceful than any willow by the waters. Can you think of anything more beautiful than the reappearance of those from whom we have been parted? I do not care which way the tree falls in the blast of the judgment hurricane, or if the ploughshare that day shall turn under the last rose-leaf and the last china-aster, if out of the broken sod shall come the bodies of our loved ones not damaged, but irradiated. The idea of the resurrection gets easier to understand as I hear the phonograph unroll some voice that talked into it or sung into it a year ago, just before our friend's decease. You start it off, and then come forth the very tones, the very accentuation, the very cough, the very song, of the person that breathed into it once, but is now departed. If a man can do that, cannot Almighty God, without half trying, revivify the voice of your departed? And if he can restore to us the voice, why not the lips and the tongue and the throat that fashioned the voice? And if the lips and the tongue and the throat, why not then the brain that suggested the words? And if the brain, why not the nerves, of which the brain is the headquarters? And if he can return the nerves, why not the muscles, which are less ingenious? And if the muscles, why not the bones, that are less wonderful? And if the voice and the brain and the muscles and the bones, why not the entire body? If man can do the phonograph, God can do the resurrection.

Will it be the same body that in the last day shall be reanimated? Yes, but infinitely improved. Our bodies change every seven years, and yet, in one sense,

it is the same body. On my wrist and the second finger of my right hand there are scars. I made them at twelve years of age, when disgusted at the presence of two warts, I took a red-hot iron and burned them off and burned them out. Since then my body has changed at least a half-dozen times, but those scars prove it is the same body. And we never lose our identity. If God can and does sometimes rebuild a man five, six, ten times in this world, is it mysterious that he can rebuild him once more, and that in the resurrection? If he can do it ten times, I think he can do it eleven times. Then look at the seventeen-year locusts. For seventeen years gone, at the end of seventeen years they appear, and by rubbing the hind leg against the wing make that rattle at which all the husbandmen and vine-dressers tremble as the insectile host takes up the march of devastation. Resurrection every seventeen years.

Another consideration makes the idea of resurrection easier. God made Adam. He was not fashioned after any model. There had never been a human organism, and so there was nothing to copy. At the first attempt God made a perfect man. He made him out of the dust of the earth. If out of ordinary dust of the earth, and without a model, God could make a perfect man, surely out of the extraordinary dust of the mortal body, and with millions of models, God can make each one of us a perfect being in the Resurrection. Surely the last undertaking would not be greater than the first. See the Gospel algebra: ordinary dust minus a model equals a perfect man; extraordinary dust and plus a model equals a resurrection body. Mysteries about it? Yes; that is one reason why I believe it. It would not be much of a God who could do things only as far as I can understand.

Mysteries? Yes; but no more about the resurrection of your body than about its present existence. I will explain to you the last mystery of the resurrection, and make it as plain to you as that two and two make four, if you will tell me how your mind, which is entirely independent of your body, can act upon your body so that at your will your eyes open, or your foot walks, or your hand is extended. So, I find nothing in the Bible statement concerning the resurrection that staggers me for a moment. All doubts clear from my mind, I say that the cemeteries, however beautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones come up. They will come in improved condition. They will come up rested. The most of them lay down at the last very tired. How often you have heard them say, "I am so tired!" The fact is, it is a tired world. If I should go around the world, I could not find a person in any condition of life ignorant of the sensation of fatigue. I do not believe there are fifty persons in any assemblage who are not tired. Your head is tired or your back is tired or your foot is tired or your brain is tired or your nerves are tired. Long journeying or business application or bereavement or sickness have put on you heavy weights. So the vast majority of those that went out of this world went out fatigued. About the poorest place to rest in is this world. Its atmosphere, its surroundings, and even its hilarities are exhausting. So God stops our earthly life, and mercifully closes the eyes and quiets the feet and folds the hands and more especially gives quiescence to the lung and heart, that have not had ten minutes' rest since the first respiration and the first beat. If a drummer-boy in the army were compelled to beat his drum twenty-four hours without stopping, his offi-

cer would be court-martialed for cruelty. If the drummer-boy should be commanded to beat his drum for a week without ceasing, day and night, he would die in attempting it. But under your vestment is a poor heart that began its drum-beat for the march of life thirty or forty or sixty or eighty years ago, and it has had no furlough by day or night; and, whether in conscious or comatose state, it went right on, for if it had stopped seven seconds your life would have closed. And your heart will keep going until some time after your spirit has flown, for the auscultator says that after the last respiration of lung and the last throb of pulse, and after the spirit is released, the heart keeps beating on for a time. What a mercy, then, it is that the grave is the place where that wondrous machinery of ventricle and artery can halt! Under the healthful chemistry of the soil, all the wear and tear of nerve and muscles and bone will be subtracted and that bath of good, fresh, clean soil will wash off the last ache, and then some of the same style of dust out of which the body of Adam was constructed may be infused into the resurrection body. How can the bodies of the human race, which have had no replenishment from the dust since the time of Adam in Paradise, get any recuperation from the storehouse from which he was constructed without going back into the dust? That original, life-giving material having been once added to the body as it once was, and all the defects left behind, what a body will be the resurrection body! And will not hundreds of thousands of such appearing above the Gowanus Heights make Greenwood more beautiful than any June morning after a shower? The dust of the earth being the original material for fashioning the first human being, we have got to go back to the same place to get a perfect body. Factories are apt

to be rough places, and those who toil in them have their garments grimy and their hands smutched. But who cares for that, when they turn out for us beautiful musical instruments or exquisite upholstery? What though the grave is a rough place, it is a resurrection-body manufactory, and from it shall come the radiant and resplendent forms of our friends on the brightest morning the world saw ever. You put into a factory cotton, and it comes out apparel. You put into a factory lumber and lead, and it comes out pianos and organs. And so into the factory of the grave you put in pneumonias and consumptions and they come out health. You put in groans and they come out hallelujahs. For us, on the final day, the most attractive places will not be the parks or the gardens or the palaces, but the cemeteries.

We are not told in what season that day will come. If it should be winter, those who come up will be more lustrous than the snow that covered them. If in the autumn, those who come up will be more gorgeous than the woods after the frosts have penciled them. If in the spring, the bloom on which they tread will be dull compared with the rubicund of their cheeks. Oh, the perfect resurrection body! Almost every one has some defective spot in his physical constitution: a dull ear or a dim eye or a rheumatic foot or a neuralgic brow or a twisted muscle or a weak side or an inflamed tonsil or some point at which the east wind or a season of overwork assaults him. But the resurrection body shall be without one weak spot, and all that the doctors and nurses and apothecaries of earth will thereafter have to do will be to rest without interruption after the broken nights of their earthly existence. Not only will that day be the beautification of well-kept cemeteries, but some of the graveyards

that have been neglected and been the pasture-ground for cattle, and the rooting-places for swine, will for the first time have attractiveness given them. It was a shame that in that place ungrateful generations planted no trees, and twisted no garlands, and sculptured no marble for their Christian ancestry; but on the day of which I speak the resurrected shall make the place of their feet glorious. From under the shadow of the church, where they slumbered among nettles and mullein stalks and thistles and slabs aslant, they shall rise with a glory that shall flush the windows of the village church, and by the bell-tower that used to call them to worship, and above the old spire beside which their prayers formerly ascended. What triumphal procession never did for a street, what an oratorio never did for an academy, what an orator never did for a brilliant auditory, what obelisk never did for a king, Resurrection morn will do for all the cemeteries.

This Easter tells us that in Christ's resurrection our resurrection, if we are his, and the resurrection of all the pious dead, are assured, for he was "the first fruits of them that slept." Renan says he did not rise, but five hundred and eighty witnesses, sixty of them Christ's enemies, say he did rise, for they saw him after he had risen. If he did not rise, how did sixty armed soldiers let him get away? Surely, sixty living soldiers ought to be able to keep one dead man! Blessed be God! He did get away. After his resurrection Mary Magdalene saw him. Cleopas saw him. Ten disciples in an upper room at Jerusalem saw him. On a mountain the eleven saw him. Five hundred at once saw him. Professor Ernest Renan, who did not see him, will excuse us for taking the testimony of the five hundred and eighty who did see

him. He got away, and that makes me sure that our departed loved ones and we ourselves shall get away. Freed himself from the shackles of clod, he is not going to leave us and ours in the lurch. There will be no door-knob on the inside of our family sepulcher, for we cannot come out, of ourselves; but there is a door-knob on the outside, and that Jesus shall lay hold of, and opening, will say: "Good morning! You have slept long enough! Arise! Arise!" And then what flutter of wings, and what flashing of rekindled eyes, and what gladsome rushing across the family lot, with cries of "Father, is that you?" "Mother, is that you?" "My darling, is that you?" "How you all have changed! The cough gone, the croup gone, the consumption gone, the paralysis gone, the weariness gone. Come, let us ascend together! The older ones first, the younger ones next! Quick, now get into line! The skyward procession has already started! Steer now by that embankment of cloud for the nearest gate!" And as we ascend, on one side the earth gets smaller until it is no larger than a mountain, and smaller until it is no larger than a palace, and smaller until it is no larger than a ship, and smaller until it is no larger than a wheel, and smaller until it is no larger than a speck. Farewell, dissolving earth! But on the other side, as we rise, heaven at first appears no larger than your hand. And nearer it looks like a chariot and nearer it looks like a throne and nearer it looks like a star and nearer it looks like a sun and nearer it looks like a universe. Hail, scepters that shall always wave! Hail, anthems that shall always roll! Hail, companionships never again to be broken, and friendships never again to part! That is what Resurrection Day will do for all the cemeteries and graveyards from the Machpelah that was opened by Father

Abraham in Hebron to the Machpelah yesterday consecrated. And that makes Lady Huntington's immortal rhythm most apposite:

When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding arches ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

A BROODING GOD

Ruth, 2: 12: "The Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."

A BROODING GOD

Ruth, 2: 12: "The Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."

Scene: An Oriental harvest-field. Grain standing. Grain in swaths. Grain in sheaves. At the side of the field, a white tent in which to take the nooning, jars of vinegar or of sour wine to quench the thirst of the hot working-people. Swarthy men striking their sickles into the rustling barley. Others twisting the bands for the sheaves, putting one end of the band under the arm, and with the free arm and foot collecting the sheaf. Sun-burned women picking up the stray straws and bringing them to the binders. Boaz, a fine-looking Oriental, gray-bearded and bright-faced, the owner of the field, looking on, and estimating the value of the grain and calculating so many ephahs to the acre; and, with his large, sympathetic heart, pitying the overtasked workmen and the women, with faces white enough to faint, in the hot noonday sun. But there is one woman who especially attracts the man's attention. She is soon to be with him the joint owner of the field. She has come from a distant land for the sole purpose of being kind to an aged woman. I know not what her features were; but when the Lord God sets behind a woman's face the lamp of courage and faith and self-sacrifice there comes out a glory independent of features. She is to be the ancestress of Jesus Christ. Boaz, owner of the field, as soon as he understands that it is Ruth, accosts her with the blessing: "A full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."

Christ compares himself to a hen gathering the chickens under her wings. In Deuteronomy, God is represented as an eagle stirring up her nest. In a great many places in the Psalms, David makes ornithological allusions; while my text mentions the wings of God, under which a poor, weary soul had come to trust. I ask your attention, therefore, this morning, while, taking the suggestion of my text, I speak to you in all simplicity and love of the wings of the Almighty.

First, I remark that they were swift wings under which Ruth had come to trust. There is nothing in all the handiwork of God more curious than a bird's wing. You have been surprised, sometimes, to see how far it could fly with one stroke of the wing; and, when it has food in prospect or when it is affrighted the pulsations of the bird's wing are unimaginable for velocity. The English lords used to pride themselves on the speed of their falcons. These birds, when trained, had in them the dart of the lightning. How swift were the carrier-pigeons in the time of Antony and at the siege of Jerusalem! Wonderful speed! A carrier-pigeon was thrown up at Rouen and came down at Ghent — ninety miles off — in one hour. The carrier-pigeons were the telegraphs of the olden time. Swallows have been shot in our latitude having the undigested rice of Georgia swamps in their crops, showing that they had come four hundred miles in six hours. It has been estimated that, in the ten years of a swallow's life, it flies far enough to have gone around the world eighty-nine times, so great is its velocity. And so the wings of the Almighty, spoken of in the text, are swift wings. They are swift when they drop upon a foe, and swift when they come to help God's friends. If a father and his son be walking by the way and the child goes too

near a precipice, how long does it take for the father to deliver the child from danger? Longer than it takes God to swoop for the rescue of His children. The fact is that you can not get away from the care of God. If you take the steamship, or the swift rail-train, he is all the time along with you. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit, and whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there. If I make my bed in hell, behold! thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there thy hand shall hold me."

The Arabian gazelle is swift as the wind. If it gets but one glimpse of the hunter, it puts many crags between. Solomon four or five times compares Christ to an Arabian gazelle (calling it by another name) when he says: "My beloved is like a roe." The difference is, that the roe speeds the other way; Jesus speeds this. Who but Christ could have been quick enough to help Peter, when the water-pavement broke? Who but Christ could have been quick enough to help the Duke of Argyle, when, in his dying moment, he cried: "Good cheer! I could die like a Roman, but I mean to die like a Christian. Come away, gentlemen. He who goes first, goes cleanest?" I had a friend who stood by the rail-track at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, when the ammunition had given out at Antietam; and he saw the train from Harrisburg, freighted with shot and shell, as it went thundering down toward the battlefield. He said that it stopped not for any crossing. They put down the brakes for no grade. They held up for no peril. The wheels were on fire with the speed as they dashed past. If the train did not come up in time with the ammunition, it might as well not come at all. So, my friends, there are times in our lives when we

must have help immediately or perish. The grace that comes too late is no grace at all. What you and I want is a God — now. Oh! is it not blessed to think that God is always so quick in the rescue of his dear children? When a sinner seeks pardon, or a baffled soul needs help, swifter than thrush's wing, swifter than swallow's wing, swifter than ptarmigan's wing, swifter than flamingo's wing, swifter than eagle's wing, are the wings of the Almighty.

I remark further, carrying out the idea of my text, that the wings under which Ruth had come to trust were very broad wings. There have been eagles shot on the Rocky Mountains with wings that were seven feet from tip to tip. When the king of the air sits on the crag, the wings are spread over all the eaglets in the eyrie, and when the eagle starts from the rock, the shadow is like the spreading of a storm-cloud. So the wings of God are broad wings. Ruth had been under those wings in her infantile days; in the days of her girlhood in Moab; in the day when she gave her hand to Mahlon, in her first marriage; in the day when she wept over his grave; in the day when she trudged out into the wilderness of poverty; in the day when she picked up the few straws of barley dropped by ancient custom in the way of the poor.

Oh! yes, the wings of God are broad wings. They cover up all our wants, all our sorrows, all our sufferings. He puts one wing over our cradle, and he puts the other over our grave. Yes, my dear friends, it is not a desert in which we are placed; it is a nest. Sometimes it is a very hard nest, like that of the eagle, spread on the rock, with ragged moss and rough sticks, but still it is a nest; and, although it may be very hard under us, over us are the wings of the Almighty. There sometimes comes a period in one's life when he feels forsaken. There has been such a

period in your life. You said, "Every thing is against me. The world is against me. The Church is against me. No sympathy; no hope. Everybody that comes near me thrusts at me. I wonder if there is a God, anyhow!" Everything seems to be going slipshod and at haphazard. There does not seem to be any hand on the helm. Job's health fails. David's Absalom gets to be a reprobate. Martha's brother dies. Abraham's Sarah goes into the grave of Machpelah. "Woe worth the day in which I was born!" has said many a Christian. David seemed to scream out in his sorrow, as he said: "Is his mercy clean gone forever? And will he be favorable no more? And hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" Job, with his throat swollen and ulcered until he could not even swallow the saliva that ran into his mouth, exclaims: "How long before thou wilt depart from me, and leave me alone, that I may swallow down my spittle?" Have there never been times in your life when you envied those who were buried? when you longed for the grave-digger to do his work for you? I have seen such days. Oh, the faithlessness of the human heart! God's wings are broad, whether we know it or not.

Sometimes the mother-bird goes away from the nest, and it seems very strange that she should leave the callow young. She plunges her beak into the bark of the tree, and then drops into the grain-field, and into the chaff at the barn-door, and into the furrow of the plowboy. Meanwhile, the birds in the nest shiver and complain and call and wonder why the mother-bird does not come back. Ah! she has gone for food. After a while there is a whirr of wings, and the mother-bird stands on the edge of the nest and the little ones open their mouths and the food is dropped in; and then the old bird spreads out

her feathers, and all is peace. But sometimes God leaves us. He goes off to get food for our soul; and then he comes back after a while to the nest, and says, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it;" and he drops into it the sweet promises of his grace, and the love of God is shed abroad, and we are under his wings — broad wings of the Almighty.

Yes; they are very broad! There is room under those wings for the thousand millions of the race. You say: "Do not get the invitation too large, for there is nothing more awkward than to have more guests than accommodations." I know it. The Seamen's Friend Society is inviting all the sailors. The Tract Society is inviting all the destitute. The Sabbath-schools are inviting all the children. The Missionary Society is inviting all the heathen. The printing-presses of Bible societies are going night and day, doing nothing but printing invitations to this great Gospel banquet. And are you not afraid that there will be more guests than accommodations? No! All who have been invited will not half fill up the table of God's supply. There are chairs for more. There are cups for more. God could with one feather of his wing cover up all those who have come; and when he spreads out both wings, they cover all the earth and all the heavens. Ye Israelites, who went through the Red Sea, come under! Ye multitudes who have gone into glory for the last six thousand years, come under! Ye hundred and forty-four thousand, and the thousands of thousands, come under! Ye flying cherubim and archangel, fold your pinions, and come under! And yet there is room! Ay! if God would have all the space under his wings occupied, he must make other worlds, and people them with other myriads, and have other Resurrection and Judgment days; for broader than all space,

broader than thought, wide as eternity, from tip to tip, are the wings of the Almighty! Under such provision as that can you not rejoice? Come under, ye wandering, ye weary, ye troubled, ye sinning, ye dying souls! Come under the wings of the Almighty, Whosoever will come, let him come. However ragged, however wretched, however abandoned, however woe-begone, there is room enough under the wings — under the broad wings of the Almighty! Oh, what a Gospel! So glorious, so magnificent in its provisions! I love to preach it. It is my life to preach it. It is my heaven to preach it.

I remark, further, that the wings under which Ruth came to trust were strong wings. The strength of a bird's wing — of a sea-fowl's wing, for example — you might guess it from the fact that sometimes for five, six or seven days it seems to fly without resting. There have been condors in the Andes that could overcome an ox or a stag. There have been eagles that have picked up children and swung them to the top of the cliffs. The flap of an eagle's wing has death in it to everything it strikes. There are birds whose wings are packed with strength to fly, to lift, to destroy. So the wings of God are strong wings Mighty to save. Mighty to destroy. I preach him — "the Lord, strong and mighty — the Lord, mighty in battle!" He flapped his wing, and the antediluvian world was gone. He flapped his wing, and Babylon perished. He flapped his wing, and Herculaneum was buried. He flapped his wing, and the Napoleonic dynasty ceased. Before the stroke of that pinion a fleet is nothing. An army is nothing. An empire is nothing. A world is nothing. The universe is nothing. King — Eternal, Omnipotent — he asks no counsel from the thrones of heaven. He takes not the archangel into his cabinet. He wants

none to draw his chariots, for they are the winds. None to load his batteries, for they are the lightnings. None to tie the sandals of his feet, for they are the clouds. He is the Lord God Almighty — a truth that is sad or glad, just according to the position you occupy — just as the castle is grand or terrible, according as you are inside or outside of it. If you are inside of it, it is your defense. If you are outside of it, it is your destruction. The Lord God is a tower, a stronghold, a fortress. Found in him — oh, the gladness of this truth I am preaching! The mighty God. Mighty to save. Our enemies may be strong. Our sorrows may be violent. Our sins may be great. But quicker than an eagle ever hurled down from the crags a hawk or a raven, will the Lord God strike back our sins and our temptations if they assault us when we are once seated on the eternal rock of his salvation. What a blessed thing it is to be defended by the strong wing of the Almighty! Stronger than the pelican's wing, stronger than the albatross's wing, stronger than the condor's wing, are the wings of the Almighty.

I have only one more thought to present. The wings under which Ruth had come to trust were gentle wings. There is nothing softer than a feather. You have noticed, when a bird returns from flight, how gently it stoops over the nest. The young birds are not afraid of having their lives trampled out by the mother-bird. The old whip-poor-will drops into its nest of leaves, the oriole into its casket of bark, the humming-bird into its hammock of moss — gentle as the light. And so, says the Psalmist, "He shall cover thee with his wing." Oh, the gentleness of God! But even that figure does not fully set it forth; for I have sometimes looked into the bird's nest and seen a dead bird — its life having been trampled out

by the mother-bird. But no one that ever came under the feathers of the Almighty was trodden on.

Blessed nest! warm nest! Why will men stay out in the cold, to be shot of temptation and to be chilled by the blast, when there is this divine shelter? More beautiful than any flower I ever saw are the hues of a bird's plumage. Did you ever examine it? The blackbird, floating like a flake of darkness through the sunlight; the meadow-lark, with head of fawn and throat of velvet and breast of gold; the red flamingo, flying over the Southern swamps, like sparks from the forge of the setting sun; the pelican, white and black — morning and night tangled in its wings — give but a faint idea of the beauty that comes down over the soul when on it drop the feathers of the Almighty. Here fold your weary wings! This is the only safe nest. Every other nest will be destroyed. The prophet says so: "Though thou exalt thyself like the eagle, and set thy nest among the stars, yet will I bring thee down, saith the Lord of Hosts." Under the swift wings, under the broad wings, under the strong wings, under the gentle wings of the Almighty, find shelter until these calamities be overpast. Then, when you want to change nests, it will only be from the valley of earth to the heights of heaven; and instead of "the wings of a dove," for which David longed, not knowing that in the first mile of their flight they would give out, you will be conducted upward by the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings Ruth, the beautiful Moabitess, came to trust.

God forbid that in this matter of eternal weal or woe we should be more stupid than the fowls of heaven; "for the stork knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their going; but my people know not the judgments of the Lord."

HARP AND JAVELIN

I Sam., 18: 10, 11: "And David played with his hand as at other times: and there was a javelin in Saul's hand. And Saul cast the javelin; for he said, I will smite David even to the wall with it. And David avoided out of his presence twice."

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What a spectacle for all ages! Saul, a giant, and David, an undersize. An unfortunate war-ballad had been composed and sung eulogizing David above Saul. That song threw Saul into a paroxysm of rage, which brought on one of his old spells of insanity, to which he had been subject. If one is disposed to some physical ailments and he get real mad, it is very apt to bring on one of his old attacks. Saul is a raving maniac and he goes to imitating the false prophets or sibyls, who kicked and gesticulated wildly when they pretended to be foretelling events. Whatever the physicians of the royal staff may have prescribed for the disordered king, I know not, but David prescribed music. Having keyed up the harp, his fingers began to pull the music from the vibrated strings. Thrum! Thrum! Thrum! No use. The king will not listen to the exquisite cadences. He lets fly a javelin, expecting to pin the minstrel to the wall, but David dodged the weapon, and kept on, for he was confident that he could, as before, subdue Saul's bad spirit by music. Again the javelin is flung and David dodges it and departs. What a contrast! Roseate David with a harp and enraged Saul with a javelin. Who would not rather play the one than fling the other? But that was not the only time in the world's history that harp and javelin met. Where their birth-

place was, I cannot declare. It is said that the lyre was first suggested by the tight drawing of the sinews of a tortoise across its shell, and that the flute was first suggested by the blowing of the wind across a bed of reeds, and that the ratio of musical intervals was first suggested to Pythagoras by the different hammers on the anvil of the smithy, but the harp seems to me to have dropped out of the sky and the javelin to have been thrown up from the pit. The oldest stringed instrument of the world is the harp. Jubal sounded his harp in the book of Genesis. David played many of his Psalms on the harp while he sang them. The captives in Babylon hung their harps on the willows. Josephus celebrated the invention of the ten-stringed harp. Timotheus, the Milesian, was imprisoned for adding the twelfth string to the harp, because too much luxury of sound might enervate the people. Egyptian harps, Scottish harps, Welsh harps, Irish harps, have been celebrated. What an inspired triangle! Everlasting honors to Sebastian Erard, who, by pedals invented, called the foot as well as the hand to the harp. When the harpsichord maker for whom he worked discharged him for his genius, the employer not wanting to be eclipsed by his subordinate, Erard had to suffer from the same passion of jealousy in his employer, as threw Saul in my text into the fit during which he flung the javelin at the harpist. The harp is almost human, as you find when you put your finger on is pulse. Other instruments have louder voice, and may be better for a battle charge, but what exquisite sweetness slumbers between the harp strings, waking at the first touch of the tips of the fingers. It can weep. It can plead. It can soothe. It can pray. The flute is more mellow, the trumpet is more startling, the organ is more majestic, the cymbals are more festive, the drum is more re-

sounding, but the harp nas a richness of its own, and will continue its mission through all time, and then take part in celestial symphonies, for St. John says he heard in heaven the harps of God.

But the javelin of my text is just as old. It is about five feet and a half long, with wooden handle and steel point, keen and sharp. But it belongs to the great family of death-dealers, and is brother to sword and spear and bayonet, and first cousin to all the implements that wound and slay. It has cut its way through the ages. It was old when Saul, in the scene of my text, tried to harpoon David. It has gashed the earth with grave trenches. Its keen tip is reddened with the blood of American wars, English wars, German wars, Russian wars, French wars, Crusader wars, and wars of all nations and of all ages. The structure of the javelin shows what it was made for. The plowshare is sharp, but aimed to cut the earth in preparation for harvests. The lightning rod is sharp, but aimed to disarm the lightnings and secure safety. The ax is sharp, but aimed to fell forests and clear the way for human habitation. The knife is sharp, but aimed to cut bread for sustenance. But the javelin is sharp only to open human arteries and extinguish human eyesight and take human life and fill the earth with the cries of orphanage and widowhood and childlessness. Oh, I am so glad that my text brings them so close together that we can see the contrast between the harp and javelin. The one to soothe, the other to hurt; the one to save, the other to destroy; the one divine, the other diabolic; the one to play, the other to hurl; the one in David's skilful hand, the other in Saul's wrathful clutch. May God speed the harp, may God grind into dulness the sharp edge of the javelin.

Now what does all this make you think of? It suggests to me music as a medicine for physical and mental disorders. David took hold of the musical instrument which he best knew how to play and evoked from it sounds which were for King Saul's diversion and medicament. But, you say, the treatment in this case was a failure. Why was it a failure? Saul refused to take the medicine. A whole apothecary shop of curative drugs will do nothing toward healing your illnesses if you refuse to take the medicine. It was not the fault of David's prescription, but the fault of Saul's obstinacy. David, one of the wonders of ages, stands before us in the text administering music for nervous disorder and cerebral disturbance. And David was right. Music is the mightiest force in all therapeutics. Its results may not be seen as suddenly as other forms of cure, but it is just as wonderful. You will never know how much suffering and sorrow music has assuaged and healed. A soldier in the United States army said that on the days the regimental band played near the hospitals all the sick and wounded revived, and men who were so lame they could not walk before, got up and went out and sat in the sunshine, and those so dispirited that they never expected to get home began to pack their baggage and ask about time-tables on steamboat and rail-train. Theodosius, the Emperor, wrathful at the behavior of the people of Antioch, who, on some sudden provocation, tore down the statues of emperor and empress, resolved severely to punish them, but the bishop, knowing that the emperor had a group of boys sing to him while eating at the table, taught the boys a plaintive song in which the people lamented their bad behavior, and the king, under the pathos of the music, cried out: "The city of Antioch is forgiven." The rage of Achilles was assuaged by a harp. Asclepi-

ades swayed rebellious multitudes by a harp. After the battle of Yorktown, when a musician was to suffer amputation, and before the days of anæsthetics, the wounded artist called for a musical instrument and lost not a note during the forty minutes of amputation. Filippo Palma, the great musician, confronted by an angry creditor, played so enchantingly before him that the creditor forgave the debt and gave the debtor ten guineas more to appease other creditors. An eminent physician of olden time contended (of course, carrying our theory too far) that all ailments of the world could be cured by music. The medical journals never report their recoveries by this mode. But in what twilight hour has many a saint of God solaced a heartache with a hymn hummed or sung or played! Jerome of Prague sang while burning at the stake. Over what keys of piano or organ consolation has walked. Yea, in church one hymn has rolled peace over a thousand of the worried, perplexed and agonized. While there are hymns and tunes ready for the jubilant, there is a rich hymnology for the suffering — "Naomi" and "Eventide" and "Autumn Leaves" and "Come, ye disconsolate," and whole portfolios and librettos of tears set to music. All the wonderful triumphs of surgery, and all the new modes of successful treatment of physical and mental disorders are discussed in medical conventions and spread abroad in medical books, and it is high time that some of the millions of souls that have been medicated by music, vocal and instrumental, let the world know what power there is in sweet sound, whether rolling from lip or leaping from tightened chord or ascending from ivory key. Music is a universal language. At the foot of the Tower of Babel language was split into fragments never to be again put together, but one thing was not hurt, and that is music, and it is the

same all the world over. One summer in Russia at a watering-place, we were greeted as we entered a great auditorium, which was filled with thousands of Russians, whose language I could not understand any more than they could understand mine. But after the grand band had, out of compliment to us, played our two great American airs, I stepped on the platform and said to the bandmaster, "Russian air! Russian air!" and then he tapped with his baton on the music rack, and with a splendor and majesty of power that almost made us quail, the full band poured forth their national anthem. They understood our American music, and we understood their Russian music. It is a universal language and so good for universal cure. I should not wonder if in the Day of Judgment it should be found out that more souls have been saved by music than by preaching. I should not wonder if, out of the one hundred and forty thousand ransomed souls that John foresaw before the throne of God, at least one hundred and thirty thousand have been saved by sweet song. Why does not the Church on earth take the hint? Heaven is the great musical center of the universe, the place of doxologies and trumpets and harps; and, in preparation for that place we ought to make more of music on earth. A band of music at Waterloo played the retreat of the Forty-second Highlanders back to their places, and sacred music has returned many a faltering host of God into the Christian conflict with as much determination and dash as Tennyson's "Six Hundred." Who can tell what has been accomplished by Charles Wesley's seven thousand hymns, or by the congregational singing of his time, which could be heard two miles off? When my dear friend, Dio Lewis (gone to rest all too soon), conducted a campaign against drunkenness at the West, and marshaled thousands of the noblest

women of the land in that magnificent campaign, and whole neighborhoods and villages and cities shut up their grog-shops, do you know the chief weapon used? It was the song:

> Nearer, my God, to thee,
> Nearer to thee.

They sang it at the door of hundreds of liquor saloons which had been open for years, and either at the first charge of the campaign or the second the saloon shut up. At the first verse of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," the liquor dealers laughed; at the second verse they looked solemn; at the third verse they began to cry; and at the fourth verse they got down on their knees. You say they opened their saloons again. Yes, some of them did. But it is a great thing to have hell shut up if only for a week. Give full swing to a good Gospel hymn and it would take the whole world for God!

But when in my text I see Saul declining this medicine of rhythm and cadence and actually hurling a javelin at the heart of David, the harpist, I bethink myself of the fact that sin would like to kill sacred music. We are not told what tune David was playing on the harp that day, but from the character of the man we know it was not a crazy madrigal or a senseless ditty or a sweep of strings suggestive of the melodrama, but elevated music, God-given music, inspired music, religious music, a whole heaven of it encamped under a harp-string. No wonder that wicked Saul hated it and could not abide the sound, and with all his might hurled an instrument of death at it. I know there are styles of music that sin admires, and you hear it as you pass the casino or the dance hall, and the devil has stolen most of the fiddles—though I am glad the Ole Bulls have snatched up the charmed strings from their desecration—but it is a fact

that sin has a javelin for sacred sounds. In many churches the javelin of criticism has killed the music, javelin flung from organ loft or from adjoining pew of the supersensitive. Saul's javelin aimed at David's harp. Thousands of people so afraid they may not sing scientifically, they will not sing at all, or sing with such low tone that no one hears them. In many a church the javelin of criticism has crippled the harp of worship. If Satan could silence all the Sunday-school songs and the hymns of Christian worship, he would gain his greatest achievement. When the millenial song shall rise (and it is being made ready) there will be such a roll of voices, such a concentred power of stringed and wind instruments, such majesty, such unanimity, such continental and hemispheric and planetary acclamation, that it will be impossible to know where earth stops and heaven begins. Roll on, roll in, roll up, thou millenial harmony!

See also in my subject a rejected opportunity of revenge. Why did not David pick up Saul's javelin and hurl it back again? David had a skilful arm. He demonstrated on another occasion he could wield a sling, and he could have easily picked up that javelin, aimed it at Saul, the would-be-assassin, and left the foaming and demented monster as lifeless under the javelin as he had left Goliath under a sling. O David, now is your chance. No, no! Men and women with power of tongue or pen or hand to reply to an embittered antagonist, better imitate David, and let the javelin lie at your feet and keep the harp in your hand. Do not strike back. Do not play the game of tit-for-tat. Gibbon, in his history, tells of Bajazet, the great Moslem general, who was brought a captive to the tent of Timur. He had attempted the massacre of Timur and his men. Timur said to him: "Had you vanquished us, I am not ignorant of the

fate which you reserved for myself and my troops, but I disdain to retaliate. Your life and honor are secure, and I shall express my gratitude to God by my clemency to man." Beautiful! Revenge on Christian's tongue or pen or hand is inapt, and more damage to the one who employs it than the one against whom it is employed. What! A javelin hurled at you and fallen at your feet, and you not hurl it back again? Yes. I have tried the plan. I learned it from my father and have practised it all my life, and it works well, and by the help of God and javelins not picked up I have conquered nearly all my foes, and preached funeral sermons in honor of most of them. The best thing you can do with a javelin hurled at you is to let it lie where it dropped, or hang it up in your museum as a curiosity. The deepest wound made by a javelin is not by the sharp edge, but at the dull end of the handle to him who wields it. I leave it to you to say which got the best of that fight in the palace — Saul or David.

See also in my subject that the fact that a man sometimes dodges is not against his courage. My text says that when Saul assailed him, "David avoided out of his presence twice," that is, when the javelin was flung, he stepped out of its direction or bent this way or that; in other words, he dodged. But all those who have read the life of David know that he was not lacking in prowess. David had faults, but cowardice was not one of them. When David, the little man, went out to meet the giant, who was, I guess, about ten feet high, it was a big undertaking, and the inequalities of the struggle were so great that it struck the giant's idea of the ludicrous, and he suggested to the little fellow that he would make a fine dinner for a buzzard or a jackal : "Come to me and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts

of the field." When David went out to meet that giant and conquered him, he demonstrated, as he did on other occasions, his courage. But I am so glad that when Saul flung that javelin, David dodged it, or the chief work of his life would never have been done. What a lesson this is to those who go into useless danger and expose their lives or their reputations or their usefulness unnecessarily. When duty demands, go ahead, though all earth and hell oppose. Budge not one inch from the right position. But when nothing is involved, step back or step aside. Why stand in the way of perils that you can avoid? Go not into quixotic battles to fight wind-mills. You will be of more use to the world and the Church as an active Christian man than as a target for javelins. There are Christians always in a fight. If they go into churches they fight there. If they go into presbyteries or conferences or consociations they fight there. My advice to you is, if nothing is to be gained for God or the truth, stand out of the way of the javelins. As recorded, "David avoided out of his presence twice." Washington was as mighty in his retreats as in his advances. His army would several times have been destroyed if he had not dodged. He dodged on Long Island, he dodged on New Jersey Heights. Lincoln on his way to inauguration at Washington was waited for by assassins, but he took another train and dodged the desperadoes. We have high example of the fact that sometimes a man will serve God best by disappearing from this or that place, this or that environment. A mob brought Christ to the top of the rocks back of Nazareth. They did not like his preaching and they proposed to hurl him down the precipice. But while they were getting ready for the massacre, Christ darted into the crowd, and amid the confusion escaped to Capernaum, and continued exorcising

devils and cooling fevers and filling fish-nets and giving healthy circulation of blood to paralysis, and curing dementia, and turning corpses into living men and women, and doing his chief work. What a good thing he dodged the crowd on the rocks of Nazareth! Likewise at Jerusalem one day, while he was sauntering up and down in Solomon's Porch waiting for an opportunity to say kind words or do a useful deed, the people proposed to pay him for his self-sacrifices by stoning him to death, but the record is, "He escaped out of their hands."

See also in my subject the unreasonable attitude of javelin toward harp. What had that harp in David's hand done to the javelin in Saul's hand? Had the vibrating strings of the one hurt the keen edge of the other? Was there an old grudge between the two families of sweet sound and sharp cut? Had the triangle ever insulted the polished shaft? Why the deadly aim of the destroying weapon against the instrument of soothing, calming, healing sound? Well, I will answer that if you will tell me why the hostility of so many to the Gospel, why the virulent attacks against the Christian religion, why the angry antipathy of so many to the most genial, most inviting, most salutary influence under all the heavens? Why will men give their lives to writing and speaking and warring against Christ and the Gospel? Why the javelin of the world's hatred and rage against the harp of heavenly love? You know and I know men who get wrathfully red in the face and foaming at the mouth and use the gesture of the clenched fist and put down their feet with indignant emphasis and invoke all sarcasm and irony and vituperation and scorn and spite at the Christian religion. What has the Christian religion done that it should be so assailed? Whom hath it bitten and left with hydrophobiac virus in their

veins that it should sometimes be chased as though it were a maddened canine? To head off and trip up and push down and corner our religion was the dominant thought in the life of David Hume and Voltaire and Shaftesbury, and even the Earl of Rochester, until one day in a princely house, in which they blasphemously put God on trial, and the Earl of Rochester was the attorney against God and religion and received the applause of the whole company, when suddenly the Earl was struck under conviction, and cried: "Good God, that a man who walks uprightly, who sees the wonderful works of God and has the use of his senses and reason, should use them in defying his Creator! I wish I had been a crawling leper in a ditch rather than have acted toward God as I have done." Javelin of wit, javelin of irony, javelin of scurrility, javelin of sophistry, javelin of human and diabolic hostility have been flying for hundreds of years, and are flying now. But aimed at what? At something that has come to devastate the world? At something that slays nations? At something that would maul and trample under foot and excruciate and crush the human race? No, aimed at the Gospel harp. Harp on which prophets played with somewhat lingering and uncertain fingers, but harp on which apostles played with sublime certainty, and martyrs played while their fingers were on fire. Harp that was dripping with the blood of the Christ, out of whose heart-strings the harp was chorded and from whose dying groan the strings were keyed. Oh, gospel harp! All thy nerves a-tremble with stories of self-sacrifice. Harp thrummed by fingers long ago turned to dust. Harp that made heaven listen and will yet make all the earth hear. Harp that sounded pardon to my sinful soul and peace over the grave where my dead sleep. Harp that will lead the chant of the blood-washed

throng redeemed around the throne. May a javelin slay me before I fling a javelin at that. Harp which it seems almost too sacred for me to touch, and so I call down from their thrones those who used to finger it, and ask them to touch it now. "Come down, William Cowper, and run your fingers over the strings of this harp." He says, "I will," and he plays:

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins.

"Come down, Charles Wesley, and touch the strings." He says, "I will," and he plays:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.

"Come down, Augustus Toplady, and sweep your fingers across this Gospel harp." He says, "I will," and he plays:

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

"Come down, Isaac Watts, and take this harp." He says, "I will," and he plays:

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die.

"P. P. Bliss, come down, and thrum this Gospel harp." He says, "I will," and he plays:

Hallelujah, 'tis done,
I believe on the Son.

Ineffable harp! Transporting harp! Harp of earth! Harp of heaven! Harp saintly and seraphic! Harp of God! Oh, I like the idea of that old monument in the ancient church at Ullard, near Kilkenny, Ireland. The sculpture on that monument, though chiseled

more than a thousand years ago, as appropriate to-day as then, the sculpture representing a harp upon a cross. That is where I hang it now; that is where you had better hang it. Let the javelin be forever buried, the sharp edge down, but hang the harp upon the cross.

And now upon our souls let the harps of heaven rain music, and as, when the sun's rays fall aslant in Switzerland, at the approach of eventide, and the shepherd among the Alps puts the horn to his lips and blows a blast, and says, "Glory be to God," and all the shepherds on the Alpine heights or down in the deep valleys respond with other blast of horns, saying, "Glory be to God," and then all the shepherds uncover their heads and kneel in worship, and after a few moments of silence some shepherd rises from his knees and blows another blast of the horn, and says, "Thanks be to God," and all through the mountains the response comes from other shepherds, "Thanks be to God;" so this moment let all the valleys of earth respond to the hills of heaven with sounds of glory and thanks, and let it be harp of earthly worship to harp of heavenly worship, and the words of St. John in the Apocalypse be fulfilled: "I heard a voice from heaven as the voice of many waters and as the voice of a great thunder, and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."

RIZPAH ON THE ROCK

II Sam., 21: 10: "And Rizpah the daughter of Aiah took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night."

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Tragedy that beats anything Shakesperian or Victor Hugoian. After returning from the Holy Land I briefly touched upon it, but I must have a whole sermon for that scene. The explosion and flash of gunpowder have driven nearly all the beasts and birds of prey from these regions, and now the shriek of the locomotive whistle which is daily heard at Jerusalem will for many miles around clear Palestine of cruel claw and beak. But in the time of the text those regions were populous with multitudes of jackals and lions. Seven sons of Saul had been crucified on a hill. Rizpah was mother to two and relative to five of the boys. What had these boys done that they should be crucified? Nothing, except to have a bad father and grandfather. But now that the boys were dead why not take them down from the gibbets. No. They are sentenced to hang there. So Rizpah takes the sackcloth, a rough shawl with which in mourning for her dead she had wrapped herself, and spreads that sackcloth upon the rocks near the gibbets, and acts the part of a sentinel watching and defending the dead. Yet every other sentinel is relieved, and after being on guard for a few hours some one else takes his place. But Rizpah is on guard both day and night and for half a year. One hundred and eighty days and nights

of obsequies. What nerves she must have had to stand that. Ah! do you know that a mother can stand anything.

Oh! if she might be allowed to hollow a place in the side of the hill and lay the bodies of her children to quiet rest! If in some cavern of the mountains she might find for them Christian sepulture. If she might take them from the gibbet of disgrace and carry them still farther away from the haunts of men, and then lie beside them in the last long sleep! Exhausted nature ever and anon falls into slumber, but in a moment she breaks the snare, and chides herself as though she had been cruel, and leaps up on the rock shouting at wild beast glaring from the thicket and at vulturous brood wheeling in the sky. The thrilling story of Rizpah reaches David and he comes forth to hide the indecency. The corpses had been chained to the trees. The chains are unlocked with horrid clank and the skeletons are let down. All the seven are buried. And the story ends.

But it hardly ends before you cry out: What a hard thing that those seven boys should suffer for the crimes of a father and grandfather! Yes. But it is always so. Let every one who does wrong know that he wars not only, as in this case, against two generations, children and grandchildren, but against all the generations of coming time. That is what makes dissipation and uncleanness so awful. It reverberates in other times. It may skip one generation, but it is apt to come up in the third generation, as is suggested in the Ten Commandments, which say: "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." Mind you, it says nothing about the second generation, but mentions the third and the

fourth. That accounts for what you sometimes see, very good parents with very bad children. Go far enough back in the ancestral line and you find the source of all the turpitude. "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." If, when Saul died, the consequences of his iniquity could have died with him, it would not have been so sad. Alas, no! Look on that hill a few miles out from Jerusalem and see the ghastly burdens of those seven gibbets, and the wan and wasted Rizpah watching them. Go to-day through the wards and almshouses, and the reformatory institutions where unfortunate children are kept, and you will find that nine out of ten had drunken or vicious parents or grandparents. Yea, day by day on the streets of our cities you find men and women wrecked by evil parentage. They are moral corpses. Like the seven sons of Saul, though dead, unburied. Alas for Rizpah who, not for six months, but for years and years, has watched them. She cannot keep the vultures and the jackals away from them.

Furthermore, this strange incident in Bible story shows that attractiveness of person and elevation of position are no security against trouble. Who is this Rizpah sitting in desolation? One of Saul's favorites. Her personal attractions had won his heart. She had been caressed of fortune. With a mother's pride she looked on her princely children. But the scene changes. Behold her in banishment and bereavement. Rizpah on the rock.

Some of the worst distresses have come to scenes of royalty and wealth. What porter at the mansion's gate hath not let in champing and lathered steed bringing evil dispatch? On what tessellated hall hath there not stood the solemn bier? Under what ex-

quisite fresco hath there not been enacted a tragedy of disaster? What curtained couch hath heard no cry of pain? What harp hath never thrilled with sorrow? What lordly nature hath never leaned against carved pillar and made utterance of woe? Gall is not less bitter when quaffed from a golden chalice than when taken from a pewter mug. Sorrow is often attended by running footmen, and laced lackeys mounted behind. Queen Anne Boleyn is desolate in the palace of Henry VIII. Adolphus wept in German castles over the hypocrisy of friends. Pedro I among the Brazilian diamonds shivered with fear of massacre. Stephen of England sat on a rocking throne. And every mast of pride has bent in the storm, and the highest mountains of honor and fame are covered with perpetual snow. Sickness will frost the rosiest cheek, wrinkle the smoothest brow and stiffen the sprightliest step. Rizpah quits the courtly circle and sits on the rock.

Perhaps you look back upon scenes different from those in which now from day to day you mingle. You have exchanged the plenty and luxuriance of your father's house for privation and trials known to God and your own heart. The morning of life was flushed with promise. Troops of calamities since then have made desperate charge upon you. Darkness has come. Sorrows have swooped like carrion birds from the sky, and barked like jackals from the thicket. You stand amid your slain, anguished and woe-struck. Rizpah on the rock.

So it has been in all ages. Vashti must doff the spangled robes of the Persian court and go forth blasted from the palace gate. Hagar exchanges oriental comfort for the wilderness of Beersheba. Mary Queen of Scots must pass out from flattery and pomp to suffer ignominious death in the castle

of Fotheringay. The wheel of fortune keeps turning, and mansions and huts exchange, and he who rode the chariot pushes the barrow, and instead of the glare of festal lights is the simmering of the peat-fire, and in place of Saul's palace is the rock, the cold rock, the desolate rock.

But that is the place to which God comes. Jacob with his head on a stone saw the shining ladder. Israel in the desert beheld the marshaling of the fiery baton. John on barren Patmos heard trumpeting and the clapping of wings and the stroke of seraphic fingers on golden harps, and nothing but heavenly strength nerved Rizpah for her appalling mission amid the scream of wild birds and the stealthy tread of hungry monsters. The grandest visions of glory, the most rapturous experiences of Christian love, the greatest triumphs of grace have come to the tried and hard-pressed and the betrayed and the crushed. God stooping down from heaven to comfort Rizpah on the rock.

Again, the tragedy of the text displays the courage of woman amid great emergencies. What mother or sister or daughter would dare to go out to fight the cormorant and jackal? Rizpah did it. And so would you if the emergency demanded. Woman is naturally timid and shrinks from exposure and depends on stronger arms for the achievement of great enterprises. And she is often troubled lest there might be occasions demanding fortitude when she would fail. Not so. Some of those who are afraid to look out of door after nightfall, and who quake in the darkness at the least uncertain sound, and who start at the slam of the door and turn pale in a thunder-storm, if the day of trial came would be heroic and invulnerable. God has arranged it so that woman needs the trumpet of some great contest

of principle or affection to rouse up her slumbering courage. Then she will stand under the cross fire of opposing hosts at Chalons to give wine to the wounded. Then she will carry into prison and dark lane the message of salvation. Then she will brave the pestilence. Deborah goes out to sound terror into the heart of God's enemies. Abigail throws herself between a raiding party of infuriated men and her husband's vineyards. Rizpah fights back the vultures from the rock.

Among the Orkney Islands an eagle swooped and lifted a child to its eyrie far up on the mountains. With the spring of a panther the mother mounts hill above hill, crag above crag, height above height, the fire of her own eye outflashing the glare of the eagle's. And with unmailed hand, stronger than the iron beak and the terrible claw, she hurled the wild bird down the rocks. In the French Revolution, Cazotte was brought out to be executed, when his daughter threw herself on the body of her father, and said: "Strike! barbarians! You cannot reach my father but through my heart!" The crowd parted, and linking arms, father and daughter walked out free. During the siege of Saragossa, Augustina carried refreshments to the gates. Arriving at the battery of Portillo, she found that all the garrison had been killed. She snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman and fired off a twenty-six pounder, then leaped on it and vowed she would not leave it alive. The soldiers looked in and saw her daring, and rushed up and opened another tremendous fire on the enemy. The life of James I of Scotland was threatened. Poets have sung those times, and able pens have lingered upon the story of manly endurance, but how few to tell the story of Catharine Douglas, one of the Queen's maids, who ran to bolt

the door, but found the bar had been taken away so as to facilitate the entrance of the assassin. She thrust her arm into the staple. The murderers rushing against it, her arm was shattered. Yet how many have since lived and died who never heard the touching, self-sacrificing, heroic story of Catharine Douglas and her poor, shattered arm. You know how calmly Madame Roland went to execution, and how cheerfully Joanna of Naples walked to the castle of Muro, and how fearlessly Madame Grimaldi listened to her condemnation, and how Charlotte Corday smiled upon the frantic mob that pursued her to the guillotine. And there would be no end to the recital if I attempted to present all the historical incidents which show that woman's courage will rouse itself for great emergency.

But I need not go so far. You have known some one who was considered a mere butterfly in society. Her hand had known no toil. Her eye had wept no tear over misfortune. She moved among obsequious admirers as careless as an insect in a field of blossoming buckwheat. But financial tempest struck the husband's estate. Before he had time to reef sail and make things snug the ship capsized and went down. Enemies cheered at the misfortune and wondered what would become of the butterfly. Good men pitied and said she would die of a broken heart. "She will not work," say they, "and she is too proud to beg." But the prophecies have failed. Disaster transformed the shining sluggard into a practical worker. Happy as a princess, though compelled to hush her own child to sleep and spread her own table and answer the ringing of her own doorbell. Her arm had been nerved for the conflict against misfortune. Hunger and poverty and want and all the other jackals Rizpah scares from the rock.

I saw one in a desolate home. Her merciless companion had pawned even the children's shoes for rum. From honorable ancestry she had come down to this. The cruise of oil was empty and the last candle gone out. Her faded frock was patched with fragments of antique silk that she had worn on the bright marriage day. Confident in God, she had a strong heart to which her children ran when they trembled at the staggering step and quailed under a father's curse. Though the heavens were filled with fierce wings and the thickets gnashed with rage, Rizpah watched faithfully day after day and year after year, and wolf and cormorant by her God-strengthened arm were hurled down the rock.

You pass day by day along streets where there are heroines greater than Joan of Arc. Upon that cellar floor there are conflicts as fierce as Sedan, and heaven and hell mingle in the fight. Lifted in that garret there are tribunals where more fortitude is demanded than was exhibited by Lady Jane Grey or Mary Queen of Scots. Now I ask if mere natural courage can do so much, what may we not expect of women who have gazed on the great sacrifice, and who are urged forward by all the voices of grace that sound from the Bible, and all the notes of victory that speak from the sky. Many years ago the *Forfarshire* steamer started from Hull bound for Dundee. After the vessel had been out a little while, the winds began to rave and billows to rise until a tempest was upon them. The vessel leaked and the fires went out, and though the sails were hoisted fore and aft, she went speeding toward the breakers. She struck with her bows foremost on the rock. The vessel parted. Amid the whirlwind and the darkness all were lost but nine. These clung to the wreck on the beach. Sleeping that night in Long-

stone Lighthouse was a girl of gentle spirit and comely countenance. As the morning dawns, I see that girl standing amid the spray and tumult of contending elements looking through a glass upon the wreck and the nine wretched sufferers. She proposes to her father to take boat and put out across the wild sea to rescue them. The father says, "It cannot be done! Just look at the tumbling surf!" But she persisted and with her father bounds into the boat. Though never accustomed to plying the oar she takes one and her father the other. Steady now! Pull away! Pull away! The sea tossed up the boat as though it were a bubble, but amid the foam and the wrath of the sea the wreck was reached, the exhausted people picked up and saved. Humane societies tendered their thanks. Wealth poured into the lap of the poor girl. Visitors from all lands came to look on her sweet face; and when soon after she launched forth on a darker sea and death was the oarsman, dukes and duchesses and mighty men sat down in tears in Alnwick Castle, to think they never again might see the face of Grace Darling. No such deeds of daring will probably be asked of you, but hear you not the howl of that awful storm of trouble and sin that hath tossed ten thousand shivered hulks into the breakers? Know you not that the whole earth is strewn with the shipwrecked; that there are wounds to be healed and broken hearts to be bound up, and drowning souls to be rescued? Some have gone down and you come too late, but others are clinging to the wreck, are shivering with the cold, are struggling in the wave, are crying to you for deliverance. Will you not, oar in hand, put out from the lighthouse. When the last ship's timber shall have been rent, and the last Longstone beacon shall have been thundered down in the hurri-

cane, and the last tempest shall have folded its wings, and the sea itself shall have been licked up by the tongue of all-consuming fire, the crowns of eternal reward shall be kindling into brighter glory on the brow of the faithful. And Christ, pointing to the inebriate that you reformed, and the dying sinner whom you taught to pray, and the outcast whom you pointed to God for shelter, will say: "You did it to them! You did it to me!"

Again, the scene of my text impresses upon us the strength of maternal attachment. Not many men would have had courage or endurance for the awful mission of Rizpah. To dare the rage of wild beasts and sit from May to October unsheltered, and to watch the corpses of unburied children, was a work that nothing but the maternal heart could have accomplished. It needed more strength than to stand before opened batteries or to walk in calmness the deck of a foundering steamer. There is no emotion so completely unselfish as maternal affection. Conjugal love expects the return of many kindnesses and attentions. Filial love expects parental care, or is helped by the memory of past watchfulness. But the strength of a mother's love is entirely independent of the past and the future, and is, of all emotions, the purest. The child has done nothing in the past to earn kindness, and in the future it may grow up to maltreat its parent; but still from the mother's heart there goes forth inconsumable affection. Abuse cannot offend it; neglect cannot chill it; time cannot efface it; death cannot destroy it. For harsh words it has gentle chiding; for the blow it has beneficent ministry; for neglect it has increasing watchfulness. It weeps at the prison door over the incarcerated prodigal, and pleads for pardon at the Governor's feet, and is forced away

by compassionate friends from witnessing the struggles of the gallows. Other lights go out, but this burns on without extinguishment, as in a gloom-struck night you may see a single star, one of God's pickets, with gleaming bayonet of light guarding the outposts of heaven. The Marchioness of Spadara, when the earthquake at Messina occurred, was carried out insensible from the falling houses. On coming to her senses she found that her infant had not been rescued. She went back and perished in the ruins—illustration of ten thousand mothers who in as many different ways have sacrificed themselves for their children. Oh, despise not a mother's love. If heretofore you have been negligent of such an one, and you have still opportunity for reparation, make haste. If you could only just look in for an hour's visit to her you would rouse up in the aged one a whole world of blissful memories. What if she does sit without talking much: she watched you for many months when you knew not how to talk at all. What if she has many ailments to tell about. During fifteen years you ran to her with every little scratch and bruise, and she doctored your little finger as carefully as a surgeon would bind the worst fracture. You say she is childish now: I wonder if she ever saw you when you were childish. You have no patience to walk with her on the street; she moves so slowly. I wonder if she remembers the time when you were glad enough to go slowly. You complain at the expense of providing for her now. I wonder what your financial income was from one year to ten years of age. Do not begrudge what you do for the old folks. I care not how much you did for them, they have done more for you.

But from this weird text comes rushing in upon my soul a thought that overpowers me. This watch-

ing by Rizpah was an after-death watching. I wonder if now there is an after-death watching. I think there is. There are Rizpahs who have passed death, and who are still watching. They look down from their supernal and glorified state upon us, and is not that an after-death watching? I cannot believe that those who before their death were interested in us, have since their death become indifferent as to what happens to us. Not one hour of the six months during which Rizpah watched seated upon the rocks was she more alert or diligent or armed for her sons than our mother, if glorified, is alert and diligent and armed for us. It is not now Rizpah on a rock, but Rizpah on a throne. How long has your mother been dead? Do you think she has been dead long enough to forget you? My mother has been dead twenty-nine years. I believe she knows more about me now then she did when I stood in her presence, and I am no spiritualist either. The Bible says: "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation." Young man! Better look out what you do and where you go, for your glorified mother is looking at you. You sometimes say to yourself: "What would mother say if she knew this?" She does know. You might cheat her once, but you cannot cheat her now. Does it embarrass us to think she knows all about us now? If she had to put up with so much when she was here, surely she will not be the less patient or excusatory now.

Oh, this after-death watching! What an uplifting consideration. And what a comforting thought. Young mother, you who have just lost your babe, and who feel the need of a nearer solace than that which comes from ordinary sympathy, your mother knows all about it. You cannot run in and talk it

all over with her as you would if she were still a terrestrial resident, but it will comfort you some, I think, yea it will comfort you a good deal, to know that she understands it all. You see that the velocities of the heavenly conditions are so great that it would not take her a half second to come to your bereft heart.

Oh, these watchful mothers in heaven! They can do more for us now than before they went away. The bridge between this world and the next is not broken down. They approach the bridge from both ways, departing spirits, and coming spirits, disimprisoned spirits, and sympathizing spirits. And so let us walk as to be worthy of the supernal companionships, and if to any of us life on earth is a hard grind, let us understand that if we serve faithfully and trust fully our blessed Lord, there will be a corresponding reward in the Land of Peace, and that Rizpah who once wept on a rock now reigns on a throne.

PILATE'S WASH-BASIN

Matt., 27: 24: "He took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it."

PILATE'S WASH-BASIN

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At about seven o'clock in the morning, up the marble stairs of a palace, and across floors of richest mosaic, and under ceiling dyed with all the splendors of color, and between snowbanks of white and glistening sculpture, passes a poor, pale, sick young man of thirty-three, already condemned to death, on his way to be condemned again. Jesus of Nazareth is his name. Coming out to meet him on this tessellated pavement is an unscrupulous, compromising, time-serving, cowardly man, with a few traces of sympathy and fair dealing left in his composition — Governor Pontius Pilate. Did ever such opposites meet? Luxury and pain, selfishness and generosity, arrogance and humility, sin and holiness, midnight and mid-noon.

The bloated-lipped governor takes the cushioned seat, but the prisoner stands, his wrists manacled. In a semicircle around the prisoner, are the Sanhedrists, with flashing eyes and brandished fists, prosecuting this case in the name of religion, for the bitterest prosecutions have been religious prosecutions; and when Satan takes possession of a good man he makes up by intensity for brevity of occupation. If you have never seen an ecclesiastical court trying a man, then you have no idea of the foaming infernalism of these old Jewish Sanhedrists. Governor Pilate cross-questioned the prisoner, and finds right away that he

is innocent, and wants to let him go. His caution is also increased by some one who comes to the Governor and whispers in his ear. The Governor puts his hand behind the ear so as to catch the words almost inaudible. It is a message from Claudia Procula, his wife, who has had a dream about the innocence of this prisoner and about the danger of executing him, and she awakens from this morning dream in time to send the message to her husband, then on the judicial bench. And what with the protest of his wife, and the voice of his own conscience, and the entire failure of the Sanhedrists to make out their case, Governor Pilate resolves to discharge the prisoner from custody.

But the intimation of such a purpose brings upon the Governor an equinoctial storm of indignation. The angry ecclesiastics cannot bear to have their prey escape. They will report him to the Emperor at Rome. They will have him recalled. They will send him up home, and he will be hanged for treason, for the Emperor at Rome has already a suspicion in regard to Pilate, and that suspicion does not cease until Pilate is banished and commits suicide. So Governor Pontius Pilate compromises the matter, and proposes that Christ be whipped, instead of assassinated. So the prisoner is fastened to a low pillar, and on his bent and bared back come the thongs of leather, with pieces of lead and bone intertwisted, so that every stroke shall be the more awful. Christ lifts himself from the scourging, with flushed cheek and torn and quivering and mangled flesh, presenting a spectacle of suffering in which Rubens, the painter, found the theme for his greatest masterpiece. But the Sanhedrists are not yet satisfied. They have had some of his nerves lacerated; they want them all lacerated. They have had some of his blood; they want all of it,

down to the last corpuscle. So Governor Pontius Pilate, after all this painful hesitation, surrenders to the demoniacal cry of "Crucify him!"

But the Governor sends for something — he sends a slave out to get something. Although the constables are in haste to take the prisoner to execution and the mob outside are impatient to gloat upon their victim, a pause is necessitated. Yonder it comes, a wash-basin. Some pure, bright water is poured into it, and then Governor Pilate puts his agitated hands into the water, and rubs them together, and then lifts them, dripping toward the towel fastened at the slave's girdle, while he practically says: "I wash my hands of this whole homicidal transaction. I wash my hands of the entire responsibility; you will have to bear it." That is the meaning of my text when it says, "He took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it."

Behold, in this, that ceremony amounts to nothing, if there are not in it correspondences of heart and life. It is a good thing to wash the hands. God created three-quarters of the world water, and in that suggested cleanliness; and when the ancients did not take the hint, he plunged the whole world under water and kept it there for some time. Hand-washing was a religious ceremony among the Jews. The Jewish Mishna gave particular direction how that the hands must be thrust three times up to the wrists in water, and the palm of the hand must be rubbed with the closed fist of the other. All that well enough for a symbol, but here in the text is a man who proposes to wash away the guilt of a sin which he does not recall and of which he does not make any repentance. Pilate's wash-basin was a dead failure. Ceremonies, however beautiful and appropriate, may be no more

than this hypocritical ablution. In infancy we may be sprinkled from the baptismal font, and in manhood we may wade into deep immersions, and yet never come to moral purification. We may kneel without prayer, and bow without reverence, and sing without any acceptance. All your creeds and liturgies and sacraments and genuflections and religious convocations amount to nothing unless your heart and life go into them. When that bronzed slave took from the presence of Pilate that wash-basin he carried away none of Pilate's cruelty or Pilate's wickedness or Pilate's guilt.

Nothing against creeds; we all have them either written or implied. Nothing against sacraments; they are divinely commanded. Nothing against a rosary, if there be as many heartfelt prayers as beads counted. Nothing against incense floating up from censer amid Gothic arches, if the prayers be as genuine as the aroma is sweet. Nothing against Epiphany or Lent or Ash Wednesday or Easter or Good Friday or Whitsuntide or Palm Sunday, if these symbols have behind them genuine repentance and holy reminiscence and Christian consecration. But ceremony is only the sheath to the sword, it is only the shell to the kernel, it is only the lamp to the flame, it is only the body to the spirit. The outward must be symbolical of the inward. Wash the hands by all means; but, more than all, wash the heart.

Behold, also, as you see Governor Pontius Pilate thrust his hand into this wash-basin, the power of conscience. He had an idea there was blood on his hand — the blood of an innocent person, whom he might have acquitted if he only had had the courage. Poor Pilate! his conscience was after him, and he knew the stain would never be washed from the right hand or the left hand, and until the day of his death, though he

might wash in all the lavers of the Roman Empire, there would be still eight fingers and two thumbs red at the tips. Oh, the power of conscience when it is fully aroused! With whip of scorpions, over a bed of spikes in pitch of midnight, it chases guilt. Are there ghosts? Yes, not of the graveyard, but of one's mind not at rest.

> And thus Brutus, amid his slumbering host,
> Startled with Caesar's stalwart ghost.

Macbeth looked at his hand after the midnight assassination, and he says:

> Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green one red.

For every sin, great or small, conscience, which is the voice of God, has a reproof more or less emphatic. Charles IX, responsible for St. Bartholomew massacre, was haunted by the bitter memories, and in his dying moment said to his doctor, Ambrose Parry: "Doctor, I don't know what's the matter with me; I am in a fever of body and mind, and have been for a long while. Oh, if I had only spared the innocent and the imbecile and the cripple!" Rousseau declared in old age that a sin he committed in his youth still gave him sleepless nights. Charles II, of Spain, could not sleep unless he had in the room a confessor and two friars. Catiline had such bitter memories he was startled at the least sound. Cardinal Beaufort, having slain the Duke of Gloucester, often in the night would say, "Away! away! why do you look at me?" Richard III, having slain his two nephews, would sometimes in the night shout from his couch and clutch his sword, fighting apparitions. Dr. Webster, having slain Park-

man, in Boston, and while waiting for his doom, complained to the jailor that the prisoners on the other side of the wall all night long kept charging him with his crime, when there were no prisoners on the other side of the wall. It was the voice of his own conscience. From what did Adam and Eve try to hide when they had all the world to themselves? From their own conscience. What made Cain's punishment greater than he could bear? His conscience. What made Ahab cry out to the prophet, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" What made the great Felix tremble before the little missionary? Conscience. What made Belshazzar's teeth chatter with a chill when he saw a finger come out of the black sleeve of the midnight and write on the plastering? Conscience! conscience!

Why is it that that man in this audience, with all the marks of worldly prosperity upon him, is agitated while I speak, and is now flushed and now pale, and then the breath is uneven, and then beads of perspiration on the forehead, and then the look of unrest comes to a look of horror and despair? I know not. But he knows and God knows. It may be that he despoiled a fair young life and turned innocence into a waif, and the smile of hope into the brazen laughter of despair. Or it may be that he has in his possession the property of others, and by some stratagem he keeps it according to law, and yet he knows it is not his own, and that if his heart should stop beating this moment, he is responsible for a great mystery, the disappearance of some one who is never heard of, and the detectives were baffled, and the tracks were all covered up, and the swift horse or the rail-train took him out of reach, and there are only two persons in the universe who know of it — God and himself. God present at the time of the tragedy and present at the retrospection,

and conscience — conscience with stings, conscience with pincers, conscience with flails, conscience with furnaces — is upon him; and until a man's conscience rouses him he does not repent. What made that farmer converted to God go to his infidel neighbor and say: "Neighbor, I have four of your sheep. They came over into my fold six years ago. They had your mark upon them, and I changed it to my mark. I want you to have those sheep, and I want you to have the interest on the money, and I want you to have the increase of the fold; and if you want to send me to prison, I shall make no complaint?" The infidel heard of the man's conversion, and he said: "Now, now, if you have got them sheep you are welcome to them. I don't want nothing of those things at all. You just go away from me. Something has got hold of you that I don't understand. I heard you were down at those religious meetings." But the converted man would not allow things to stand in that way, and so the infidel said: "Well, now, you can pay me the value of the sheep and six per cent interest from that time to this, and I shan't say anything more about it. Just go away from me." What was the matter with the two farmers? In the one case, a convicted conscience leading him to honesty, and in the other case a convicted conscience warning against infidelity.

Thomas Oliver was one of John Wesley's preachers. The early part of his life had been full of recklessness, and he had made debts wherever he could borrow. He was converted to God, and then he went forth to preach and pay his debts. He had a small amount of property left him, and immediately set out to pay his debts, and everybody knew he was in earnest; and to consummate the last payment he had to sell his horse and saddle and bridle. That was con-

science. That is converted conscience. That is religion. Frank Tiebout, a converted rumseller, had a large amount of liquor on hand at the time of his conversion, and he put all the kegs and barrels and demijohns in a wagon and took them down in front of the old church where he had been converted, and had everything emptied into the street. That is religion. Why the thousands of dollars sent every year to the United States Treasury at Washington as "conscience money?" Why, it simply means that there are postmasters and there are attorneys and there are officials who sometimes retain that which does not belong to them; and these men are converted, or under powerful pressure of conscience, and make restitution. If all the moneys out of which the State and the United States treasuries have been defrauded should come back to their rightful exchequers, there would be money enough to pay a great part of the State debts and of the United States debt by day after to-morrow.

Conversion amounts to nothing, unless the heart is converted and the pocket-book is converted and the cash drawer is converted and the ledger is converted and the fireproof safe is converted and the pigeon-hole containing the correspondence is converted, and the improvement is noticed even by the canary bird that sings in the parlor, and the cat that licks the platter after the meal, and the dog that comes bounding from the kennel to greet his master. A man half-converted or a quarter-converted or a thousandth part converted is not converted at all. What will be the opened book in the Day of Judgment? Conscience. Conscience recalling misimproved opportunities. Conscience recalling unforgiven sins. Conscience bringing up all the past.

Alas! for this Governor, Pontius Pilate. That night, after the court had adjourned and the Sanhe-

drists had gone home, and nothing was heard outside the room but the step of the sentinel, I see Pontius Pilate arise from his tapestried and sleepless couch, and go to the laver and begin to wash his hands, crying, "Out! out! crimson spot! Tellest thou to me and to God and to the night my crime? Is there no alkali to remove these dreadful stains? Is there no chemistry to dissolve this stain of the carnage? Must I to the day of my death carry the blood of this innocent man on my heart and hand? Out, thou crimson spot!"

The worst thing a man can have is an evil conscience, and the best thing a man can have is what Paul calls a good conscience.

But is there no such thing as moral purification? If a man is a sinner once must he always be a sinner, and an unforgiven sinner? We have all had conscience after us. Or do you tell me that all the words of your life have been just right, and all the thoughts of your heart have been just right, and all the actions of your life just right? Then you do not know yourself, and I take the responsibility of saying you are a Pharisee, you are a hypocrite, you are a Pontius Pilate, and do not know it. You commit the very same sin that Pilate committed. You have crucified the Lord of Glory. But if nine-tenths of an audience are made up of thoughtful and earnest people, then nine-tenths of that audience are asking within themselves, "Is there no such thing as moral purification? is there no laver in which the soul may wash and be clean?" Yes, yes, yes! Tell it in song, tell it in sermon, tell it in prayer, tell it to the hemispheres. That is what David cried out for when he said, "Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, and cleanse me from mine sin." And that is what, in another place, he

cried out for when he said, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

Behold, the laver of the Gospel, filled with living fountains. Did you ever see the picture of the laver in the ancient tabernacle or in the ancient temple? The laver in the ancient tabernacle was made out of the women's metallic looking-glasses. It was a great basin, standing on a beautiful pedestal; but when the temple was built, then the laver was an immense affair, called the brazen sea; and oh, how deep were the floods there gathered! And there were ten lavers beside — five at the right and five at the left — and each laver had three hundred gallons of water. And the outside of these lavers was carved and chased with palm trees so delicately cut you could almost see the leaves tremble, and lions so true to life that you could imagine you saw the nostril throb and the cherubim with outspread wings. That magnificent laver of the old dispensation is a feeble type of the more glorious laver of our dispensation, our sunlit dispensation. Here is the laver holding rivers of salvation, having for its pedestal the Rock of Ages, carved with the figure of the lion of Judah's tribe, and having palm branches for victory, and wings suggestive of the soul's flight toward God in prayer, and the soul's flight heavenward when we die. Come, all the world, and wash all your sins, however heinous, and all your sorrows, however agonizing. Come to this fountain, open for all sins and uncleanness, the foulest, the worst. You need not carry your sins half a second. Come and wash in this glorious Gospel laver. Why, that is an opportunity enough to attract all nations. That is an opportunity that will stand on the Alps and beckon to Italy, and yet stand on the Pyrenees and beckon to Spain, and it will yet stand on the Ural and beckon to Russia, and it will stand at

the gate of heaven and beckon to all nations. Pardon for all sin, and pardon right away, through the blood of the Son of God. A little child who had been blind, but through skilful surgery brought to sight, said: "Why, mother, why didn't you tell me the earth and sky are so beautiful? Why didn't you tell me?" "Oh," replied the mother, "my child, I did tell you often; I often told you how beautiful they are; but you were blind, and you couldn't see!" Oh, if we could have our eyes opened to see the glories in Jesus Christ we would feel that the half had not been told us, and you would go to some Christian man and say, "Why didn't you tell me before the glories in the Lord Jesus Christ?" and that friend would say, "I did tell you, but you were blind and could not see, and you were deaf and you could not hear."

Against the disappointing and insufficient laver of Pilate's infamy and Pilate's cowardice and Pilate's sin I place the brazen sea of a Saviour's pardoning mercy!

WHY HE SAID IT

I Cor., 16: 22: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha."

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The smallest lad knows the meaning of all those words except the last two, Anathema Maran-atha. Anathema, to cut off. Maran-atha, at His coming. So the whole passage might be read: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be cut off at his coming." Well, how could the tender-hearted Paul say that? We have seen him with tears discoursing about human want, and thrilling in tender sympathy with human sorrow; but now he throws those red-hot words into this letter to the Corinthians. Had he lost his patience? Oh, no! Had he resigned his confidence in the Christian religion? Oh, no! Had the world treated him so badly that he had become its sworn enemy? Oh, no! It needs some explanation, I confess, and I shall proceed to show by what process Paul came to the vehement utterance of my text. Before I close, if God shall give his spirit, you shall cease to be surprised at the exclamation of the apostle, and you yourselves will employ the same emphasis, declaring: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha."

If the photographic art had been discovered early enough, we should have the facial proportions of Christ — the front face, the side face, Jesus sitting, Jesus standing — provided he had submitted to that art; but since the sun did not become a portrait-painter until eighteen centuries after Christ, our idea of the Saviour's personal appearance is all guess-work. Still, tradition tells us that he was the most infinitely

beautiful being that ever walked our small earth. If his features had been rugged, and his gait had been ungainly, that would not have hindered him from being attractive. Many men you have known and loved have had few charms of physiognomy. Wilberforce was not attractive in face. Socrates was repulsive. Suwarrow, the great Russian hero, looked almost an imbecile. And some whom you have known and honored and loved have not had very great attractiveness of personal appearance. The shape of the mouth and the nose and the eyebrow did not hinder the soul from shining through the cuticle of the face in all-powerful irradiation.

But to a lovely exterior Christ joined all loveliness of disposition. Run through the galleries of heaven, and find out that he is a none-such. The sunshine of his love mingling with the shadows of his sorrows, crossed by the crystalline stream of his tears and the crimson flowing forth of his blood, make a picture worthy of being called the masterpiece of the eternities. Hung on the wall of heaven, the celestial population would be enchanted but for the fact that they have the grand and magnificent original, and they want no picture. But Christ having gone away from earth, we are dependent upon four indistinct pictures. Matthew took one, Mark another, Luke another, and John another. I care not which picture you take; it is lovely. Lovely! He was altogether lovely.

He had a way of taking up a dropsical limb without hurting it, and of removing the cataract from the eye without the knife, and of starting the circulation through the shrunken arteries without the shock of the electric battery, and of putting intelligence into the dull stare of lunacy, and of restringing the auditory nerve of the deaf ear, and of striking

articulation into the stiff tongue, and of making the stark-naked madman dress himself and exchange tombstone for ottoman, and of unlocking from the skeleton grip of death the daughter of Jairus to embosom her in her glad father's arms. He was lovely — sitting, standing, kneeling, lying down — always lovely. Lovely in his sacrifice. Why, he gave up everything for us. Home, celestial companionship, music of seraphic harps, balmy breath of eternal summer, all joy, all light, all music, he left, and heard the gates slam shut behind him as he came out to fight for our freedom, and with bare feet plunged on the sharp javelins of human and Satanic hate, until his blood spurted into the faces of those who slew him. You want the soft, low, minor key of sweetest music to describe the pathos; but it needs an orchestra reaching from throne to manger, under swing of archangelic baton, to drum and trumpet the doxologies of his praise. He took everybody's trouble — the leper's sickness, the widow's dead boy, the harlot's shame, the Galilean fisherman's poor luck, the invalidism of Simon's mother-in-law, the sting of Malchus's amputated ear. He took everybody's trouble.

Some people cry very easily, and for some it is very difficult to weep. A great many tears on some cheeks do not mean so much as one tear on another cheek. What is it that I see glittering in the mild eye of Jesus? It was all the sorrows of earth, and the woes of hell, from which he had plucked our souls, accreted into one transparent drop, lingering on the lower eyelash until it fell on a cheek red with the slap of human hands — just one salt, bitter, burning tear of Jesus. No wonder the rock, the sky, and the cemetery were in consternation when he died. No wonder the universe was convulsed. It

was the Lord God Almighty bursting into tears! Now suppose that, notwithstanding all this, a man cannot have any affection for him. What ought to be done with such hard behavior? It seems to me that there ought to be some chastisement for a man who will not love such a Christ. Does it not make your blood tingle to think of Jesus coming over the tens of thousands of miles that seem to separate God from us, and then to see a man jostle him out, and push him back, and shut the door in his face, and trample upon his entreaties? While you may not be able to rise up to the towering excitement of the apostle in my text, you can at any rate somewhat understand his feelings when he cried out: "After all this, 'if a man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha.'" Just look at the injustice of not loving him. Now, there is nothing that excites a man like injustice. You go along the street, and you see your little child buffeted, or a ruffian comes and takes a boy's hat and throws it into the ditch. You say: "What outrageous meanness, what injustice that is." You cannot stand injustice. I remember, in my boyhood days, attending a large meeting in Tripler Hall, New York. Thousands of people were assembled in indignation, and the same kind of audiences were assembled at the same time in Boston, Edinburgh and London. Why? Because of a wrong done to one family on the other side of the sea. "A little thing," you say. Ah, that injustice was enough to arouse the indignation of a world. But while we are so sensitive about injustice as between man and man, how insensible we are about injustice between man and God. If there ever was a fair and square purchase of anything, then Christ purchased us. He paid for us, not in shekels, not in ancient coins in-

scribed with effigies of Hercules or Ægina's tortoise or lyre of Mitylene, but in two kinds of coin — one red, the other glittering — blood and tears! If anything is purchased and paid for, ought not the goods to be delivered? If you have bought property and given the money, do you not want to come into possession of it? "Yes," you say, "I will have it. I bought and paid for it." And you will go to law for it, and you will denounce the man as a defrauder. Ay, if need be, you will hurl him into jail. You will say: "I am bound to get that property. I bought it. I paid for it."

Now, transpose the case. Suppose Jesus Christ to be the wronged purchaser on the one side, and the impenitent soul on the other, trying to defraud him of that which he bought at such an infinite price, and how do you feel about that injustice? How do you feel toward that spiritual fraud, turpitude and perfidy? A man with an ardent temperament rises and he says that such injustice as between man and man is bad enough, but between man and God it is reprehensible and intolerable, and he brings his fist down on the pew, and he says: "I can stand this injustice no longer. After all this purchase, 'if any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha.'"

I go still further, and show you how suicidal it is for a man not to love Christ. If a man gets in trouble, and he cannot get out, we have only one feeling toward him — sympathy and a desire to help him. If he has failed for a vast amount of money, and cannot pay more than ten cents on a dollar — ay, if he cannot pay anything — though his creditors may come after him like a pack of hounds, we sympathize with him. We go to his store or house and we express our condolence. But suppose the

day before that man failed William E. Dodge had come into his store, and said: "My friend, I hear you are in trouble. I have come to help you. If ten thousand dollars will see you through your perplexity, I will lend you that amount. Here is a cheque for the amount of that loan." Suppose the man said: "With that ten thousand dollars I could get through until next spring, and then everything will be all right; but, Mr. Dodge, I do not want it; I will not take it; I would rather fail than take it; I do not even thank you for offering it." Your sympathy for that man would cease immediately. You would say: "He had a fair offer; he might have got out; he wants to fail; he refuses all help; now let him fail." There is no one who would have any sympathy for that man.

But do not let us be too hasty. Christ hears of our spiritual embarrassments. He finds that we are on the very verge of eternal defalcation. He finds the law knocking at our door with this dun: "Pay me what thou owest." We do not know which way to turn. Pay? We cannot pay a farthing of all the millions of obligation. Well, Christ comes in and says: "Here is my name; you can use my name. Your name would be worthless, but my red handwriting on the back of this obligation will get you through anywhere." Now suppose the soul says: "I know I am in debt; I cannot meet these obligations either in time or eternity; but O Christ, I want not thy help; I ask not thy rescue. Go away from me." You would say: "That man, why, he deserves to die. He had the offer of help, he would not take it. He is a free agent; he ought to have what he wants; he chooses death rather than life. Ought you not give him freedom of choice?" Though a while ago there was only one ardent man

who understood the apostle, now there are hundreds among us who can say and do say within themselves: "After all this ingratitude, and rejection and obstinacy, 'if any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha.'"

I go a step further, and say it is most cruel for a man not to love Jesus. The meanest thing I could do for you would be needlessly to hurt your feelings. Sharp words sometimes pierce like a dagger. An unkind look will sometimes rive like the lightning. An unkind deed may overmaster a sensitive spirit, and if you have made up your mind that you have done wrong to any one, it does not take you two minutes to make up your mind to go and apologize. Now, Christ is a bundle of delicacy and sensitiveness. How you have shocked his nerves! How you have broken his heart! Did you ever measure the meaning of that one passage: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock"? It never came to me as it did one morning while I was thinking on this subject. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Some January day, the thermometer five degrees below zero, the wind and sleet beating mercilessly against you, you go up the steps of a house where you have a very important errand. You knock with one knuckle. No answer. You are very earnest, and you are freezing. The next time you knock harder. After a while with your fist you beat against the door. You must get in, but the inmate is careless or stubborn, and he does not want you in. Your errand is a failure. You go away. The Lord Jesus Christ comes up at the gate of your heart, and with very sore hand he knocks hard at the door of your soul. He is standing in the cold blasts of human suffering. He knocks. He says: "Let me in. I have come a great way. I have come all the way from Nazareth, from

Bethlehem, from Golgotha. Let me in. I am shivering and blue with the cold. Let me in. My feet are bare, but for their covering of blood. My head is uncovered, but for a turban of brambles. By all these wounds of foot and head and heart I beg you to let me in. Oh! I have been here a great while, and the night is getting darker. I am faint with hunger. I am dying to get in. Oh! lift the latch — shove back the bolt. Will you not let me in? 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.'"

My text pronounces Anathema Maran-atha upon all those who refuse to love Christ. Anathema — cut off. Cut off from light, from hope, from peace, from heaven. Oh, sharp, keen, sword-like words! Cut off! Everlastingly cut off! Behold, therefore, the goodness and severity of God; on them which fell, severity; but toward thee, goodness, if thou continue in his goodness; otherwise thou also shalt be cut off. Maran-atha — that is the other word. "When he comes" is the meaning of it. Will he come? I see no signs of it. I looked into the sky. I saw no signs of the coming. No signal of Christ's appearance. The earth stands solid on its foundation. No cry of welcome or of woe. Will he come? He will. Maran-atha! Hear it, ye mountains, and prepare to fall. Ye cities, and prepare to burn. Ye nations, and receive your doom! Maran-atha! Maran-atha!

HARVEST HOME

John, 15: 1: "My Father is the husbandman."

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Will it not be appropriate if I preach a harvest sermon? This summer having gone in different directions over between five and six thousand miles of harvest fields, I can hardly open my Bible without smelling the breath of new-mown hay and seeing the golden light of the wheat-field. And when I open my Bible to take my text, the Scripture leaf rustles like the tassels of the corn.

We were nearly all of us born in the country. We dropped corn in the hill, and went on Saturday to the mill, tying the grist in the center of the sack so that the contents on each side of the horse balanced each other; and drove the cattle a-field, our bare feet wet with the dew; and rode the horses with the halter to the brook until we fell off, and hunted the mow for nests until the feathered occupants went cackling away. We were nearly all of us born in the country, and all would have stayed there had not some adventurous lad on his vacation come back with better clothes and softer hands, and set the whole village on fire with ambition for city life. So we all understand rustic allusions. The Bible is full of them. In Christ's Sermon on the Mount you see the full-blown lilies and the glossy back of the crow's wing as it flies over Mount Olivet. David and John, Paul and Isaiah find in country life a source of frequent illustration, while Christ in the text takes the responsibility of calling God a farmer, declaring: "My Father is the husbandman."

Noah was the first farmer. We say nothing about Cain, the tiller of the soil. Adam was a gardener on a large scale, but to Noah was given all the acres of the earth. Elisha was an agriculturist, not cultivating a ten-acre lot, for we find him plowing with twelve yoke of oxen. In Bible times the land was so plenty and the inhabitants so few that Noah was right when he gave to every inhabitant a certain portion of land; that land, if cultivated, ever after to be his own possession. Just as now in Nebraska the government on the payment of sixteen dollars will give pre-emption right to one hundred and sixty acres to any man who will settle there and cultivate the soil.

All classes of people were expected to cultivate ground except ministers of religion. It was supposed that they would have their time entirely occupied with their own profession, although sometimes ministers do deal in stocks, I am told, and they are superior judges of horses, and make one think sometimes of what Thomas Fraser said in regard to a man in his day who preached very well, but lived very ill: "When he is out of the pulpit, it is a pity he should ever go into it, and when he is in the pulpit, it is a pity he should ever come out of it."

They were not small crops raised in those times, for though the arts were rude, the plow turned up very rich soil, and barley and cotton and flax and all kinds of grain came up at the call of the harvesters. Pliny tells us of one stalk of grain that had on it between three and four hundred ears. The rivers and the brooks, through artificial channels, were brought down to the roots of the corn, and to this habit of turning a river wherever it was wanted, Solomon refers when he says: "The king's heart is in the hands of the Lord, and he turneth

it as the rivers of water are turned, whithersoever he will."

The wild beasts were caught, and then a hook was put into their nose, and then they were led over the field, and to that God refers when he says to wicked Sennacherib: "I will put a hook in thy nose and I will bring thee back by the way which thou camest." And God has a hook in every bad man's nose, whether it be Nebuchadnezzar or Ahab or Herod. He may think himself very independent, but some time in his life or in the hour of this death he will find that the Lord Almighty has a hook in his nose.

This was the rule in regard to the cultivation of the ground: "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together," illustrating the folly of ever putting intelligent and useful and pliable men in association with the stubborn and the unmanageable. The vast majority of troubles in the churches and in reformatory institutions comes from the disregard of this command of the Lord: "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together."

There were large amounts of property invested in cattle. The Moabites paid one hundred thousand sheep as an annual tax. Job had seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen. The time of vintage was ushered in with mirth and music. The clusters of the vine were put into the wine-press, and then five men would get into the press and trample out the juice from the grape until their garments were saturated with the wine and had become the emblems of slaughter. Christ himself, wounded until covered with the blood of crucifixion, making use of this allusion when the question was asked: "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel and thy garments like one who tread-

eth the wine-vat?" He responded: "I have trodden the wine-press alone."

In all ages there has been great honor paid to agriculture. Seven-eighths of the people in every country are disciples of the plow. A government is strong in proportion as it is supported by an athletic and industrious yeomanry. So long ago as before the fall of Carthage, Strabo wrote twenty-eight books on agriculture; Hesiod wrote a poem on the same subject — "The Weeks and Days." Cato was prouder of his work on husbandry than of all his military conquests. But I must not be tempted into a discussion of agricultural conquests. Standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of the Bible, and standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of our own country — larger harvests than have ever before been gathered — I want to run out the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace in the soul — all these sacred writers making use of that analogy.

In the first place, I remark, in grace, as in the fields, there must be a plow. That which theologians call conviction is only the plowshare turning up the sins that have been rooted and matted in the soul. A farmer said to his indolent son: "There are a hundred dollars buried deep in that field." The son went to work and plowed the field from fence to fence, and he plowed it very deep, and then complained that he had not found the money; but when the crop had been gathered and sold for a hundred dollars more than any previous year, then the young man took the hint as to what his father meant when he said there were a hundred dollars buried down in that field. Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. He who makes light of sin will never amount to anything in

the Church or in the world. If a man speaks of sin as though it were an inaccuracy or a mistake, instead of the loathsome, abominable, consuming and damning thing that God hates, that man will never yield a harvest of usefulness.

When I was a boy I plowed a field with a team of spirited horses. I plowed it very quickly. Once in a while I passed over some of the sod without turning it, but I did not jerk back the plow with its rattling clevises. I thought it made no difference. After a while my father came along and said: "Why, this will never do; this isn't plowed deep enough; there you have missed this and you have missed that." And he plowed it over again. The difficulty with a great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction when the subsoil plow of God's truth ought to be put in up to the beam.

My word is to all Sabbath-school teachers, to all parents, to all Christian workers: Plow deep! Plow deep! And if in your own personal experience you are apt to take a lenient view of the sinful side of your nature, put down into your soul the Ten Commandments which reveal the holiness of God, and that sharp and glittering coulter will turn up your soul to the deepest depths. If a man preaches to you that you are only a little out of order by reason of sin and that you need only a little fixing-up, he deceives! You have suffered an appalling injury by reason of sin. There are quick poisons and slow poisons, but the druggist could give you one drop that would kill the body. And sin is like that drug, so virulent, so poisonous, so fatal that one drop is enough to kill the soul.

Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. Broken heart or no religion. Broken soil or no harvest. Why was it that David and the jailer

and the publican and Paul made such ado about their sins? Had they lost their senses? No. The plowshare struck them. Conviction turned up a great many things that were forgotten. As a farmer plowing sometimes turns up the skeleton of a man or the anatomy of a monster long ago buried, so the plowshare of conviction turns up the ghastly skeletons of sins long ago entombed. Geologists never brought up from the depths of the mountain mightier ichthyosaurus or megatherium.

But what means all this crooked plowing, these crooked furrows, the repentance that amounts to nothing, the repentance that ends in nothing? Men groan over their sins, but get no better. They weep, but their tears are not counted. They get convicted, but not converted. What is the reason? I remember that on the farm we set a standard with a red flag at the other end of the field. We kept our eye on that. We aimed at that. We plowed up to that. Losing sight of that we made a crooked furrow. Keeping our eye on that we made a straight furrow. Now in this matter of conviction we must have some standard to guide us. It is a red standard that God has set at the other end of the field. It is the cross. Keeping your eye on that you will make a straight furrow. Losing sight of it you will make a crooked furrow. Plow up to the cross. Aim not at either end of the horizontal piece of the cross, but at the upright piece, at the center of it, the heart of the Son of God, who bore your sins and made satisfaction. Crying and weeping will not bring you through. "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, plow up to the Cross!

Again, I remark, in grace as in the field there must be a sowing. In the autumnal weather you find the farmer going across the field at a stride of about

twenty-three inches, and at every stride he puts his hand into the sack of grain and he sprinkles the seed-wheat over the field. It looks silly to a man who does not know what he is doing. He is doing a very important work. He is scattering the winter grain, and though the snow may come, the next year there will be a great crop. Now, that is what we are doing when we are preaching the Gospel — we are scattering the seed. It is the foolishness of preaching, but it is the winter grain; and though the snows of worldliness may come down upon it, it will yield after a while glorious harvest. Let us be sure we sow the right kind of seed. Sow mullein stalk and mullein stalk will come up. Sow Canada thistles and Canada thistles will come up. Sow wheat and wheat will come up. Let us distinguish between truth and error. Let us know the difference between wheat and hellebore, oats and henbane. The largest denomination in this country is the denomination of Nothingarians. Their religion is a system of negations. You say to one of them, "What do you believe?" "Well, I don't believe in infant baptism." "What do you believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the perseverance of the saints." "Well, now tell me what you do believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the eternal punishment of the wicked." So their religion is a row of ciphers. Believe something and teach it; or, to resume the figure of my text, scatter abroad the right kind of seed. A minister in New York recently preached a sermon calculated to set the denominations of Christians quarreling. He was sowing nettles. A minister in Boston recently advertised that he would preach a sermon on the superiority of transcendental and organized forces to untranscendental and unorganized forces. What was he sowing? The Lord Jesus

Christ nineteen centuries ago planted the divine seed of doctrine. It sprang up. On one side of the stalk are all the churches of Christendom. On the other side of the stalk are all the free governments of the earth, and on top there shall be a flowering millennium after a while. All from the Gospel seed of doctrine. Every word that a parent, or Sabbath-school teacher or city missionary, or other Christian worker speaks for Christ comes up. Yea, it comes up with compound interest — you saving one soul, that one saving ten, the ten a hundred, the hundred a thousand, the thousand, ten thousand, the ten thousand, one hundred thousand — on, on forever.

Again, I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a harrowing. I refer now not to a harrow that goes over the field in order to prepare the ground for the seed, but a harrow which goes over after the seed is sown, lest the birds pick up the seed, sinking it down into the earth so that it can take root. You know a harrow. It is made of bars of wood nailed across each other, and the under side of each bar is furnished with sharp teeth, and when the horses are hitched to it, it goes tearing and leaping across the field, driving the seed down into the earth until it springs up in the harvest. Bereavement, sorrow, persecution are the Lord's harrows to sink Gospel truths into your heart. These were truths that you heard thirty years ago, but they have not affected you until recently. Some great trouble came over you, and the truth was harrowed in, and it has come up. What did God mean in this country in 1857? For a century there was the Gospel preached, but a great deal of it produced no result. Then God harnessed a wild panic to a harrow of commercial disaster, and that harrow went down Wall street and up Wall street, down Third street and up Third street,

down State street and up State street, until the whole land was torn to pieces as it had never been before. What followed the harrow? A great awakening in which there were five hundred thousand souls brought into the kingdom of our Lord. No harrow, no crop.

Again, I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a reaping. Many Christians speak of religion as though it were a matter of economics or insurance. They expect to reap in the next world. Oh, no! Now is the time to reap. Gather up the joy of the Christian religion this morning, this afternoon, this night. If you have not as much grace as you would like to have, thank God for what you have, and pray for more. You are no worse enslaved than Joseph, no worse troubled than was David, no worse scourged than was Paul. Yet, amid the rattling of fetters, and amid the gloom of dungeons, and amid the horror of shipwreck, they triumphed in the grace of God. The weakest man in the house to-day has five hundred acres of spiritual joy all ripe. Why do you not go and reap it? You have been groaning over your infirmities for thirty years. Now give one round shout over your emancipation. You say you have it so hard; you might have it worse. You wonder why this great cold trouble keeps revolving through your soul, turning and turning with a black hand on the crank. Ah, that trouble is the grindstone on which you are to sharpen your sickle. To the fields! Wake up! Take off your green spectacles, your blue spectacles, your black spectacles. Pull up the corners of your mouth as far as you pull them down. To the fields! Reap! Reap!

Again, I remark, in grace as in farming there is a time for threshing. I tell you bluntly that is death. Just as the farmer with a flail beats the wheat out of straw, so death beats the soul out of the body. Every

sickness is a stroke of the flail, and the sick-bed is the threshing-floor. What, say you, is death to a good man only taking the wheat out of the straw? That is all. An aged man has fallen asleep. Only yesterday you saw him in the sunny porch playing with his grandchildren. Calmly he received the message to leave this world. He bade a pleasant good-by to his old friends. The telegraph carries the tidings, and on swift rail-trains the kindred come, wanting once more to look on the face of dear old grandfather. Brush back the gray hairs from his brow; it will never ache again. Put him away in the slumber of the tomb; he will not be afraid of the night. Grandfather was never afraid of anything. He will rise in the morning of the Resurrection; grandfather was always the first to rise. His voice has already mingled in the doxology of heaven; grandfather always did sing in church. Anything ghastly in that? No. The threshing of the wheat out of the straw. That is all.

The Saviour folds a lamb in his bosom. The little child filled all the house with her music, and her toys are scattered all up and down the stairs just as she left them. What if the hand that plucked four-o'clocks out of the meadow is still? It will wave in the eternal triumph. What if the voice that made music in the home is silent? It will sing the eternal hosanna. Put a white rose in one hand, and a red rose in the other hand, and a wreath of orange blossoms on the brow; the white flower for the victory, the red flower for the Saviour's sacrifice, the orange blossoms for the marriage day. Anything ghastly about that? Oh, no! The sun went down and the flower shut. The wheat threshed out of the straw. "Dear Lord, give me sleep," said a dying boy, the son of one of my elders, "dear Lord, give me sleep."

And he closed his eyes and awoke in glory. Henry W. Longfellow, writing a letter of condolence to those parents, said: "Those last words were beautifully poetic." And Mr. Longfellow knew what is poetic. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

'Twas not in cruelty, not in wrath
That the reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel that visited the earth
And took the flower away.

So it may be with us when our work is all done. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

I have one more thought to present. I have spoken of the plowing, of the sowing, of the harrowing, of the reaping, of the threshing. I must now speak a moment of the garnering. Where is the garner? Need I tell you? Oh, no! So many have gone out from your own circles — yea, from your own family, that you have had your eyes on that garner for many a year. What a hard time some of them had! In Gethsemanes of suffering they sweat great drops of blood. They took the "cup of trembling" and they put it to their hot lips and they cried: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." With tongues of burning agony they cried: "O Lord, deliver my soul!" But they got over it. They all got over it. Garnered! Their tears wiped away; their battles all ended; their burdens lifted. Garnered! The Lord of the harvest will not allow those sheaves to perish in the equinox. Garnered! Some of us remember, on the farm, that the sheaves were put on the top of the rack which surmounted the wagon, and these sheaves were piled higher and higher, and after a while the horses started for the barn; and these sheaves swayed to and fro in the wind, and the

old wagon creaked, and the horses made a struggle, and pulled so hard the harness came up in loops of leather on their back, and when the front wheel struck the elevated floor of the barn, it seemed as if the load would go no farther, until the workmen gave a great shout, and then with one last tremendous strain, the horses pulled in the load; then they were unharnessed, and forkful after forkful of grain fell into the mow.

Our getting to heaven may be a pull, a hard pull, a very hard pull; but these sheaves are bound to go in. The Lord of the harvest has promised it. I see the load at last coming to the door of the heavenly garner. The sheaves of the Christian soul sway to and fro in the wind of death, and the old body creaks under the load, and as the load strikes the floor of the celestial garner, it seems as if it can go no farther. It is the last struggle, until the voices of angels and the voices of our departed kindred and the welcoming voice of God shall send the harvest rolling into the eternal triumph, while all up and down the sky the cry is heard: "Harvest home! Harvest home!"

THE BABE'S ESCAPE

Matt., 2: 13: "Herod will seek the young child to destroy him."

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The cradle of the infant Jesus had no rockers, for it was not to be soothed by oscillating motion, as are the cradles of other princes. It had no canopy, for it was not to be covered by anything so exquisite. It had no embroidered pillow, for the young head was not to have such luxurious comfort. Though a meteor — ordinarily the most erratic and seemingly ungovernable of all sky appearances — had been sent to designate the place where that cradle stood, and a choir had been sent from the heavenly temple to serenade its illustrious occupant with an anthem, yet that cradle was the target for all earthly and diabolical hostilities. Indeed, I give you as my opinion that it was the narrowest and most wonderful escape of the ages that the Child was not slain before he had taken his first step or spoken his first word. Herod could not afford to have him born. The Cæsars could not afford to have him born. The great oppressions and abominations of the world could not afford to have him born. Was there ever planned a more systematized or appalling bombardment in all the world than the bombardment of that cradle?

The Herod who led the attack was treachery, malignity and sensuality impersonated. As a sort of pastime he slew Hycranus, the grandfather of his wife. Then he slew Mariamne, his wife. Then he butchered her two sons, Alexander and Aristobulus. Then he slew Antipater, his oldest son. Then he ordered burned alive forty people who had pulled down

* A Christmas-Day sermon.

the eagle of his authority. He ordered the nobles who had attended upon his dying bed to be slain, so that there might be universal mourning after his decease. From that same death-bed he ordered the slaughter of all the children in Bethlehem under two years of age, feeling sure that if he massacred the entire infantile population that would include the destruction of the Child whose birthplace astronomy had pointed out with its finger of light. What were the slaughtered babes to him, or the many frenzied and bereft mothers? If he had been well enough to leave his bed, he would have enjoyed seeing the mothers wildly struggling to keep their babes, and holding them so tightly that they could not be separated until the sword took both lives at one stroke, and others, mother and child, hurled from roofs of houses into the street, until that village of horseshoe shape on the hillside became one great butcher shop. To have such a man, with associates just as cruel, and an army at his command, attempting the life of the infant Jesus, does there seem any chance for his escape? Then that flight southward for so many miles, across deserts and amid bandits and wild beasts (my friend, the late missionary and scientist, Dr. Lansing, who took the same journey, said it was enough to kill the Madonna and the Child), and poor residence in Cairo, Egypt. You know how difficult it is to take an ordinary child successfully through the disorders that are sure to assail it even in comfortable homes and with all delicate ministries, and then think of the exposure of that famous Babe in villages and lands where all sanitary laws were set at defiance, his first hours on earth spent in a room without any doors, and oftimes swept by chilled night winds; then afterward riding many days under hot tropical sun, and part of many nights, lest the avenger overtake the fugitive before he could be hidden in another land!

The Sanhedrin also were affronted at the report of this mysterious arrival of a child that might upset all conventionalities and threaten the throne of the nation. "Shut the door and bolt it and double-bar it against him," cried all political and ecclesiastical power. Christ on a retreat when only a few days of age, with all the privations and hardships and sufferings of retreat! When the glad news came that Herod was dead, and the Madonna was packing up and taking her Child home, bad news also came, that Archelaus, the son, had taken the throne — another crowned infamy. What chance for the Babe's life? Will not some short grave hold the wondrous Infant?"

"Put him to death!" was the order all up and down Palestine, and all up and down the desert between Bethlehem and Cairo. The cry was, "Here comes an iconoclast of all established order! Here comes an aspirant for the crown of Augustus! If found on the streets of Bethlehem, dash him to death on the pavement! If found on a hill, hurl him down the rocks! Away with him!" But the Babe got home in safety, and passed up from infancy to youth, and from youth to manhood, and from carpenter-shop to Messiahship, and from Messiahship to Enthronement, until the mightiest name on earth is Jesus, and there is no mightier name in heaven.

What I want to call your attention to is your narrow escape and mine, and the world's narrow escape. Suppose that attempt on the young Child's life had been successful! Suppose that delegation of wise men, who were to report to Herod immediately after they discovered the hard bed in Bethlehem caravansary, had obeyed orders and reported! Suppose the beast carrying the Madonna and the Child in the flight had stumbled and flung to death its riders! Suppose Archelaus had got his hands on the Babe that his father had failed to find! Suppose that among

the children dashed from the Bethlehem house-tops, or separated by sword of the enraged constabulary, Jesus had perished!

Then, to begin on the outermost rim of my subject, Christmas festivities would never have been observed, Christmas carols never sung, Christmas gifts never bestowed, Christmas games never played, Christmas bells never rung. What an awful subtraction from the world's brightness would have been the making of December twenty-fifth like other days of the year! Glorious day! After brightening England and Holland and Germany for centuries, it stepped across the sea and pronounced its benediction on our shores. Why, we never get over the Christmases of our childhood! Father and mother joined in them. They forgot their rheumastisms and shortness of breath, and for a while threw off the sorrows of a lifetime, while they struggled with us as to who should first in the morning shout the "Merry Christmas!" Then, there were all the innocent mysteries as to who brought the presents, and the wonderment as to how sleighs drawn by reindeer could come down the perpendicular, and afterward the disappointment as some older brother or sister, with all the pride of discovery, tried to persuade us that the chimney had not been the channel of generous descent. Oh, what times they were, the Christmases of our boyhood and girlhood days! We still feel in our pulses some of the exuberance which we then unwittingly stored up for future times, when the eye might lose some of its luster, and the foot some of its spring, and the heart some of its rebound. How holly and rosemary and ivy and mistletoe looked, interwoven! The Puritans may not have liked the day, and John Calvin may have pronounced it superstitious and feared it would bring into religious observance the Saturnalia of the heathen; the decorations of

ivy inappropriate, because ivy had been dedicated to Bacchus, and mistletoe inappropriate, because mistletoe had been associated with Druidical rites; but we testify that Christmas never did us any harm, and the only objection we ever expressed was that it was so long a time from Christmas to Christmas. Ecclesiastical controversy as to whether it ought to be celebrated on the sixth of January or twenty-ninth of March or twenty-ninth of September or twenty-fifth of December did not bother us then any more than it bothers us now. It always came at the right time, although a little late, and now we realize that Christmas comes opportunely, just after the shortest day of the year, December twenty-first, and at the time when days are lengthening and the sun is recommencing its upward course, telling us that spring and summer are coming. Oh, what a forest of Christmas trees — trees bearing twelve manner of fruits — now standing throughout the households of Christendom! Oh, what hosannas are ascending on this day, the Christmas of a Saviour's birth, this year blending with the Sabbath of a Saviour's resurrection! Do you not feel the thrill, the glow, the enlargement, the triumph of this day, and will not your charities go forth until you sympathize with the quaint old Christmas carol — so old I do not know who wrote it — its title, "Scatter Your Crumbs:"

Midst the freezing sleet and snow,
The timid robin comes;
In pity, drive him not away,
But scatter out your crumbs.

And leave your door upon the latch
For whosoever comes;
The poorer they, more welcome give,
And scatter out your crumbs.

All have to spare, none are too poor
When want with winter comes,
And life is never all your own;
Then scatter out the crumbs.

Soon winter falls upon your life,
The day of reckoning comes;
Against your sins, by high decree,
Are weighed those scattered crumbs.

Can the angel which St. John saw, with measuring-rod measuring heaven, or can any seraphic intelligence calculate the magnificent effect which eighteen hundred and ninety-eight Christmas mornings, and eighteen hundred and ninety-eight Christmas noons, and eighteen hundred and ninety-eight Christmas nights have had on our poor old planet? Let us thank God that we live to see this Christmas, the bells of which ring out so clear, so inspiring, so jubilant — bells of family reunion, bells of church jubilee, bells of national victory! But had either Melchior or Balthazar or Caspar, the three wise men of the East, who had put down the sacks of aromatic frankincense or bags of chinking gold by the bare feet of the infant Lord, reported to Herod's palace the place where they found the Child, the swift horses of executioners would have carried death to that Babe cradled in Mary's arm, and the Bethlehem Star would have been a star of tragedy; and, instead of a Song of Nativity, which the nations are now chanting, this day would be chiefly memorable for the shriek of bereft motherhood.

Still further remarking upon the narrow escape which you and I, and all the world had in that Babe's escape, let me say that had that Herodic plot been successful, the one instance of absolutely perfect character would never have been unfolded. The world had exulted in the lives of many splendid men

before Christ came. It had admired its Plato among philosophers, its Mithridates among heroes, its Herodotus among historians, its Phidias among sculptors, its Homer among poets, its Æsop among fabulists, its Æschylus among dramatists, its Demosthenes among orators, its Æsculapius among physicians; yet among the contemporaries of those men there were two opinions, as now there are two opinions, concerning every remarkable man. There were plenty in those days who said of them, "He cannot speak," or "He cannot sing," or "He cannot philosophize," or "His military achievement was a mere accident," or "His chisel, his pen, his medical prescription never deserved the applause given." But concerning this full-grown Christ, whose life was launched on that first Christmas, the moan of camels, and the bleat of sheep, and the low of cattle mingling with the Babe's first cry, while clouds that night were resonant with music, and star pointing down whispered to star, "Look, there he is!" Although the detectives of Herod and Pilate and Sanhedrin had watched him by day and watched him by night, year after year, that Christ was reported innocent. It was found out that when he talked to the vagrant woman in the temple, it was to tell her to "Go and sin no more," and that if he spoke with the penitent thief, it was to promise him Paradise within twenty-four hours; and that as he moved about he dropped ease of pain upon the invalid's pillow, or light upon the eye that lacked optic nerve, or put bread into the hands of the hungry, or took from the Oriental hearse the dead young man and vitalized him, and said to the widowed mother, "Here he is, alive and well!" and she cried, "My boy! my boy!" and he responded, "Mother! mother!" And the sea, tossing too roughly some of his friends, by a word easier than a

nurse's word to a petulant child, he made it keep still. The very judge who for other reasons allowed him to be put to death declared, "I find no fault in him!" Was there ever a life so thoroughly ransacked and hypercriticised that turned out to be so perfect a life? Now, can you imagine what would have been the calamity to earth and heaven; what a bereavement to all history; what swindling, not only of the human race, but of cherubim and seraphim and archangel, if because of infernal incursion upon the bed of that Bethlehem Babe, this life of divine and glorious manhood had never been lived? The Christic parables would never have been uttered; the Sermon on the Mount, all a-drip with benedictions, never preached; the Golden Rule, in picture-frame of everlasting love, would never have been hung up for the universe to gaze upon and admire.

Can you imagine what a loss of the world's literature would be the removal of all Christ ever did and said? It would tear down the most important shelves of yonder Congressional Library and of the Vatican Library and of British Museum, and the libraries of Berlin and Bonn and Vienna and Madrid and St. Petersburg. And St. Paul's life would have been an impossibility, and his Epistles would never have been written, and St. John, from the basaltic caverns of Patmos, would never have heard the Seven Trumpets or seen the heavenly walls with twelve layers of illumined crystallization. Oh, wise men of the East! I am so glad you did not report to the imperial scoundrel at Jerusalem where the Babe was, for the hounds would have soon torn to pieces the Lamb, and I am so glad that not only did you bring the frankincense and the myrrh to the room in that caravansary, but that you brought the gold which paid his traveling expenses and those of Joseph and Mary

in that long and dangerous flight to Cairo in Egypt, and paid their lodging and board there, and paid their way back again. Well enough to bring to the barn of the Saviour's nativity the flowers, for they aromatized the dreadful atmosphere of the stables, but the gold was just then the most important offering. So now the Lord accepts your prayers, for they are the perfume of heaven; but he asks also for the gold which will pay the expense of taking Christ to all nations.

Still further remarking upon the narrow escape which you and I and the world had in the diversion of the persecutors from the place of nativity, let me say that had that Herodic raid upon the swaddling clothes been successful, the world would never have known the value of a righteous peace. Much has been made of the fact that the world was at peace when Christ came. Yes! But what kind of a peace was it? It was a peace worse than war. It was the peace of a graveyard. The Roman eagles had plucked out the world's eyesight and plunged their beaks through the heart of dead nations. It was a peace like that spoken of by a dying Indian chieftain when a Christian home missionary said to him, "You have been a warrior, and I suppose have been in many feuds; but you must be at peace with all your enemies in order to die aright." The dying chieftain replied, "That's easy enough. I am at peace with all my enemies, for I have killed all of them." That was the style of peace on earth when Christ came; but the spirit of arbitration, which is to garland the tomb of this century and coronet the brow of the coming century, is the result of the midnight anthem above Bethlehem, two bars to that music, the first of divine ascription, and the second of earthly pacification. "Glory to God and peace to men." In his man-

hood Christ pronounced the same doctrine, "Blessed are the merciful." Before the Bethlehem star flashed its significance, the theory was, "Blessed is wholesale cut-throatery. Blessed are those who can kill the most antagonists. Blessed are those who can most skilfully wield the battle-ax. Blessed are those who can stab the deepest with spear, or roll a chariot-wheel over the most wounded, or put his charger's hoof on the most dead." The entirely new theory of our Christ was blessing for cursing, prayer for those who despitefully use you, foundries to turn spears into pruning-hooks, red-hot furnaces to melt swords into moulds shaped like plowshares. If gigantic acerbities and world-wide tigerisms had, without any Gospel opposition, gone on until now and been augmented by eighteen hundred and ninety-eight years of ferocity, by this time what would this world have been turned into? You need not remind me of the awful wars since the opening of the year one of our Christian era; for if the earth has been again and again lacerated into an Aceldama through improved arsenals of death, and more rapidity of fire through Prussian breech-loader, which in 1866 startled the nations with unprecedented havoc, eclipsed by contrivances that can sweep vaster numbers to death by one volley; and telegraphy adding to gunnery new facilities for slaughter by instantly ordering armies to where they can do the most wholesale murder — I say if all this woe has been wrought, how much worse would it have been if the Christly revelation had not been let down from heaven on five-runged ladder of musical staff, and there had been no preaching of good-will all up and down Christendom for nineteen centuries! The Bethlehem manger has given the most potent suggestion of peace the world has ever

received. The cavalry horses cannot eat out of that manger.

I take another step forward in showing the narrow escape you and I had and the world had in the concealment of Christ's birthplace from the Herodic detectives, and the clubs with which they would have dashed the Babe's life out, when I say that without the life that began that night in Bethlehem, the world would have had no illumined death-beds. Before the time of Christ, good people closed their earthly lives in peace, while depending upon the Christ to come; and there were antediluvian saints, and Assyrian saints and Egyptian saints and Grecian saints and Jerusalem saints long before the clouds above Bethlehem became a balcony filled with the best singers of a world where they all sing; but I cannot read that there was anything more than a quieting guess that came to those before-Christ death-beds. Job said something bordering on the confident, but it was mixed up with a story of "skin-worms" that would destroy his body. Abraham and Jacob had a little light on the dying pillow, but compared with the after-Christ death-beds. it was like the dim tallow candle of old beside the modern cluster of lights electric. I know Elijah went up in memorable manner, but it was a terrible way to go — a whirlwind of fire that must have been splendid to look at by those who stood on the banks of the Jordan, but it was a mode of ascent that required more nerve than you and I ever had, to be a placid occupant of a chariot drawn by such a wild team. The triumphant death-beds, as far as I know, were the after-Christ death-beds. What a procession of hosannas have marched through the dying room of the saints of the last nineteen centuries! What cavalcade of mounted hallelujahs has galloped through the dying visions of the

last nineteen centuries! Peaceful death-beds in the years B. C.! Triumphant death-beds, for the most part, reserved for the years A. D.! Behold the death-beds of the Wesleys, of the Doddridges, of the Leigh Richmonds, of the Edward Paysons; of Vara, the converted heathen chieftain, crying in his last moments, "The canoe is in the sea. The sails are spread. She is ready for the gale. I have a good Pilot to guide me. My outside man and my inside man differ. Let the one rot till the trumpet shall sound, but let my soul wing her way to the throne of Jesus." Of dying John Fletcher, who entered his pulpit to preach, though his doctors forbade him, and then descended to the communion table, saying, "I am going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim before the mercy-seat," thousands of people a few days after following him to the grave, saying:

> With heavenly weapons he has fought
> The battles of the Lord,
> Finished his course and kept the faith,
> And gained the great reward.

Of pastor Emille Cook, the great French evangelist, who sat in my church in Brooklyn one Sunday morning, and in a few days shipwrecked and dying, after his wife said to him, "God will help you, my dear; he will give you peace," replying, "But I have it — peace! I have it!" Of Prince Albert, quoting with his last breath, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee!" Of the dying soldier who had been shot through the mouth and could not talk, and when the chaplain approached him, motioned for pencil and paper and wrote, "I am a Christian, prepared to die. Rally round the flag! Rally round the flag!" Of John Brown, of Haddington, who said, "I desire to depart and be with Christ, and though

I have lived sixty years very comfortably in this world, I would turn my back upon you all to be with Christ. There is no one like Christ — no one like Christ. I have been looking at him these many year, and never yet could find any fault in him but was of my own making, though he has seen ten thousand faults in me. Oh, what must he be in himself, when it is he that sweetens heaven, sweetens Scripture, sweetens ordinances, sweetens earth, sweetens trial." Of John Janeway, saying in his last moments, "I have done with prayer and all other ordinances. Before a few hours are over I shall be in eternity, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. I shall presently stand on Mount Zion with an innumerable company of angels and with spirits of just men made perfect, and with Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant. Hallelujah!" Some one ought to preach a course of sermons on triumphant Christian death-beds, and then let some one preach a sermon on triumphant infidel death-beds — that is, if he can hear or read of one of this latter kind. I never heard of one. Do tell us of one. There never was one. And had the Babe of Bethlehem died the same week in which he was born, there never would have been a triumphant Christian death-bed. It is the wonderful story of Christ, now rapidly filling the earth, that makes triumphant Christian death-beds. The Bethlehem Star had to give way before the rising Sun which was to become the noonday Sun of Righteousness.

Are you ready now for a thought that overtowers all other thoughts in importance and grandeur? Pray that you may be ready. It as far exceeds anything I have said as all the gold mines of California, developed and undeveloped, exceed the thimbleful of gold dust which in 1848 a California miner brought from

a mill-race and put upon the desk of a surprised capitalist. In remarking upon the narrow escape which you and I and the world made, let me say that had the Herodic raid on that room of the Bethlehem khan been a successful raid, or had some cold taken by the child in that flight toward Cairo been fatal, heaven would have been to us an eternal impossibility. With our fallen nature unchanged, unregenerated, unreconstructed through Jesus Christ, the human race would be no more fit for heaven than a noisome weed is fit for a queen's garland, no more than a shattered base viol is fit to sound in a Dusseldorf musical jubilee. If at one time Garibaldi seemed to hold in his right hand the freedom of Italy, and Washington seemed at one time to hold in his right hand American independence, and Martin Luther seemed to hold in his right hand the emancipation of the Church of God for all nations; so in grander and better sense the infant born in that Bethlehem stall held in one hand the ransom of earth, and in the other the rapture of heaven. He started that night for three places which he must reach or we never could reach heaven: Gethsemane and Calvary and Olivet — the first for agonizing prayer, the second for excruciating suffering, the third for glorious ascension, as the law of gravitation relaxed for once to let him up out of his exile. Had his life been only one day, or one year of duration, instead of thirty-three years, had he died in Bethlehem or in Cairo or in the desert between, not a church would ever have been built, not a hospital ever opened, not a nation ever freed, not a civilization ever inaugurated, not a soul saved. Oh, what a crisis that was in the world's history! What a crisis in the eternities! I think that the angels who composed the choir for the Christmas cantata above Bethlehem were not the only

angels around that night. I think there were some who, instead of holding librettos of celestial music, stood all up and down the steeps of heaven with drawn swords, keen and two-edged. That cradle must be defended. That flight into Egypt must be protected by winged cohort. That humble stopping-place in Cairo must be watched by celestial bands descending amid the Egyptian pyramids and the sphinx, which had already stood there for ages celebrating kings, none of whom ever had such glory as will be won by that Prince sleeping in his mother's arms under their long shadows. Hear it, all ye people, in that Babe's survival our heaven was involved. And shall we not add to our usual Christmas congratulation at a Saviour's birth the joy at the Babe's rescue?

Now let the Christmas table be spread. Let it be an extension table made up of the tables of your households, and added to them the tables of celestial festivity, all together making a table long enough to reach across a hemisphere, yea long enough to reach from earth to heaven. Send out the invitations to all the guests whom we would like to have come and dine. Come, all the ransomed of earth and all the crowned of heaven. As at ancient banquets the king who was to preside came in after all the guests had taken their places at the table, so perhaps it may be now. Let the old folks who sat at each end of your Christmas table ten or twenty or forty years ago be seated, their aches and pains all gone; behold, they sit down in the exhilaration of everlasting youth! Come, brothers and sisters who used to retire with us early on Christmas eve so that the mysteries of bestowed gifts might be kept secret, and who rose with us early on Christmas morn to see what was to be revealed. Come, all the old neighbors of our boy-

hood and girlhood days who used to happen in toward the close of this day to wish us a merry time. Come, all the ministers of Christ who have in pulpits for many a year been telling the story of the star that pointed to the world's first Christmas gift, and at the same time wakened Herod's apprehensions. Come and sit down, ye heralds of "the glad tidings," whether you were sprinkled or plunged, whether your thanks to-day be offered in liturgy of ages or prayers spontaneous, whether you be gowned in canonicals or wearing plain coat of backwoods meeting-house. Come in! Room at this Christmas table for all those who have bowed at the manger in whatever world you now live:

> Part of the host have crossed the flood,
> And part are crossing now.

Yea! come, and sit at this Christmas table, all heaven: archangel at that end of the table, and all the angels under him adjoining. Come down! Come in! and take your places at this Christmas banquet. The table is spread, and the King who will preside is about to enter. He comes! him of Bethlehem, him of Calvary, him of Olivet, him of the throne! Rise and greet him. Fill all your chalices with the wine pressed from the heavenly Eshcol, and drink at this Christmas banquet to the memory of the Babe's rescue from Herodic pursuit, and the memory of those astronomers of the East who defeated the malice, and sarcasm, and irony and infernal stratagem of the monster's manifesto: "Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also." "Given at the palace. Herod the Great."

THE HERO OF THE AGES

Romans, 8: 34: "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

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"This is the last sermon I shall ever preach," said Christmas Evans on the thirteenth of June, 1838. Three days after he died. I do not know what his text was, but I do know that no man could choose a better theme — though he knew it was the last time he should ever preach — than the subject I now present.

Paul flung his challenge of the text to the feet of all ecclesiastical and civil authority — synagogues and Neros. He feared neither swords nor lions, earth nor hell. Diocletian slew seventeen thousand under his administration, and the world has been full of persecution; but all the persecutors of the world could not affright Paul. Was it because he was physically strong? Oh, no! I suppose he was very much weakened by exposure and maltreatment. Was it because he was lacking in sensitiveness? No; you find the most delicate shades of feeling playing in and out his letters and his sermons. Some of his communications burst into tears. What was it that lifted Paul into this triumphant mood? The thought of a Saviour dead, a Saviour risen, a Saviour exalted, a Saviour interceding.

All the world has sung the praise of Princess Alice. One child having died of a contagious disease — she was in the room where another was dying, and the court physician said to her, "You must not breathe

the breath of this child, or you yourself will die." But seeing the child mourning because of the death of her brother, the mother stooped down, and in sympathy kissed the little one, caught the disease, and perished. All the world sings the heroism and the self-sacrifice of Princess Alice, but I have to tell you that when our race was dying the Lord Jesus stooped down and gave us the kiss of his everlasting love, and perished that we might live. "It is Christ that died."

Can you tell me how tender-hearted Paul could find anything to rejoice at in the horrible death scene of Calvary? We weep at funerals, we are sympathetic when we see a stranger die; when a murderer steps upon the scaffold we pray for his departing spirit; and how could Paul — the great-hearted Paul — find anything to be pleased with at the funeral of a God? Beside that, Christ had only recently died, and the sorrow was fresh in the memory of the world, and how in the fresh memory of a Saviour's death could Paul be exultant? It was because Paul saw in that death his own deliverance, and the deliverance of a race from still worse disaster; he saw the gap into which the race must plunge, and he saw the bleeding hands of Christ close it. The glittering steel on the top of the executioner's spear in his sight kindled into a torch to light men heavenward. The persecutors saw over the cross five words written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; but Paul saw over the cross of Christ only one word — "expiation!" He heard in the dying groan of Christ his own groan of eternal torture taken by another. Paul said to himself, "Had it not been that Christ volunteered in my behalf, those would have been my mauled hands and feet, my gashed side, my crimson temples."

Men of great physical endurance have sometimes carried very heavy burdens — three hundred pounds,

four hundred pounds — and they have still said, "My strength is not yet tested; put on more weight." But after a while they were compelled to cry out, "Stop! I can carry no more." But the burden of Christ was illimitable. First, there was his own burden of hunger and thirst and bereavement, and a thousand outrages that have been heaped upon him, and on top of that burden were the sorrows of his poor old mother, and on the top of those burdens the crimes of the ruffians who were executing him. "Stop!" you cry, "it is enough; Christ can bear no more." And Christ says, "Roll on more burdens; roll on me the sins of this entire Jewish nation, and after that, roll on me the sins of the inhabited earth, and then roll on me the sins of the four thousand years past, so far as those sins have been forgiven." And the angels of God, seeing the awful pressure, cry, "Stop! He can bear no more." And the blood rushing to the nostril and lip seems to cry out, "Enough! He can endure no more." But Christ says, "Roll on a greater burden — roll on the sins of the next nineteen hundred years, roll on me the sins of all the succeeding ages, roll on me the agonies of hell, ages on ages, the furnaces and the prison-houses and the tortures." That is what the Bible means when it says, "He bore our sins, and carried our sorrows."

"Now," says Paul, "I am free; that suffering purchased my deliverance; God never collects a debt twice; I have a receipt in full; if God is satisfied with me, then what do all the threats of earth and hell amount to?" "Bring on all your witnesses," says Paul; "show all your force; do your worst against my soul; I defy you; I dare you; I challenge you. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died." What a strong argument that puts in the hand of every Christian man! Some day all the past sins of his life

come down on him in fiery troop, and they pound away at the gate of his soul, and they say, "We have come for your arrest. Any one of us could overcome you; we are ten thousand strong; surrender!" And you open the door, and single-handed and alone you contend against that troop; you fling this divine weapon into their midst, you scatter those sins as quick as you can think it. "It is Christ that died." Why, then, bring up to us the sins of our past life? What have we to do with those obsolete things?

You know how hard it is for a wrecker to bring up anything that is lost near the shore of the sea; but suppose something be lost half-way between Liverpool and New York; it cannot be found, it cannot be fetched up. "Now," says God, "your sins I have cast into the depths of the sea." Mid-Atlantic! All the machinery ever fashioned in foundries of darkness, and launched from the doors of eternal death, working for ten thousand years, cannot bring up one of our sins forgiven and forgotten and sunken into the depths of the sea. When a sin is pardoned, it is gone — it is gone out of the books, it is gone out of the memory, it is gone out of existence. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

From other tragedies men have come away exhausted and nervous and sleepless; but there is one tragedy that soothes and calms and saves. Calvary was the stage on which it was enacted, the curtain of the night falling at midnoon was the drop scene, the thunder of falling rocks the orchestra, angels in galleries and devils in the pit the spectators, the tragedy a crucifixion. "It is Christ that died." Oh, triumphant thought!

If you go through the picture galleries of Versailles you will find a great change there. I once said to a friend who had been through those galleries,

"Are they as they were before the French war?" and I was told there was a great change there; that all that multitude of pictures which represented Napoleonic triumphs had been taken away, and in the frames were other pictures representative of Germanic triumph and victory. Would that all the scenes of Satanic triumph in our world might be blotted out, and that the whole world might be a picture-gallery representing the triumphant Jesus! Down with the monarchy of transgression! Up with the monarchy of our King! Hail! Jesus, Hail!

But I must give you the second cause of Paul's exhilaration. If Christ had stayed in that grave we never would have gotten out of it. The grave would have been dark and dismal as the Conciergerie during the Reign of Terror, where the carts came up only to take the victims out to the scaffold. I do not wonder that the ancients tried by embalmment of the body to resist the dissolution of death. The grave is the darkest, deepest, ghastliest chasm that was ever opened if there be no light from the resurrection throne streaming into it; but Christ stayed in the tomb all Friday night and all Saturday, all Saturday night, and a part of Sunday morning. He stayed so long in the tomb that he might fit it for us when we go there. He tarried two whole nights in the grave, so that he saw how important it was to have plenty of light, and he has flooded it with his own glory.

It is early Sunday morning, and we start up to find the grave of Christ. We find the morning sun gilding the dew, and the shrubs are sweet as the foot crushes them. What a beautiful place to be buried in! Wonder they did not treat Christ as well when he was alive as they do now that he is dead. Give the military salute to the soldiers who stand guarding the dead. But hark to the crash! an earthquake! The

soldiers fall back as though they were dead, and the stone at the door of Christ's tomb spins down the hill, flung by the arm of an angel. Come forth, O Jesus! from the darkness into the sunlight. Come forth, and breathe the perfume of Joseph's garden. Christ comes forth radiant, and as he steps out of the excavation of the rock, I look down into the excavation, and in the distance I see others coming hand-in-hand, and troop after troop, and I find it is a long procession of the precious dead. Among them are our own loved ones — father, mother, brother, sister, companion, children — coming up out of the excavation of the rock until the last one has stepped out into the light, and I am bewildered, and I cannot understand the scene until I see Christ wave his hand over the advancing procession from the rock, and hear him cry, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." And then I notice that the long dirge of the world's woe suddenly stops at the archangelic shout of "Come forth!"

My friends, if Christ had not broken out of the grave you and I would never came out of it. It would have been another case of Charlotte Corday attempting to slay a tyrant, herself slain. It would have been another case of John Brown attempting to free the slaves, himself hanged. It would have been Death and Christ in a grapple, Death the victor. The black flag would have floated on all the graves and mausoleums of the dead, and hell would have conquered the forces of Heaven, and captured the ramparts of God, and Satan would have come to coronation in the palaces of Heaven, and it would have been devils on the throne and sons of God in the dungeon. No, no! When that stone was rolled from the door of Christ's grave, it was hurled with such a force that it crashed in all the grave-doors of Christendom, and now the tomb is

only a bower where God's children take a *siesta*, an afternoon nap, to wake up in mighty invigoration. "Christ is risen." Hang that lamp among all the tombs of my dead. Hang it over my own resting-place. Christ's suffering is ended; his work is done. The darkest afternoon of the world's history becomes the brightest Sunday morning of its resurrection joy. The Good Friday of bitter memories becomes the Easter of glorious transformation and resurrection.

> Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
> For your departed Lord.
> Behold the place: he is not here;
> The tomb is all unbarred.
> The gates of death were closed in vain,
> The Lord is risen, he lives again.

I give you the third cause of Paul's exhilaration. We honor the right hand more than we do the left. If in accident or battle we must lose one hand, let it be the left. The left hand being nearer the heart, we may not do much of the violent works of life with that hand without physical danger; but he who has the right arm in full play has the mightiest of all earthly weapons. In all ages and in all languages the right hand is the symbol of strength and power and honor. Hiram sat at the right hand of Solomon. Then we have the term, "He is a right-hand man." Lafayette was Washington's right-hand man; Marshal Ney was Napoleon's right-hand man; and now you have the meaning of Paul when he speaks of Christ, who is at the right hand of God. That means He is the first guest of Heaven. He has a right to sit there. The Hero of the universe! Count his wounds; two in the feet, two in the hands, one in the side — five wounds. Oh! you have counted wrong. These are

not half the wounds. Look at the severer wounds in the temples; each thorn an excruciation.

If a hero come back from battle, and he take off his hat, or roll up his sleeve, and show you the scar of a wound gotten at Ball's Bluff or at South Mountain, you stand in admiration at his heroism and patriotism; but if Christ should make conspicuous the five wounds gotten on Calvary — that Waterloo of all the ages — he would display only a small part of his wounds. Wounded all over, let him sit at the right hand of God. He has a right to sit there. By the request of God, the Father, and the unanimous suffrage of all heaven, let him sit there. In the grand review, when the redeemed pass by in cohorts of splendor, they will look at him and shout "Victory!"

The oldest inhabitant of heaven never saw a grander day than the one when Christ took the right hand of God. Hosanna! With lips of clay I may not appropriately utter it, but let the martyrs under the altar throw the cry to the elders before the throne, and they can toss it to the choir on the sea of glass until all heaven shall lift it — some on point of scepter, and some on string of harp, and some on the tip of the green branches. Hosanna! hosanna!

A fourth cause of Paul's exhilaration. Oh! my friends, there will be so many things going on in heaven, I have sometimes wondered if the Lord would not forget you and me! Perhaps Paul said sometimes: "I wonder God don't forget me down here in Antioch and in the prison and in the shipwreck. There are so many sailors, so many wayfarers, so many prisoners, so many heart-broken men," says Paul, "perhaps God may forget me. And then I am so vile a sinner. How I whipped those Christians! with what vengeance I mounted that cavalry horse and dashed down to Damascus! Oh! it will take a mighty attor-

ney to plead my cause and get me free." But just at that moment there came in upon Paul's soul something mightier than the surges that dashed his ship into Melita, swifter than the horse he rode down to Damascus. It was the swift and overwhelming thought of Christ's intercession.

My friends, we must have an advocate. A poor lawyer is worse than no lawyer at all. We must have one who is able successfully to present our cause before God. Where is he? Who is he? There is only one advocate in all the universe that can plead our cause in the last judgment, that can plead our cause before God in the great tribunal. Sometimes in earthly courts attorneys have specialties, and one man succeeds better in patent cases, another in insurance cases, another in criminal cases, another in land cases, another in will cases, and his success generally depends upon his sticking to that specialty. I have to tell you that Christ can do many things; but it seems to me that his specialty is to take the bad case of the sinner and plead it before God until he gets eternal acquittal. Yes! we must have him for our advocate.

But what plea can he make? Sometimes an attorney in court will plead the innocence of the prisoner. That would be inappropriate for us; we are all guilty! guilty! Unclean! unclean! Christ, our advocate, will not dare to plead our innocence. Sometimes the attorney in court tries to prove an *alibi*. He says: "This prisoner was not at the scene; he was in some other place at the time." Such a plea will not do in our case. The Lord found us in all our sins, and in the very place of our iniquity. It is impossible to prove an *alibi*. Sometimes an attorney will plead the insanity of the prisoner, and say he is irresponsible on that account. That plea will never do in our case. We sinned against light, against knowledge, against the

dictates of our own consciences; we knew what we were doing. What, then, shall the plea be? The plea for our eternal deliverance will be Christ's own martyrdom. He will say: "Look at all these wounds. By all these sufferings I demand the rescue of this man from sin and death and hell. Constable, knock off the shackles — let the prisoner go free." "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

But why all this gladness on the faces of these sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty? I know what you are thinking of. A Saviour dead, a Saviour risen, a Saviour exalted, a Saviour interceding. "What," say you, "is all that for me?" All! all! Never let me hear you complaining about anything again. With your pardoned sin behind you, and a successful Christ pleading above you, and a glorious heaven before you, how can you be despondent about anything? "But," says some man in the audience, "all that is very good and very true for those who are inside the kingdom; but how about those of us who are outside?" Then I say, Come into the kingdom, come out of the prison-house into the glorious sunlight of God's mercy and pardon, and come now. It was in the last days of the Reign of Terror, the year 1793. Hundreds and thousands had perished under the French guillotine. France groaned with the tyrannies of Robespierre and the Jacobin Club. The last group of sufferers had had their locks shorn by Monchotte, the prison barber, so that the neck might be bare to the keen knife of the guillotine. The carts came up to the prison, the poor wretches were placed in the carts and driven off toward the scaffold; but while they were going toward the scaffold there was an outcry in the street, and then the shock of

firearms, and then the cry, "Robespierre has fallen! Down with the Jacobins! Let France be free!" But the armed soldiers rode in upon these rescuers, so that the poor wretches in the carts were taken on to the scaffold, and horribly died. But that very night these monsters of persecution were seized, and Robespierre perished under the very guillotine that he had reared for others, all France clapping their hands with joy as his head rolled into the executioner's basket. Then the axes of the excited populace were heard pounding against the gates of the prison, and the poor prisoners walked out free. My friends, sin is the worst of all Robespierres; it is the tyrant of tyrants; it has built a prison house for our soul; it plots our death; it has shorn us for the sacrifice, but, blessed be God, this morning we hear the axes of God's gracious deliverance pounding against the door of our prison. Deliverance has come. Light breaks through all the wards of the prison. Revolution! Revolution! "Where sin abounded, grace does much more abound, that whereas sin reigned unto death, even so grace may reign unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Glorious truth! A Saviour dead, a Saviour risen, a Saviour exalted, a Saviour interceding!

THE ASSASSINATION

Luke, 14: 27: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

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Luke, 14: 27: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

The cross was a gibbet on which criminals were put to death. It was sometimes made in the shape of the letter T, sometimes in the shape of the letter X, sometimes in the shape of the letter I — a simple upright; sometimes two cross-pieces against the perpendicular bar, so that upon the lower cross-piece the criminal partially sat. But whatever the style of cross, it was always disgraceful and always agonizing.

When Darius conquered Babylon he put two hundred captives to death on the cross. When Alexander conquered Tyre he put two thousand captives to death on the cross. So it was just an ordinary mode of punishment. But in all the forest of crosses on the hills and in the valleys of the earth there is one cross that attracts more attention than any other. It is not higher than the others; it is not made out of different wood; there is nothing peculiar in the place at which the two pieces are joined; and as to the scene, they witnessed crucifixions every few weeks; so that I see a reckless man walking about the hill, and kicking carelessly aside a skull, and wondering who the villain was that had so flat and misshapen a head; and here is another skull, and there on the hillside is another skull. Indeed, the Bible says it was "a place of skulls." But about the victim on one of these crosses all ages are crying: "Who is he? Was he a man? Was he a God? Was he man and God?"

Through the darkness of that gloomy day I come close up enough to the cross to see who it is. It is Jesus. How did he come there? Had he come up on the top of the hill to look off upon the beautiful landscape, or upon a brilliant sunset? No. he came there ill and exhausted. People sometimes wonder why Christ expired so quickly on the cross, in six or seven hours, while other victims have been on the cross for forty-eight hours before life was extinct. I will tell you the reason. He was exhausted when he came there. He had been scourged. We are horrified at the cruelties of the whipping-post, but those cruelties were mercy as compared with the scourging of Jesus Christ.

I saw at Antwerp a picture made by Rubens of the scourging of Jesus Christ. It was the most overmastering picture I ever looked at, or ever expect to see. As the long-frocked official opened the door that hid the picture, there he was — Christ with back bent and bared. The flagellator stood with the upper teeth clenched over the lower lip, as though to give violence to the blows. There were the swollen shoulders of Christ. There were the black and blue ridges, denied even the relief of bleeding. There was the flesh adhering to the thongs as they were lifted. There were the marks where the knots in the whips gouged out the flesh. There stood the persecutor, with his foot on the calf of the leg of the Saviour, balancing himself. Oh! the furious and hellish look on those faces, grinning vengeance against the Son of God. The picture seized me, it overwhelmed me; it seemed as if it would kill me. I do not think I could have looked at it five minutes and have lived. But that, my friends, was before Christ had started for Calvary. That was only the whipping. Are you ready for your journey to the cross?

The carpenters have split the timber into two pieces. They are heavy and they are long pieces, for one of them must be fastened deep down in the earth lest the struggling of the victim upset the structure. They put this timber upon the shoulder of Christ very gradually, first, to see whether he can stand it, and after they find he can stand it, they put the whole weight upon him. Forward, now, to Calvary. The hooting and the yelling mob follow on. Under the weight of the cross, Christ being weary and sick, he stumbles and falls, and they jerk at his robe, indignant that he should have stumbled and fallen, and they cry: "Get up, get up!" Christ, putting one hand on the ground and the other hand on the cross, rises, looking into the face of Mary, his mother, for sympathy; but they tell her to stand back; it is no place for a woman — "Stand back and stop this crying."

Christ moves on with his burden upon his shoulders, and there is a boy that passes along with him, a boy holding a mallet and a few nails. I wonder what they are for. Christ moves on until the burden is so great he staggers and falls flat into the dust, and faints dead away, and a ruffian puts his foot on him and shakes him as he would a dead dog, while another ruffian looks down at him, wondering whether he has fainted away, or whether he is only pretending to faint away, and with jeer and contempt indescribable says: "Fainted, have you? fainted? get up, get on!" But he cannot get on. He is too weak to carry the load. What shall they do? The victim must be executed. They look around the crowd and they see a stalwart man among the spectators. They seize him and compel him to carry that load of lumber. His name preserved for

the honor of future generations — Simon, a Cyrenian, that is from Cyrene, a city of North Africa.

Now, they have arrived at the foot of the hill. Off with his clothes. Shall that loathsome mob look upon the unrobed body of Christ? Yes. The commanding officers say: "Unfasten the girdle, take off the coat, strip him." The work is done. But bring the coat, for here are the gamblers tossing up coin on the ground, asking: "Who shall have the coat?" One ruffian says: "I have it, I have it — it is mine!" He rolls it up and puts it under his arm, or he examines it to see what fabric it is made of. Then they put the cross upon the ground, and they stretch Christ upon it, and four or five men hold him down while they drive the spikes home, at every thump a groan, a groan! Alas! Alas! the hour passes on and the time comes when they must crucify him.

Christ has only one garment left now, a cap, a cap of thorns. It is of the "Spina Christi" — the plant known as "Christ's thorn." No danger that it will fall off, for the sharp edges have punctured the temples and it is sure and fast. One ruffian takes hold of one end of the short beam of the cross, and another ruffian takes hold of the other end of the short beam of the cross, and another ruffian puts his arms around the waist of Christ, and another ruffian takes hold of the end of the long beam of the cross, and altogether they move on until they come to the hole digged in the earth, and with awful plunge it jars down with its burden of woe. It is not the picture of a Christ; it is not the statue of Christ, as you sometimes see in a cathedral; but it is the body of a bleeding, living, dying Christ. They sometimes say he had five wounds, but they have counted wrong. Two wounds for the hands, two

wounds for the feet, one wound for the side: they say, five wounds. No; they have missed the worst and they have missed the most. Did you ever see the bramble out of which that crown of thorns was made? I saw one in the hands of a gentleman who had just returned from Palestine, a bramble just like that out of which the crown of thorns was made. Oh! how cruel and how stubborn were the thorns. And when that cap of thorns was put upon Christ, and it was pressed down upon him, not five pounds, but ten, twenty, thirty — I cannot count them.

There were three or four absences that made that scene worse. First, there was the absence of water. The climate was hot; the fever, the inflammation, the nervous prostration, the gangrene, had seized upon him, and he terribly wanted water. His wounds were worse than gunshot fractures, and yet no water. A Turk, in the thirteenth century, was crucified on the bank of a river, so that the sight of the water might tantalize him. And oh! how the thirst of Christ must have tantalized, as he thought of the Euphrates and the Jordan and the Amazon and all the fountains of earth and Heaven poured out of his own hand. They offered him an intoxicating draught made out of wine and myrrh, but he declined it. He wanted to die sober. No water!

Then there was the absence of light. Darkness always exasperates trouble. I never shall forget the night in the summer of 1873, in the steamer *Grecce*, mid-Atlantic, every moment expecting the steamer to go down. All the lights in the cabin were blown out. The captain came crawling in on his hands and knees, for he could not stand upright, so violently was the vessel pitching, and he cried out: "Light up, light up!" The steward said: "We

can't light up; the candles are gone and the holders are gone." The captain said: "I can't help that; light up!" The storm was awful when the lights were burning, worse when the lights went out.

Then there was the absence of faithful nurses. When you are ill, it is pleasant to have the head bathed, and the hands and feet rubbed. Look at the hands and feet of Christ; look at the face of Christ. There were women there who had cared for the sick, but none of them might come up near enough to help. There was Christ's mother, but she might not come up to help. They said: "Stand back, stand back; this is no place for you." The high priests and the soldiers wanted it their own way; they had it their own way.

The hours pass on, and it is twelve o'clock of the Saviour's suffering, and it is one o'clock, and it is two o'clock, and it is almost three o'clock. Take the last look at that suffering face; wan and pinched, the purple lips drawn back against the teeth, the eyes red with weeping, and sunken as though grief had pushed them back; blackness under the lower lid, the whole body adroop and shivering with the last chill, the breath growing feebler and feebler and feebler, until he gives one long, deep, last sigh. He is dead! Oh, my soul, he is dead! Can you tell why? Was he a fanatic, dying for a principle that did not amount to anything? Was he a man infatuated? No; to save your soul and mine from sin, and make eternal life possible, he died. There had to be a substitute for sin. Who shall it be? "Let it be me," said Christ; "let it be me." You understand the meaning of that word, substitution. You were drafted for the last war; some one took your place, marched your march, suffered your wounds, and died at Gettysburg. Christ comes to

us while we are fighting our battle with sin and death and hell and he is our substitute. He marches our march, fights our battle, suffers our wounds, and dies our death. Substitution! Substitution!

How do you feel in regard to that scene described in the text, and in the region around about the text? Are your sympathies aroused? or are you so dead in sin, and so abandoned, by reason of your transgressions, that you can look upon all that tearless and unmoved? No, no; there are thousands who can say in the depths of their soul, "No, no, no; if Jesus endured that, and all that for me, I ought to love him. I must love him; I will love him; I do love him. Here, Lord, I give myself to thee; 'tis all that I can do."

But how are you going to test your love and test your earnestness? My text gives a test. It says that while Christ carried a cross for you, you must be willing to carry a cross for Christ. "Well," you say, "I never could understand that. There are no crosses to be carried in this land; those persecutions have passed, and in all the land there is no one to be crucified, and yet in the pulpit and in the prayer-meetings you all keep talking about carrying a cross. What do you mean, sir?" I mean this: that is a cross which Christ calls you to do, which is unpleasant and hard. "Oh," you say, "after hearing the story of this Christ, and all that he has endured for me, I am ready to do anything for him. Just tell me what I have to do, and I'll do it. I am ready to carry any cross."

Suppose I should ask you at the close of a religious service to rise, announcing yourself on the Lord's side — could you do it? "Oh, no," you say. "I have a shrinking and a sensitive nature, and it

would be impossible for me to rise before a large assemblage, announcing myself on the Lord's side." Just as I feared. You cannot stand that cross. The first one that is offered you, you reject. Christ carried a mountain; Christ carried a Himalaya; Christ carried a world for you, and you cannot lift an ounce for him.

But here is a man whose cross will be to announce among his business associates to-morrow morning on Exchange that he has begun a new life; that while he wants to be faithful in his worldly duties, he is living for another world; and he ought to advise all those who are his associates, so far as he can influence them, to begin with him the Christian life. Could you do that, my brother? "Oh, no," you say, "not just that. I think religion is religion, and business is business, and it would be impossible for me to recommend the Christian religion in places of worldly business." Just as I feared. There is a second cross offered you, and you cannot carry it. Christ lifted a mountain for you; you cannot lift an ounce for him.

There is some one whose cross will be to present religion in the home circle. Would you dare to kneel down and pray if your brother and sister were looking at you? Could you ask a blessing at a tea-table? Could you take the Bible and gather your family around you, and read of Christ and heaven and your immortal soul? Could you then kneel and pray for a blessing on your household? "Oh," you say, "not exactly that. I couldn't quite do that, because I have a very quick temper, and if I professed religion and tried to talk religion in my household, and then after that I should lose my temper, they would scoff at me and say: 'You are a pretty Christian!'" So you are cowed down, and their sar-

casm keeps you out of heaven and away from Christ, when, under God, you ought to take your whole family into the kingdom. Christ lifted a mountain, lifted a world for you; you cannot lift an ounce for him. I see how it is: you want to be favorable to religion; you want to support Christian institutions; you like to be associated with those who love Jesus Christ; but as to taking a positive step on this subject, you cannot — you cannot, and my text, like a gate of a hundred bolts, bars you away from peace on earth and glory in heaven.

There are hundreds of men and women brave enough in other things in life who, simply for the lack of manliness and womanliness, stay away from God. They dare not say: "Forever and forever, Lord Jesus, I take thee. Thou hast redeemed me by thy blood; here is my immortal spirit. Listen, all my friends. Listen, all the world." They are lurking around about the kingdom of God — they are lurking around about it, expecting to crawl in some time when nobody is looking, forgetful of the tremendous words of my text: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple." An officer of a church in Brooklyn told me that he was in a store in New York — just happened in — where there were many clerks, and a gentleman came in and said to a young man standing behind the counter: "Are you the young man who arose the other night in the Brooklyn Tabernacle and asked for prayers?" Without any flush of cheek, he replied: "I am. I haven't always done right, and I have been quite bad; but since I arose for prayers I think I am better than I was." It was only his way of announcing that he had started for the higher life. God will not cast out a man who is brave enough to take a step ahead like that.

I tell you these things because I want to show you how light the cross is that we have to carry compared with that which Christ carried for us. You have not had the flesh torn off for Christ's sake in carrying your cross. You have not carried the cross until it fetched the blood. Under his there was a pool of carnage that plashed the horses' fetlocks. You have friends to sympathize with you in carrying the cross; Christ trod the wine-press of God's wrath alone, alone! The cross that you and I ought to carry represents only a few days or a few years of trial. The cross that Christ carried for us had compressed into it the agonies of eternity.

There has some one come among us whom you have not observed. He did not come through the front door; he did not come down any of these aisles; yet I know he is here. He is from the East, the far East. He comes with blistered foot, and with broken heart, and cheeks red, not with health, but with blood from the temples. I take hold of his coat and I say: "It does not seem to fit thee." "No," he says, "it is not mine; it is borrowed; it does not belong to me now. For my vesture did they cast lots." And I say to him: "Thine eyes are red as though from loss of sleep." He says: "Yes; the Son of Man had not where to lay his head." And I touch the log on his back, and I say: "Why carriest thou this?" "Ah!" he says, "that is a cross I carry for thee and for the sins of the whole world. That is a cross. Fall into line; march on with me in this procession; take your smaller crosses and your lighter burdens, and join me in the march to Heaven." And we join that procession with our smaller crosses and our lighter burdens, and Christ looks back and he sees some are halting because they cannot endure the shame, or bear the burden,

and with a voice which has in it majesty and omnipotence, he cries until all the earth trembles: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

Oh! my brethren, my sisters—for I do not speak professionally, I speak as a brother would speak to a brother or sister — my brother, can you not bear a cross if at last you can wear a crown? Come now, let us divide off. Who is on the Lord's side? Who is ready to turn his back upon the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world?

A Roman emperor said to a Greek architect: "You build me a colosseum, a grand colosseum, and if it suits me I will crown you in the presence of all the people, and I will make a great day of festival on your account." The Greek architect did his work, did it magnificently, planned the building, looked after its construction. The building was done. The day for opening arrived. In the colosseum were the emperor and the Greek architect. The emperor rose amid the plaudits of a vast assembly, and said: "We have gathered here to-day to open this colosseum, and to honor the Greek architect. It is a great day for the Roman empire. Let this building be prosperous, and let honor be put upon the Greek architect. We must have a festival to-day. Bring out those Christians and let us have them put to death at the mouth of the lions." The Christians were marched into the center of the amphitheater. They were to enhance the great celebration by their destruction. Then the lions, hungry and three-fourths starved, were let out from their dens in the side of the amphitheater, and they came forth with mighty spring to destroy and rend the Christians, and all the galleries shouted: "Huzza, huzza! Long live the emperor!" Then the Greek architect arose in one of the gal-

leries and shouted until in the vast assemblage all heard: "I, too, am a Christian!" and they seized him in their fury and flung him to the wild beasts, until his body, bleeding and dead, was tumbled over and over again in the dust of the amphitheater. Could you have done that for Christ? Could you, in a vast assemblage, all of whom hated Christ, have said: "I am a Christian," or "I want to be a Christian?" Would you have had the ten thousandth part of the enthusiasm and courage of the Greek architect? Nay, I ask you another question: would you in an assemblage where they are nearly all Christians — in an assemblage a vast multitude of whom love Christ and are willing to live, and if need be, to die for Him — would you dare to say: "I am a Christian," or "I want to be a Christian?" Would you say in the presence of the friends of Christ as much as the Greek architect said in the presence of the enemies of Christ? Oh, are there not multitudes who are ready to say: "Let the world look on, let all the galleries of earth and heaven and hell look on; I take Christ this day. Come applause or abuse, come sickness or health, come life or death, Christ forever." Are you for Christ? are you against Him? The destinies of eternity tremble in the balance. It seems as if the last day had come and we were gathered for the reckoning. "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." What I say to one I say to all. What are you doing for Christ?

O Christian man! O Christian woman! have you any scars to show in this conflict? When a war is over the heroes have scars to show. One hero rolls back his sleeve and shows a gunshot fracture, or he pulls down the collar and shows where he was wounded in the neck. Another man says: "I have never had the use of my limb since I was wounded

at that great battle." When the last day comes, when all our battles are over, will we have any wounds for Christ? Some have wounds for sin, wounds for the devil, wounds gotten in fighting on the wrong side. Have we wounds that we can show — wounds gotten in the battle for Christ and for the truth? On that Resurrection Day Christ will have plenty of scars to show; Christ will stand there and show the scars on his brow, the scars on his hands, and the scars on his feet, and he will put aside the robe of his royalty and show the scar on his side, and all heaven will break down with emotion and gratitude in one great sob, and then in one great hosanna. Will you and I have any scars to show?

There will be Ignatius, on that day showing the mark of the paw and teeth of the lion that struck him down in the colosseum. There will be glorous John Huss, showing just where on his foot the flames began on that day when his soul took wing of flame and soared up from Constance. There will be Hugh M'Kail, ready to point to the mark on his neck where the ax struck him. There will be McMillan and Campbell and Freeman, the American missionaries, who, with their wives and children, were put to death in that awful massacre at Cawnpore, showing the places where the daggers of the Sepoys struck them. There will be the Waldenses, showing where their limbs were broken on the day when the Piedmontese soldiery pitched them over the rocks.

Will you and I have any wounds to show? Have we fought any battles for Christ? Oh! that we might all be enlisted for Christ, that we might all be willing to suffer for Christ, that we might all bear a cross for Christ. When the Scottish chieftains wanted to raise an army, they would make a wooden cross, and then set it on fire, and carry it with other

crosses they had, through the mountains, through the highlands, and among the people, and as they waved the cross the people would gather to the standard and fight for Scotland. So to-day, I come out with the cross of the Son of God. It is a flaming cross — flaming with suffering, flaming with triumph, flaming with glory. I carry it out among all the people. Who will be on the Lord's side? Who will gather to the standard of Emmanuel? "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

POINTS OF COMPASS

Luke, 13: 29: "They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down."

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Luke, 13: 29: "They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down."

The man who wrote this was at one time a practising physician; at another time a talented painter; at another time a powerful preacher; at another time a reporter—an inspired reporter. God bless and help and inspire all reporters! From their pens drops the health or poison of nations. The name of this reporter was Lucanus; for short he was called Luke; and in my text, although stenography had not yet been born, he reports part of a sermon of Christ which in one paragraph bowls the round world into the light of the millennium. "They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south and shall sit down." Nothing more interested me in my recent journey around the world than to see the ship-captain about noon, whether on the Pacific or the Indian or Bengal or Mediterranean or Red Sea looking through a nautical instrument to find just where we were sailing; and it is well to know that though the captain tells you there are thirty-two points of division of the compass-card in the mariner's compass, there are only four cardinal points, and my text hails them, the north, the south, the east, the west. So I spread out before us the map of the world to see the extent of the Gospel campaign.

The hardest part of the field to be taken is the North, because our Gospel is an emotional Gospel,

and the nations of the far North are a cold-blooded race. They dwell amid icebergs and eternal snows, and everlasting winter. Greenlanders, Laplanders, Icelanders, Siberians. Their vehicle is the sledge drawn by reindeer. Their apparel the thickest furs at all seasons. Their existence a lifetime battle with the cold. The winter charges upon them with swords of icicle, and strikes them with bullets of hail and pounds them with battering-rams of glacier. But already the huts of the Arctic hear the songs of Divine worship Already the snows fall on open New Testaments. Already the warmth of the Sun of Righteousness begins to be felt through the bodies and minds and souls of the Hyperboreans. Down from Nova Zembla; down from Spitzbergen Seas; down from the Land of the Midnight Sun; down from the palaces of crystal; down over realms of ice and over dominions of snow and through hurricanes of sleet, Christ's disciples are coming from the North. The inhabitants of Hudson's Bay are gathering to the Cross. The Church Missionary Society in those polar climes has been grandly successful in establishing twenty-four Gospel stations, and over twelve thousand natives have believed and been baptized. The Moravians have kindled the light of the Gospel all up and down Labrador. The Danish Mission has gathered disciples from among the shivering inhabitants of Greenland. William Duncan preaches the Gospel up in the chill latitudes of Columbia, delivering one sermon nine times in the same day to as many different tribes who listen and then go forth to build schoolhouses and churches. Alaska, called at its annexation William H. Seward's folly, turns out to be William H. Seward's triumph, and it is hearing the voice of God through the American missionaries—men and women as defiant of Arctic hardships as the old Scottish chief who, when camping

out in a winter's night, knocked from under his son's head a pillow of snow, saying that such indulgence in luxury would weaken and disgrace the clan. The *Jeannette* went down in latitude seventy-seven, while De Long and his freezing and dying men stood watching it from the crumbling and crackling polar pack; but the old ship of the Gospel sails as unhurt in latitude seventy-seven as in our own forty degrees, and the one-starred flag floats above the topgallants in Baffin's Bay and Hudson's Strait and Melville Sound. The heroism of Polar expedition, which has made the names of Sebastian Cabot and Scoresby and Schwatka and Henry Hudson immortal, is to be eclipsed by the prowess of the men and women who, amid the frosts of highest latitudes, are this moment taking the upper shores of Europe, Asia and America for God. Scientists have never been able to agree as to what is the aurora borealis, or northern lights. I can tell them. It is the banner of victory for Christ spread out in the northern night heavens. Partially fulfilled already the prophecy of my text, to be completely fulfilled in the near future: "They shall come from the north."

But my text takes in the opposite point of the compass. The far South has through high temperature, temptations to lethargy and indolence and hot blood, which tend toward multiform evil. We have through my text got the North in, notwithstanding its frosts; and the same text brings in the South, notwithstanding its torridity. The fields of cati, the orange groves, and the thickest of magnolia are to be surrendered to the Lord Almighty. The South! That means Mexico, and all the regions that William H. Prescott and Lord Kingsborough made familiar in literature; Mexico in strange dialect of the Aztecs; Mexico, conquered; by Hernando Cortez, to be more gloriously conquered;

Mexico, with its capital more than seven thousand feet above the sea level, looking down upon the entrancement of lake and valley and plain; Mexico, the home of nations yet to be born—all for Christ. The South! That means Africa, which David Livingstone consecrated to God when he died on his knees in his tent of exploration. Already about seven hundred and fifty thousand converts to Christianity in Africa. The South! That means all the islands strewn by Omnipotent hand through tropical seas. Malayan Polynesia, Melanesia, Micronesia, and other islands more numerous than you can imagine unless you have voyaged around the world. The South! That means Java for God; Sumatra for God; Borneo for God; Brazil and Patagonia for God.

A ship was wrecked near one of the South Pacific islands and two lifeboats put out for shore, but those who arrived in the first boat were clubbed to death by the cannibals, and the other boat put back and was somehow saved. Years passed on, and one of that very crew was wrecked again with others on the same rocks. Crawling up on the shore, they proposed to hide from the cannibals in one of the caverns, but mounting the rocks they saw a church, and cried out: "We are saved! A church A church!" The South! That means Venezuela, New Granada, Ecuador and Bolivia. The South! That means the torrid zone, with all its bloom and all its fruitage and all its exuberance; the redolence of illimitable gardens; the music of boundless groves; the lands, the seas that night by night look up to the Southern Cross, which in stars transfigures the midnight heaven as you look up at it all the way from the Sandwich Islands to Australia. "They shall come from the south."

But I must not forget that my text takes in another cardinal point of the compass. It takes in the east. I have to report that in

a journey around the world there is nothing so much impresses one as the fact that the missionaries divinely blessed are taking the world for God. The horrible war between Japan and China has left the last wall of opposition flat in the dust. War is barbarism always and everywhere. We held up our hands in amazement at the massacre at Port Arthur, as though Christian nations could never go into such diabolism. We forget Fort Pillow! We forget the fact that during our war both North and South rejoiced when there were ten thousand more wounded and slain on the opposite side. War, whether in China or the United States, is agony and woe. But one good result has come from the Japanese-Chinese conflict. Those regions are more open to civilization and Christianity than ever before. When Missionary Carey put before an assembly of ministers at Northampton, England, his project for the evangelization of India, they laughed him out of the house. From Calcutta, on the east of India, to Bombay, on the west, there is not a neighborhood but directly or indirectly feels the Gospel power. The Juggernaut, which did its awful work for centuries, some time ago was brought out from the place where it had for forty years been kept under shed as a curiosity, and there was no one reverentially to greet it. About three million of Christian souls in India are the advance guard that will lead on the two hundred and fifty millions. The Christians of Amoy and Pekin and Canton are the advance-guard that will lead the three hundred and forty millions of China. "They shall come from the east." The last mosque of Mohammedanism will be turned into a Christian church. The last Buddhist temple will become a fortress of light. The last idol of Hinduism will be pitched into the fire.

The Christ who came from the East will yet bring all the East with him. Of course, there are formidable obstacles to be overcome, and great ordeals must be passed through before the consummation: as witness the Armenians under the butchery of the Turk. May that throne on the banks of the Bosphorus soon crumble! The time has already come when the United States Government and Great Britain and Germany ought to voice the indignation of all civilized nations. While it is not requisite that arms be sent there to avenge the wholesale massacre of Armenians, it is requisite that by cable under the seas and by protest that shall thrill the wires from Washington and London and Berlin to Constantinople, the nations anathematize the diabolism for which the Sultan of Turkey is responsible. Mohammedanism is a curse whether in Turkey or New York! "They shall come from the east!" And they will come at the call of the loveliest and grandest and best men and women of all time. I mean the missionaries. Dissolute Americans and Englishman who have gone to Calcutta and Bombay and Canton to make their fortunes defame the missionaries because the holy lives and the pure households of those missionaries are a constant rebuke to the American and English libertines stopping there, but the men and women of God there stationed go on gloriously with their work; people just as good and self-denying as was Missionary Moffat, who, when asked to write in an album, wrote these words:

My album is in savage breasts,
Where passion reigns and darkness rests
Without one ray of light.

To write the name of Jesus there;
To point to worlds both bright and fair;
And see the pagan bow in prayer,
Is all my soul's delight.

In all those regions are men and women with the consecration of Melville B. Cox, who, embarking for the missionary work in Africa, said to a fellow-student: "If I die in Africa, come and write my epitaph." "What shall I write for your epitaph?" said the student. "Write," said he, "these words: 'Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up.'"

There is another point of the compass that my text includes. 'They shall come from the west." That means America redeemed. Everything between Atlantic and Pacific oceans to be brought within the circle of holiness and rapture. Will it be done by worldly reform or evangelism? Will it be law or Gospel? I am glad that a wave of reform has swept across this land, and all the cities are feeling the advantage of the mighty movement. Let the good work go on until the last municipal evil is extirpated. About fifteen years ago the distinguished editor of a New York daily newspaper said to me in his editorial room: "You ministers talk about evils of which you know nothing. Why don't you go with the officers of the law and explore for yourself, so that when you preach against sin you can speak from what you have seen with your own eyes?" I said: "I will." And in company with a commissioner of police and a captain of police and two elders of my church, I explored the dens and hiding-places of all varieties of crime in New York, and preached a series of sermons warning young men, and setting forth the work that must be done lest the judgments of God whelm this city with more awful submergement than the volcanic deluge that buried Herculaneum and Pompeii. I received, as nearly as I can remember, several hundred columns of newspaper abuse for undertaking that exploration. Editorials of denunciation, double-leaded, and with captions in conspicuous type, entitled "The Fall of

Talmage," or "Talmage Makes the Mistake of His Life," or "Down With Talmage," but I still live and am in full sympathy with all movements for municipal purification. But a movement which ends with crime exposed and law executed stops half-way. Nay, it stops long before it gets half-way. The law never yet saved anybody; never yet changed anybody. Break up all the houses of iniquity in this city, and you only send the occupants to other cities. Break down all the panders to vice in New York; and while it changes their worldly fortunes, it does not change their heart or life. The greatest want in New York to-day is the transforming power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to change the heart and the life, and uplift the tone of moral sentiment, and make men do right, not because they are afraid of Ludlow Street Jail or Sing Sing, but because they love God and hate unrighteousness. I have never heard, nor have you heard, of anything except the Gospel that proposes to regenerate the heart, and by the influence of that regenerated heart, rectify the life. Execute the law, most certainly; but preach the Gospel by all means—in churches, in theaters, in homes, in prisons, on the land and on the sea. The Gospel is the only power that can revolutionize society and save the world. All else is half-and-half work, and will not last. In New York it has allowed men who got by police bribery their thousands and tens of thousands and perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars, to go scot free; while some who were merely the cat's-paws and agents of bribery are struck with the lightnings of the law. It reminds me of a scene in Philadelphia when I was living there. A poor woman had been arrested and tried and imprisoned for selling molasses candy on Sunday. Other law-breakers had been allowed to go undisturbed, and the grog-shops were open on the Lord's Day; and the

law, with its hands behind its back, walked up and down the streets declining to molest many of the offenders; but we all rose up in our righteous indignation, and, calling upon all powers, visible and invisible, to help us, we declared that though the heavens fell, no woman should be allowed to sell molasses candy on Sunday.

A few weeks ago, after I had preached in one of the churches in this city, a man staggered up on the pulpit stairs maudlin drunk, saying: "I am one of the reformers that was elected to high office at the last election." I got rid of that "great reformer" as soon as I could, but I did not get rid of the impression that a man like that would cure the abominations of New York about as soon as smallpox would cure typhoid fever, or a buzz-saw would render Haydn's "Creation." Politics in all our cities has become so corrupt that the only difference between the Republican and Democratic parties is that each is worse than the other. But what nothing else in the universe can do, the Gospel can and will accomplish. "They shall come from the west," and for that purpose the evangelistic batteries are planted all along the Pacific coast, as they are planted all along the Atlantic coast. All the prairies, all the mountains, all the valleys, all the cities are under more or less Gospel influence; and when we get enough faith and consecration for the work, this whole American continent will cry out for God. "They shall come from the west."

The work is not so difficult as many suppose. You say, "There are the foreign populations." Yes; but many of them are Hollanders, and they were brought up to love and worship God, and it will take but little to persuade the Hollanders to adopt the religion of their forefathers. Then there are among these foreigners so many of the Scotch. They or their ances-

tors heard Thomas Chalmers thunder and Robert McCheyne pray. The breath of God so often swept through the heather of the Highlands, and the voice of God has so often sounded through the Trossachs, and they all know how to sing Dundee; so that they will not have often to be invited to accept the God of John Knox and Bothwell Bridge. Then there are among these foreigners so many of the English. They inherited the same language as we inherited—the English, in which Southey sang and Henry Melville Gospelized and Oliver Cromwell prorogued Parliament and Wellington commanded his eager hosts. Among these foreigners are the Swiss, and they were rocked in a cradle under the shadow of the Alps, that cathedral of the Almighty in which all the elements—snow and hail and tempest and hurricane — worship. Among these foreigners are a vast host of Germans, and they feel centuries afterward the power of that unparalleled spirit who shook the earth when he trod it and the heavens when he prayed—Martin Luther! From all nations our foreign populations have come, and they are homesick, far away from the place of their childhood and the graves of their ancestors, and our glorious religion presented to them aright will meet their needs, and fill their souls, and kindle their enthusiasm. They shall come from amid the wheat sheaves of Dakota, and from the ore beds of Wyoming, and from the silver mines of Nevada, and from the golden gulches of Colorado, and from the banks of the Platte and the Oregon and the Sacramento and the Columbia. "They shall come from the west."

But what will they do after they come? Here is something gloriously consolatory that you have never noticed: "They shall come from the east, and the west, and the north, and the south, and shall sit down." Oh, this is a tired world! The most of people are kept on the run all their lifetime. Business

keeps them on the run. Trouble keeps them on the run. Rivalries of life keep them on the run. They are running from disaster. They are running for reward. And those who run the fastest and run the longest seem best to succeed. But my text suggests a restful posture for all God's children, for all those who for a lifetime have been on the run. "They shall sit down!" Why run any longer? When a man gets heaven, what more can he get? "They shall sit down." Not alone, but in picked companionship of the universe. Not embarrassed, though a seraph should sit down on one side of you, and an archangel on the other.

There is that mother who through all the years of infancy and childhood was kept running amid sick trundlebeds, now to shake up the pillow of that flaxen-head, and now to give a drink to those parched lips, and now to hush the frightened dream of a little one; and when there was one less of the children because the great Lover of children had lifted one out of the croup into the easy breathing of celestial atmosphere, the mother putting all the more anxious care on those who were left; so weary of arm and foot and back and head; so often crying out, "I am so tired! I am so tired!" Her work done, she shall sit down. And that business man for thirty, forty, fifty years has kept on the run, not urged by selfishness, but for the purpose of achieving a competence for the household. On the run from store to store, or from factory to factory; meeting this loss, and discovering that inaccuracy, and suffering betrayal or disappointment; nevermore to be cheated or perplexed or exasperated, he shall sit down. Not in a great armchair of heaven, for the rockers of such a chair would imply one's need of soothing, of changing to easy posture, or semi-invalidism; but a throne, solid as eternity and radiant as the morning after a night of storm. "They shall sit down."

I notice that the most of the departments of toil require an erect attitude. There are the thousands of girls behind counters, many such persons through the inhumanity of employers compelled to stand, even when, because of lack of customers, there is no need that they stand. Then there are all the carpenters and the stone-masons and the blacksmiths and the farmers and the engineers and the ticket agents and the conductors. In most trades, in most occupations, they must stand. But ahead of all those who love and serve the Lord is a resting-place, a complete relaxation of fatigued muscle, something cushioned and upholstered and embroidered, with the very ease of heaven. "They shall sit down." Rest from toil. Rest from pain. Rest from persecution. Rest from uncertainty. Beautiful, joyous, transporting, everlasting rest! O men and women of the frozen North and the blooming South and from the realms of the rising or setting sun, through Christ get your sins forgiven and start for the place where you may at last sit down in blissful recovery from the fatigues of earth, while there roll over you the raptures of heaven. Many of you have had such a rough tussle in this world that if your faculties were not perfect in heaven you would sometimes forget yourself and say: "It is time for me to start on that journey;" or "It must be time for me to count out the drops of that medicine;" or "I wonder what new attack there is on me through the newspapers;" or "Do you think I will save anything of those crops from the grasshoppers or the locusts or the droughts;" or "I wonder how much I have lost in that last bargain;" or "I must hurry lest I miss the train." No, no! The last volume of direful earthly experiences will be finished. Yea, the last chapter, the last paragraph, the last sentence, the last word. Finis!

Frederick the Great, notwithstanding the mighty dominion over which he reigned, was so depressed at times he could not speak without crying, and carried a small bottle of quick poison with which to end his misery when he could stand it no longer. But I give you this small vial of Gospel anodyne, one drop of which, not hurting either body or soul, ought to soothe all unrest, and put your pulses into an eternal calm. "They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and the south, and shall sit down."

NESTS IN THE CEDAR

Ezek., 17: 23: "All fowl of every wing."

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The cedar of Lebanon is a royal tree. It stands six thousand feet above the level of the sea. A missionary counted the concentric circles and found one tree thirty-five hundred years old—long-rooted, broad branched, all the year in luxuriant foliage. The branches that bent in the hurricane that David saw sweeping over Lebanon may be the same that rock to-day over the head of the American traveler. This monarch of the forest, with its leafy fingers, plucks the honors of a thousand years, and sprinkles them upon its own uplifted brow, as though some great hallelujah of heaven had been planted upon Lebanon, and it were rising up with all its long-armed strength to take hold of the hills whence it came. Oh! what a royal place for birds to nest in! In hot days they come thither—the eagle, the dove, the swallow, the sparrow, and the raven.

My text intimates that Christ is the cedar, and the people from all quarters are the birds that lodge among the branches. "It shall be a goodly cedar, and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing." As in Ezekiel's time, so now—Christ, is a goodly cedar, and to him are flying all kinds of people—young and old, rich and poor; men high-soaring as the eagle, those fierce as the raven, and those gentle as the dove. "All fowl of every wing."

First, the young may come. Of the eighteen hundred and seventy-one years that have passed, about sixteen hundred have been wasted by the good

in misdirected efforts. Until Robert Raikes came, there was no organized effort for saving the young. We spend all our strength trying to bend old trees, when a little pressure would have been sufficient for the sapling. We let men go down to the very bottom of sin before we try to lift them up. It is a great deal easier to keep a train on the track than to get it on when it is off. The experienced reinsman checks the fiery steed at the first jump, for when he gets in full swing, the swift hoofs clicking fire from the pavement, and the bit between his teeth, his momentum is irresistible. It is said that the young must be allowed to sow their "wild oats." I have noticed that those who sow their wild oats seldom try to raise any other kind of crop. Heaven is in one direction, hell is in another. If you are going to heaven, you had better take the straight road, and not try to go to Boston by the way of New Orleans. What is to be the history of this multitude of young people who fill our churches and Sunday-schools? I will take you by the hand and show you a glorious sunrise. I will not whine about this thing, nor groan about it; but come, young men and maidens, Jesus wants you. His hand is love; his voice is music; his smile is heaven. Religion will put no handcuffs on your wrist, no hopples on your feet, no brand on your forehead.

I went through one of the heaviest snowstorms I have ever known to see a dying girl. Her cheek on the pillow was white as the snow on the casement. Her large, round eye had not lost any of its luster. Loved ones stood all around the bed trying to hold her back. Her mother could not give her up; her father could not give her up; and one nearer to her than either father or mother was frantic with grief. I said, "Fanny, how do you feel?" "Oh!" she says,

"Happy! happy! Mr. Talmage, tell all the young folks that religion will make them happy." As I came out of the room, louder than all the sobs and wailings of grief I heard the clear, sweet, glad voice of the dying girl: "Good-night; we shall meet again on the other side of the river." The next Sabbath we buried her. We brought white flowers and laid them on the casket. There was in all that crowded church but one really happy and delighted face, and that was the face of Fanny. Oh! I wish that to-night my Lord Jesus would go through this audience, and take all these flowers of youth and garland them on his brow. The cedar is a fit refuge for birds of brightest plumage and swiftest wing. See, they fly! they fly! "All fowl of every wing."

Again, I remark that the old may come. You say, "Suppose a man has to go on crutches; suppose he is blind; suppose he is deaf; suppose that nine-tenths of his life has been wasted." Then I answer, come with crutches; come, old men, blind and deaf. If you would sweep your hand around before your blind eyes, the first thing you would touch would be the cross. It is hard for an aged man or woman to have grown old without religion. Their taste has gone. The peach and the grape have lost their flavor. They say that somehow fruit does not taste as it used to. Their hearing gets defective, and they miss a great deal that is said in their presence. Their friends have all gone, and everybody seems so strange. The world seems to go away from them, and they are left all alone. They begin to feel in the way when you come into the room where they are; and they move their chair nervously, and say: "I hope I am not in the way." Alas! that father and mother should ever be in the way. When you were sick, and they sat up all night rocking you,

singing to you, ministering to you, did they think that you were in the way? Are you tired of the old people? Do you snap them up quick and sharp? God will curse you to the bone for your ingratitude and unkindness.

Oh! it is hard to be old without religion — to feel this world going away, and nothing better coming. You who have gone far on without Christ, I address you deferentially. I call you my father and mother. You have found this a hard world for old people. Alas! to have aches and pains, and no Christ to soothe them. I want to give you a cane better than that you lean on. It is the cane that the Bible speaks of when it says, "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." I want to give you better spectacles than those you now look through. It is the spiritual eyesight of Divine grace. Christ will not think that you are in the way. Does your head tremble with the palsy of old age? Lay it on Christ's bosom. Do you feel lonely now that your companions and children are gone? I think Christ has them. They are safe in his keeping. Very soon he will take you where they are. I take hold of your arm as any son would take hold of the arm of a father, and try to lead you to a place where you can put down all your burden. Go with me. Only a little while longer, and your sight will come again, and your hearing will come again, and with the strength of an immortal athlete you will step on the pavement of heaven. No crutches in heaven; no sleepless nights in heaven; no dim eyes in heaven; no cross looks for old people. Dwelling there for ages, no one will say: "Father, you know nothing about this; step back: you are in the way!"

How many dear old folks Jesus has put to sleep. How sweetly he has closed their eyes! How gently

folded their arms! How he has put his hand on their silent hearts, and said: "Rest now, tired pilgrim. It is all over. The tears will never start again. Hush! hush! So he gives his beloved sleep." I think the most beautiful object on earth is an old Christian — the hair white, not with the frosts of winter, but with the blossoms of the tree of life. I never feel sorry for a Christian old man. Why feel sorry for those upon whom the glories of the eternal world are about to burst? They are going to the goodly cedar. Though their wings are heavy with age, God shall renew their strength like the eagle, and they shall make their nest in the cedar. "All fowl of every wing."

Again, the very bad, the outrageously sinful, may come. Men talk of the grace of God as though it were so many yards long and so many yards deep. People point to the dying thief as an encouragement to the sinner. How much better it would be to point to our own case, and say: "If God saved us, he can save anybody." There may be those among us who never had one earnest word said to them about their souls. Consider me as putting my hand on your shoulder and looking in your eye. God has been good to you. You ask: "How do you know that? He has been very hard on me." "Where did you come from?" "Home." "Then you have a home. Have you ever thanked God for your home? Have you children?" "Yes." "Have you ever thanked God for your children? Who keeps them safe? Were you ever sick?" "Yes." "Who made you well? Have you been fed every day? Who feeds you? Put your hand on your pulse. Who makes it throb? Listen to the respiration of your lungs. Who helps you to breathe? Have you a Bible in the house, spreading before you the future life? Who

gave you that Bible?" Oh! it has been a story of goodness and mercy all the way through. You have been one of God's pet children. Who has fondled you and caressed you and loved you? And when you went astray, and wanted to come back, did he ever refuse? I know of a father who, after his son came back the fourth time, said: "No; I forgave you three times, but I will never forgive you again." And the son went off and died. But God takes back His children the thousandth time as cheerfully as the first. As easily as with my handkerchief I strike the dust off this book, God will wipe out all your sins. There are hospitals for "incurables." When men are hopelessly sick, they are sent there. Thank God! there is no need of a hospital for spiritual incurables. Though you had the worst leprosy that ever struck a soul, your flesh shall come again like the flesh of a little child.

Oh, this mercy of God! I am told it is an ocean. Then I place on it four swift sailing craft, with compass and charts and choice rigging and skilful navigators, and I tell them to launch away and discover for me the extent of this ocean. That craft puts out in one direction, and sails to the north; this to the south; this to the east; this to the west. They crowd on all their canvas, and sail ten thousand years, and one day come up the harbor of heaven, and I shout to them from the beach: "Have you found the shore?" and they answer: "No shore to God's mercy!" Swift angels, dispatched from the throne, attempt to go across it. For a million years they fly and fly, but then come back and fold their wings at the foot of the throne, and cry: "No shore! no shore to God's mercy!"

Mercy! Mercy! I sing it. I preach it. I pray

it. Here I find a man bound hand and foot to the devil, but with one stroke of the hammer of God's truth the chains fall off and he is free forever. Mercy! Mercy! There is no depth it cannot fathom; there is no height it cannot scale; there is no infinity it cannot compass. I take my stand under this goodly cedar, and see the flocks flying thither. They are torn with the shot of temptation, and wounded and sick and scarred. Some fought with iron beak; some once feasted on carcasses; some were fierce of eye and cruel of talon, but they came, flock after flock — "All fowl of every wing."

Again, all the dying will find their nest in this goodly cedar. It is cruel to destroy a bird's nest; but Death does not hesitate to destroy one. There was a beautiful nest in the next street. Lovingly the parents brooded over it. There were two or three little robins in the nest. The scarlet fever thrust its hot hands into the nest, and the birds are gone. Only those are safe who have their nest in the goodly cedar. They have over them the " feathers of the Almighty." Oh to have those soft, warm, eternal wings stretched over us! Let the storms beat and the branches of the cedar toss on the wind — no danger. When a storm comes you can see the birds flying to the woods. Ere the storm of death comes down, let us fly to the goodly cedar.

Of what great varieties heaven will be made up! There come men who once were hard and cruel, and desperate in wickedness, yet now, soft and changed by grace, they come into glory: "All fowl of every wing." And here they come, the children who were reared in loving home-circles, flocking through the gates of life: "All fowl of every wing." These were white, and came from Northern homes;

these were black, and ascended from Southern plantations; these were copper-colored, and went up from Indian reservations: "All fowl of every wing."

So God gathers them up. It is astonishing how easy it is for a good soul to enter heaven. There are no ropes thrown out to pull us ashore; there are no ladders let down to pull us up. Christ comes, and takes us by the hand, and says: "You have had enough of this; come up higher." Do you hurt a lily when you pluck it? Is there any rudeness when Jesus touches the cheek, and the red rose of health whitens into the lily of immortal purity and gladness?

It is an autumnal Sabbath. In a few weeks sharp, shrill winds will blow up, and we will have the windows closed, and the giant of the woods will smite his anvil, and the leafy sparks will fly on the autumnal gale. Then there will be thousands of birds gathering in the tree at the corner of the field, just before departing to warmer climes, and they will call and sing until the branches drip with the melody. There is a better clime for us, and by-and-by we shall migrate. We gather in the branches of the goodly cedar, in preparation for departure. You heard our voices in the opening song; you will hear them in the closing song — voices good, voices bad, voices happy, voices distressful — "All fowl of every wing." By-and-by we shall be gone. Some in this life have had it hard; some have had it easy. Some were brilliant; some were dull. Some were rocked by pious parentage; others had their infantile cheeks scalded with the tears of woe. Some crawled, as it were, into the kingdom on their hands and knees, and some seemed to enter in chariots of flaming fire. Those fell from a ship's mast; these were crushed in the Avondale mine disaster. They are God's singing-birds now. No gun of huntsman shall shoot

them down. They gather on the trees of life, and fold their wings on the branches; and, far away from frosts and winds and night, they sing until the hills are flooded with joy, and the skies drop music, and the arches of pearl send back the echoes — "All fowl of every wing."

Behold the saints, beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood;
Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,
Their glories splendid and sublime.

My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, the palm to bear;
And bow, the chief of sinners, there.

WINDOWS TOWARD JERUSALEM

Dan., 6: 10: "His windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem."

WINDOWS TOWARD JERUSALEM

Dan., 6: 10: "His windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem."

The scoundrelly princes of Persia, urged on by political jealousy against Daniel, have succeeded in getting a law passed that whosoever prays to God shall be put under the paw and teeth of the lions, who are lashing themselves in rage and hunger up and down the stone cage, or putting their lower jaw on the ground, bellowing till the earth trembles. But the leonine threat did not hinder the devotions of Daniel, the *Coeur-de-Lion* of the ages. His foes might as well make a law that the sun should not draw water, or that the south wind should not sweep across a garden of magnolias, or that God should be abolished. They could not scare this man with the red-hot furnaces, and they cannot now scare him with the lions. As soon as Daniel hears of this enactment he leaves his office of Secretary of State, with its upholstery of crimson and gold, and comes down the white marble steps and goes to his own house. He opens his window and puts the shutters back and pulls the curtain aside, so that he can look toward the sacred city of Jerusalem, and then he prays.

I suppose the people in the street gathered under and before his window, and said: "Just see that man defying the law; he ought to be arrested." And the constabulary of the city rush to the police headquarters and report that Daniel is on his knees at the wide-open window. "You are my prisoner," says the officer of the law, dropping a heavy hand on the shoulder

of the kneeling Daniel. As the constables open the door of the cavern to thrust in their prisoner, they see the glaring eyes of the monsters. But Daniel becomes the first lion-tamer, and they lick his hand and fawn at his feet, and that night he sleeps with the shaggy mane of a wild beast for his pillow, while the king that night, sleepless in the palace, has on him the paw and teeth of a lion he cannot tame — the lion of an accusing conscience.

What a picture it would be for some artist—Darius, in the early dusk of morning, not waiting for footman or chariot, hastening to the den, all flushed and nervous and in *deshabille*, and looking through the crevices of the cage to see what had be come of his prime minister! "What, no sound!" he says: "Daniel is surely devoured, and the lions are sleeping after their horrid meal, the bones of the poor man scattered across the floor of the cavern." With trembling voice Darius calls out, "Daniel!" No answer, for the prophet is yet in profound slumber. But a lion, more easily awakened, advances, and, with hot breath blown through the crevice, seems angrily to demand the cause of this interruption, and then another wild beast lifts his mane from under Daniel's head, and the prophet, waking up, comes forth to report himself all unhurt and well.

But our text shows us at Daniel's window open toward Jerusalem. Why in that direction open? Jerusalem was his native land, and all the pomp of his Babylonish successes could not make him forget it. He came there from Jerusalem at eighteen years of age, and he never revisited it, though he lived to be eighty-five years. Yet when he wanted to arouse the deepest emotions and grandest aspirations of his heart he had his window open toward his native Jeru-

salem. There are many of you to-day who understand that without any exposition.

This is getting to be a nation of foreigners. They have come into all occupations and professions. They sit in all churches. It may be twenty years ago since you got your naturalization papers, and you may be thoroughly Americanized, but you cannot forget the land of your birth, and your warmest sympathies go out toward it. Your windows are open toward Jerusalem. Your father and mother are buried there. It may have been a very humble home in which you were born, but your memory often plays around it, and you hope some day to go and see it — the hill, the tree, the brook, the house, the place so sacred, the door from which you started off with parental blessing to make your own way in the world; and God only knows how sometimes you have longed to see the familiar places of your childhood and how in awful crises of life you would like to have caught a glimpse of the old wrinkled face that bent over you as you lay on the gentle lap twenty or forty or fifty years ago. You may have on this side the sea risen in fortune and, like Daniel, have become great and may have come into prosperities which you never could have reached if you had stayed there; and you may have many windows to your house—bay windows and skylight windows, and windows of conservatory and windows on all sides — but you have at least one window open toward Jerusalem.

When the foreign steamer comes to the wharf you see the long line of sailors, with shouldered mail-bags, coming down the planks, carrying as many letters as you might suppose would be enough for a year's correspondence, and this repeated again and again during the week. Multitudes of them are letters from

home; and at all the post-offices of the land people will go to the window and anxiously ask for them, hundreds of thousands of persons finding that window of foreign mails the open window toward Jerusalem. Messages that say: "When are you coming home to see us? Brother has gone into the army. Sister is dead. Father and mother are getting very feeble. We are having a great struggle to get on here. Would you advise us to come to you, or will you come to us? All join in love, and hope to meet you, if not in this world, then in a better. Good-by!"

In all these cities, and amid the flowering western prairies, and on the slopes of the Pacific, and amid the Sierras, and on the banks of the lagoon, and on the ranches of Texas, there is an uncounted multitude who, this hour, stand and sit and kneel with their windows open toward Jerusalem. Some of them played on the heather of the Scottish hills. Some of them were driven out by Irish famine. Some of them in early life drilled in the German army. Some of them were accustomed at Lyons or Marseilles or Paris to see on the street Victor Hugo or Gambetta. Some chased the chamois among the Alpine precipices. Some plucked the ripe clusters from Italian vineyard. Some lifted their faces under the midnight sun of Norway. It is no dishonor to our land that they remember the place of their nativity. Miscreants would they be if, while they have some of their windows open to take in the free air of America and the sunlight of an atmosphere which no kingly despot has ever breathed, they forgot sometime to open the windows toward Jerusalem.

You have the example of the heroic Daniel of my text for keeping early memories fresh. Forget not the old folks at home. Write often, and if you have surplus of means and they a deficit, make practical

contribution, and rejoice that America is bound to all the world by ties of sanguinity as is no other nation. Who can doubt but it is appointed for the evangelization of all lands? What a stirring, melting, Gospelizing theory that all the doors of other nations are open towards us, while our windows are open toward them!

But Daniel, in the text, kept this port-hole of his domestic fortress unclosed because Jerusalem was the capital of sacred influences. There had smoked the sacrifice. There was the Holy of Holies. There was the Ark of the Covenant. There stood the temple. We are all tempted to keep our windows open on the opposite side, toward the world, that we may see and hear and appropriate its advantages. What does the world say? What does the world think? What does the world do? Worshipers of the world instead of worshipers of God. Windows open toward Babylon. Windows open toward Corinth. Windows open toward Athens. Windows open toward Sodom. Windows open toward the flats, instead of windows open toward the hills. Sad mistake, for this world as a god is like something I once saw in the museum of Strasburg, Germany: the figure of a virgin in wood and iron. The victim in olden time was brought there, and this figure would open its arms to receive him, and once enfolded the figure closed with a hundred knives and lances upon him, and then afterward let him drop one hundred and eighty feet sheer down. So the world first embraces its idolaters, then closes upon them with many tortures, and then lets them drop forever down. The highest honor the world could confer was to make a man Roman emperor; but out of sixty-three emperors it allowed only six to die peacefully in their beds. The dominion of this world over multitudes is illustrated by the names of coins of many countries. They

have their pieces of money, which they call sovereigns, crowns and half crowns, Napoleons and Fredericks and double Fredericks, and ducats, and Isabellinos — all of which names mean not so much usefulness as dominion. The most of our windows open toward the exchange, toward the salon of fashion, toward the god of this world. In olden times the length of the English yard was fixed by the length of the arm of King Henry I, and we are apt to measure things by a variable standard and by the human arm, which, in the great crises of life, can give us no help. We need, like Daniel, to open our windows toward God and religion.

But, mark you, that good lion-tamer is not standing at the window, but kneeling, while he looks out. Most photographs are taken of those in standing or sitting posture. I now remember but one picture of a man kneeling, and that was David Livingstone, who in the cause of God and civilization sacrificed himself; and in the heart of Africa his servant, Majwara, found him in the tent, kneeling by the light of a candle, stuck on the top of a box, his head in his hands upon the pillow, and dead on his knees. But here is a great lion-tamer, living under the dash of the light, and his hair disheveled of the breeze, praying. The fact is, that a man can see farther on his knees than standing on tiptoe. Jerusalem was about five hundred and fifty statute miles from Babylon, and the vast Arabian Desert shifted its sands between them. Yet through that open window Daniel saw Jerusalem, saw all between it, saw beyond, saw time, saw eternity, saw earth, and saw heaven. Would you like to see the way through your sins to pardon, through your troubles to comfort, through temptation to rescue, through dire sickness to immortal health, through night to day, through things terres-

trial to things celestial? You will not see them till you take Daniel's posture. No cap of bone to the joints of the fingers, no cap of bone to the joints of the elbow, but cap of bone to the knees, made so because the God of the body was the God of the Soul, an especial provision for those who want to pray, and physiological structure joins with spiritual necessity in bidding us pray and pray and pray.

In olden time, the Earl of Westmoreland said he had no need to pray, because he had enough pious tenants on his estate to pray for him; but all the prayers of the Church universal amount to nothing unless, like Daniel, we pray for ourselves. O men and women! bounded on one side by Shadrach's red-hot furnace, and the other side by devouring lions, learn the secret of courage and deliverance by looking at that Babylonish window open toward the southwest! "Oh," you say, "that is the direction of the Arabian Desert!" Yes; but on the other side of the desert is God, is Christ, is Jerusalem, is heaven. The Brussels lace is superior to all other lace, so beautiful, so multiform, so expensive — four hundred francs a pound. All the world seeks it. Do you know how it is made? The spinning is done in a dark room, the only light admitted through a small aperture, and that light falling directly on the pattern. So the finest specimens of Christian character I have ever seen, or ever expect to see, are those to be found in lives of all whose windows have been darkened by bereavement and misfortune save one; but under that one window of prayer the interlacing of divine workmanship went on until it was fit to deck a throne — a celestial embroidery which angels admired and God approved.

But it is another Jerusalem toward which we now need to open our windows. The exiled evangelist of

Ephesus saw it one day, as the surf of the Icarian sea foamed and splashed over the boulders at his feet; and his vision reminded me of a wedding day when the bride by sister and maid was having garlands twisted for her hair and jewels strung for her neck, just before she puts her betrothed hand into the hand of her affianced: "I, John, saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Toward that bridal Jerusalem are our windows opened? We would do well to think more of heaven. It is not a mere annex of earth. It is not a desolate outpost. As Jerusalem was the capital of Judah and Babylon the capital of the Babylonian monarchy, and as London is the capital of Great Britain and Washington the capital of our own republic, the New Jerusalem is the capital of the universe. The King lives there, and the royal family of the redeemed have their palaces there, and there is a Congress of many nations and the Parliament of all the worlds. Yea, as Daniel had kindred in Jerusalem of whom he often thought, though he had left home when a very young man; perhaps father and mother and brothers and sisters still living, and was homesick to see them, and they belonged to the high circles of royalty, Daniel himself having royal blood in his veins — so we have in the New Jerusalem a great many kindred, and we are sometimes homesick to see them, and they are all princes and princesses, in them the blood imperial; and we do well to keep our windows open toward their eternal residence. It is a joy for us to believe that while we are interested in them they are interested in us. Much thought of heaven makes one heavenly. The airs that blow through that open window are charged with life, and sweep up to us aromas from gardens that never wither, under skies

that never cloud, in a spring-tide that never terminates. Compared with it, all other heavens are dead failures. Homer's heaven was an elysium which he describes as a plain at the end of the earth or beneath, with no snow nor rainfall, and the sun never goes down, and Rhadamanthus, the justest of men, rules. Hesiod's heaven is what he calls "the islands of the blest," in the midst of the ocean, three times a year blooming with most exquisite flowers, and the air tinted with purple, while games and music and horse-races occupy the time. The Scandinavian's heaven was the hall of Walhalla, where the god Odin gave unending wine suppers to earthly heroes and heroines. The Mohammedan's heaven passes its disciples in over the bridge Al-Sirat, which is finer than a hair and sharper than a sword, and then they are let loose into a riot of everlasting sensuality. The American aborigines look forward to a heaven of illimitable hunting-ground, partridge and deer and wild duck more than plentiful, the hounds never off the scent, and the guns never missing fire. But the geographer has followed the earth 'round, and found no Homer's elysium. Voyagers have traversed the deep in all directions, and found no Hesiod's islands of the blest. The Mohammedan's celestial debauchery and the Indian's eternal hunting-ground for vast multitudes have no charm. But here rolls in the Bible heaven. No more sea — that is, no wide separation. No more night — that is, no insomnia. No more tears — that is, no heart-break. No more pain — that is, dismissal of lancet and bitter draught and miasma, and banishment of neuralgias and catalepsies and consumptions. All colors in the wall except gloomy black; all the music in the major-key, because celebrative and jubilant. River crystalline, gate crystalline, and skies crystalline, because everything is clear

and without doubt. White robes, and that means sinlessness. Vials full of odors, and that means pure regalement of the senses. Rainbow, and that means the storm is over. Marriage supper, and that means gladdest festivity. Twelve manner of fruits, and that means luscious and unending variety. Harp, trumpet, grand march, anthem, amen and hallelujah in the same orchestra. Choral meeting solo, and overture meeting antiphone, and strophe joining dithyramb, as they roll into the ocean of doxologies. And you and I may have all that, and have it forever through Christ, if we will let him with the blood of one wounded hand rub out our sin, and with the other wounded hand swing open the shining portals.

Day and night keep your window open toward that Jerusalem. Sing about it. Pray about it. Think about it. Talk about it. Dream about it. Do not be inconsolable about your friends who have gone into it. Do not worry if something in your heart indicates that you are not far off from its ecstasies. Do not think that when a Christian dies he stops, for he goes on. Before him open all the rooms of heaven; and as no room in your house is too good for your children, so all the rooms of all the palaces of the heavenly Jerusalem will be free to God's children, and even the throne-room will not be denied, and you may run up the steps of the throne, and put your hand on the side of the throne, and sit down beside the King according to the promise, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne."

But you cannot go in except as conquerors. Many years ago the Turks and Christians were in battle, and the Christians were defeated, and with their commander, Stephen, fled toward a fortress where the mother of this commander was staying. When she saw

her son and his army in disgraceful retreat, she had the gates of the fortress rolled shut, and then from the top of the battlement cried to her son, "You cannot enter here except as conqueror!" Then Stephen rallied his forces and resumed the battle and gained the day, twenty thousand driving back two hundred thousand. For those who are defeated in the battle with sin and death and hell, nothing but shame and contempt; but for those who gain the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, the gates of the New Jerusalem will swing wide in welcome, and there shall be an abundant entrance into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord, toward which you do well to keep your windows open.

INDEXES

INDEXES

PREFATORY NOTE

A glance at the following Indexes will show their purpose and value. The **Texts** of Sermons are first given in Biblical order, they then appear in conjunction with the **Titles** of Sermons in alphabetical order. The titles are indexed as fully as cross-references will permit. The Index of **Anecdotal** and **Historical Illustrations** will afford a mine of wealth to the preacher, Sunday-school teacher and Christian worker. In the Index of **Subjects** those dwelt upon at any length will be found in groups, while others more lightly touched upon are dismissed with a line. While nothing short of a concordance would exhibit all the variety of Dr. Talmage's presentations of truth, familiarity with these Indexes will prove their thoroughly practical and comprehensive character.

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